

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.50 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SORRY, BUT COULD NOT HELP IT.

We expected a rush last Saturday and put on extra help. But we admit we were not quite prepared for the *Great Rush* we had, but say to those who had to wait that it will not happen again. Our only excuse is that our reputation for selling "the best and most up-to-date Men's Furnishing Goods" was the cause of it all. We don't try to buy the cheapest, but the BEST for the LEAST MONEY and give our customers satisfaction.

Our range of SUMMER SHIRTS, TIES, HATS and CAPS will meet your ideas both in style, quality and price. We have a nice line of Washable Ties, 5c. and 10c.; Shirts, 25c., 50c., 75c. to \$1.50.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR, 50c. per suit and upwards.
SILKOLINE " \$2.50 per suit.

Drop in and order your Summer Suit at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR & OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES = GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00.	2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00.	4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c.	Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c.	Lard, pure - 12 1/2c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.
We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12 1/2c. yard.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Wedding Presents.

A fine assortment of Wedding Presents now in stock. Call and see them. They will be sure to please. Prices right.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE

A Company OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS.
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume secured in the Dominion by any Canadian Life Company for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS,

General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES. OPPOSITION

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not, both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

TREES! TREES!

-AT THE-

Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name, and there has never been any San Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
Aug. 17, 1900, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Petty's Pills are small - mere mites - but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

Life of Trade

COME AND SEE THE

NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIG BLOCK.

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S

Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,

DRUGGIST.

Ripans Tablets cure headache.
Ripans Tablets: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tablets: gentle cathartic.

Rawdon Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of Rawdon Township Council held June 29th. Council met according to adjournment. All the members present. Minutes of Court of Revision and last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

Mr. Geo. Wellman produced an order from Mrs. Orser for her allowance from the Council, to date. Moved by Mr. Kingston, seconded by Mr. Whitton that it be paid. Carried.

Mrs. Ann Wellman asked for aid in her support. Moved by Mr. Belshaw, seconded by Mr. Cook, that \$5.00 be granted. Carried.

A. J. Thompson asked for a grant to draw gravel on Road Div. No. 111. Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$20.00 be granted. Carried.

A. Fitchett asked for a grant on side road 10th concession, between lots 18 and 19. The road surveyor, was instructed to inspect, with power to act.

The clerk was instructed to call the attention of all road masters to that clause of the Noxious Weeds Act which requires all weeds to be cut on and adjoining high roads, and also to notify the County Officials to keep down all noxious weeds along the county roads.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at the next meeting of the Council, authorizing the opening of the 7th Con. road for a cattle path as far west as Trout Creek.

W. J. Meiklejohn stated that Seymour Council had granted \$20 on Town Line, 10th Con., and asked that Rawdon Council supplement the grant. Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Belshaw, that \$20 be granted, and that Mr. Meiklejohn superintend the expenditure of said money. Carried.

Alex. Morton and A. Hogle applied for a grant on the Hogle hill, 7th Con. Council deemed it advisable to hold this matter another year, as nothing but a large grant would be of any use.

Mr. Oscar Merrick applied for a small grant on Sidney Town Line, Lot 24. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$8.00 be granted, provided Sidney Council grant a similar amount. Carried.

Wm. McKeown and Burt Spencer asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 51. Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$10 be granted. Carried.

John F. Meiklejohn asked that something be done with the ditch in front of Lot 22, in the 9th concession. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect and report.

Robert Thain asked for a grant on Road Div. No. 40. The road surveyor was instructed to inspect same with power to act.

The Clerk was instructed to write R. T. Porter, Reeve of Huntingdon, calling a meeting of the members of both Councils, to lay out and define the roads bought in lieu of the Town Line, and that said meeting will be held on Thursday, July 25th, at 9 o'clock, a.m.

Mr. Kingston gave notice that he would introduce a By-Law at next meeting of the council to authorize issuing debentures to raise \$800 for building a School House in S. S. No. 17.

Mr. Whitton introduced a By-Law to regulate the Clerk's salary, which was read a first time. Moved by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Whitton, that council go into committee on By-Laws. Carried.

Mr. Kingston, in full, clause No. 3 defining the work to be performed as follows: "That the work performed for said salary under this By-Law, shall embrace the ordinary work of Township Clerk and shall include Registration returns, selection of jurors, holding annual elections, Secretary Board of Health and Voters' List Court." Moved by Mr. Belshaw, seconded by Mr. Cooke, that the salary be \$150 per year. Moved in amendment by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Whitton, that the salary be \$200 per year. The amendment prevailed—yeas, Wm. Rodgers, Jas. Whitton and Paul Kingston; nays, Jas. T. Belshaw and R. J. Cooke. Committee rose, by-law read a third time, was signed, sealed and numbered 220.

Moved by Mr. Rodgers, seconded by Mr. Cook, that the Clerk be instructed to purchase a By-Law Register and Debenture Registry Book. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Whitton, seconded by Mr. Kingston, that \$15 be granted to draw gravel on Road Div. No. 116, J. W. Horst, roadmaster. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Cook, seconded by Mr. Belshaw, that this Council grant \$20 on Huntingdon Town Line, 13th and 14th cons., providing Huntingdon Council grant a like amount. Carried.

The following accounts were ordered paid: Mrs. Orser, support, \$17.00; Ann Wellman, support, 5.00; John Brown, gravel, 5.75; Fred. Wescott, gravel, .75; Jas. Ryan, " .45; Wm. Rodgers, " .45; Jas. Sutherland, cedar, 19.00; Allen Reid, job on road, 10.00; Messrs. Kingston and Belshaw, com. statute labor, Kingston 4.00; Cheese Co., 1.50; Murney Lemon, rep. scraper, 10.00; David Linn, sup. Wm. Wallace, 2.00; Cornelius Sine, rep. bridge, 5.25; Wm. Joyce, gravel, 2.00; John Tanner, equalizing S.S. 7, and 15 Marmora, 2.50; D. Eggleston, gravel, 2.50; Wm. Jeffrey, sup. John McCaw, 6.00.

Council adjourned until Monday, August 5th.

THOS. C. MCCONNELL, Clerk.

Court of Revision.

Minutes of an adjourned meeting of the Court of Revision for Stirling, held June 28th, 1901. Members present, G. G. Thrasher, C. E. Parker and D. Utman. Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the assessment of Wm. English at last meeting of this court be expunged from the minutes, and that his assessment on roll be confirmed, and that John B. Fanning and James Emlaw be placed on roll as M F voters. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Thrasher, that the assessment of the Great North Western and North American Telegraph Companies at last meeting of this court be expunged from the minutes, and that the said companies be assessed as follows:—Great North Western Co., \$125; North American Co., \$400.

Moved by Mr. Parker, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the assessment roll as now revised be confirmed. Carried.

On motion the Court closed.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Stirling Municipal Council held July 1st. Members present, G. G. Thrasher, Reeve; W. J. Spry and Delbert Utman. The minutes of last meeting were read and on motion confirmed.

The following accounts were on motion ordered to be paid:—Jerome Conley, jr. for post under bridge, \$4.00; J. W. Cummings, 10 dys work on sidewalk, 12.50; Dan. McGee, 9 days' work on sidewalk, 9.00; Charles Wright, 3 days' work, 1.00; Carlton Wright, 1 days' work, 1.00; Robert Fletcher, teaming, 2.00; Joe Airhart, 4 1/2 days' work on Mill St., 5.62; Gilbert Seeley, 3 1/2 days' work, 4.38; Jesse Charles, repairing pump in cemetery, 1.50.

Moved by Mr. Spry, seconded by Mr. Utman, that Wm. Rodgers be given the contract to deliver and spread where required on Mill St., two hundred yards of gravel, or more if required, at the price of forty cents per yard. Carried.

On motion the Council adjourned.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

Promotion Examinations.

At the recent Convention of the North Hastings Teachers' Association the following resolution was adopted:—"That in future there be but one Promotion Examination in each year, such examination to be held in June."

Promotions to the senior sections of the classes will be held in December.

Names in order of merit.

PART I. TO JR. PART II.—Hazel Caverley, Charlie Harris, Frank Zwick, Ernest Osterhout, George Shea, Harold Martin.

JR. PART II. TO SR. PART II.—Ernest Ward, Rosie Reynolds, Harry Smith, Maud Haggerty, Annie Rosebush, Ethel Green, Blanche Chard.

M. LEWIS, Teacher.

SR. PART II. TO JR. II. Marks required to pass, 233.—Hazel Hagerman, 331; Violet Utman 324; Robbie Patterson 316; Florence Chard 310; Florence Hew 309; Maud Hazlett 308; Marguerite Whitty 304; May Sares 291; Mildred Donnan 281; Harry Grain 248; Percy Gould 240.

JR. SECOND TO SR. SECOND. Marks required, 280.—Blanche Gould 415; Jessie Montgomery 411; May Kennedy 410; John Thompson 405; Herbert Ward 402; Arthur Fletcher 399; Willie Barrow 390; Hazel Reynolds 384; Frank Hewat 367; Mabel Acker 364; Hazel Calder 358; Arthur Conley 356; Bertha Reynolds 349; Gilbert Acker 330.

J. CHARD, Teacher.

SR. II. TO JR. III. Maximum 720. Minimum 360.—Charlotte Talloch 494; Ella Brown 470; Georgina Haggerty 437; Willie Grain 414; George Ingham 413; Ada Harris 404; Emma Annamaker 403; Clinton Wesse 398; Walter Bird 381. Recommended—George Martineau, Helen Shea, Irwin Boldrick, Mary Ingham.

JR. III. TO SR. III. Maximum, 770. Minimum 385.—Donald Bird 498; Bessie Ward 429; Maud Ward 395; Bertie Airhart 394; Bertha Shaw 390.

Recommended—Hettie Bailey, Myrtle Hough, Jennie Tulloch, Minnie Clyde.

M. K. LAMBLY, Teacher.

SR. III. TO JR. IV. Maximum, 970. Minimum 485.—Lillie Smith 662; Bertie Wescott 605; Eddie Ashley 567; Leslie Kennedy 525; Stella Haggerty 523; Percy Reynolds 509. Recommended—Jennie Scott, Walter Scott, Ida Pines.

F. C. BRID, Teacher.

A census of consumptives in New York state is to be taken. It will be the first census of the kind ever undertaken by that state. The census is for the purpose of learning the number of consumptives in the state as far as possible.

Presbyterianism is the dominant Protestant force in Ottawa. Of a population of 60,000, one half of this number are French and Roman Catholic; yet notwithstanding there are thirteen Presbyterian churches in the capital of Canada.

Catarrh Poisons the System. lowers health and vitality, destroys digestion and makes the victim feel like thirty cures. Foolish, may criminal to have Catarrh and suffer its evil consequences since Catarrh comes so quickly and pleasantly cures it. It is medicine carried to the lungs, throat and nasal passages, by the power of curing as it is scientific in its method of treatment. Your doctor or druggist will tell you that nothing equals it for Catarrh and all other lung and throat diseases. All dealers, 25c. and \$1.00.

The Sliding Scale.

The slide of prices is all in the direction of lowness here, in other words the scale is in your favor. You will appreciate this fact the more you try us.

600 yds. New Light and Dark, extra heavy Print, 32 inches wide, worth 12 1/2c. for 10c. yd.

Linen and Drill Skirts, special values, at 75c. and 95c. each.

Fancy Blouse Silks at 10 per cent. Reduction to Clear.

Satin Duchesse Neck Ribbons, fine quality, for 30c. yd.

Piques in Blues and Black, worth 20c. for 10c.

Wrappers, light and dark fancies, worth \$1.00 and \$1.25 for 75c. and \$1.00.

WINDOW SHADES.—A large assortment of colorings and styles on "Hartshorn" and Standard Rollers at from 15c. to \$1.00 each.

LONELIES.

This means that we have in Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits many lines reduced to one of a kind. It is not good for them to be alone, therefore we offer them to you for companion pieces at 20 per cent. off regular prices.

SHIRTS for Summer Wear, snaps at 25c., 45c. and 50c.

GROCERIES.

"Belleville" Canned Tomatoes, Corn and Peas, 3 for 25c. Mustard Sardines, large box for 10c.

CLUTE & MATHER.

CLEARING THEM OUT AT A BIG DISCOUNT!

LADIES' OXFORDS and STRAP SLIPPERS
and MEN'S CANVAS BOOTS.

Now is the time to save money.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,

RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

The Preacher's Answer.

The Rev. John McNeill was recently holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows: "Dear Mr. McNeill: If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said: "I love young men, especially young enquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

FRESH LIME.

The undersigned will have any quantity of Fresh Lime for sale after Monday next, July 1st. Delivered, 2c. per bushel; or at the kiln, 17c. per bushel. All orders attended to promptly.

JAMES COUTTS.

Lot. No. 14, Con. 4, Rawdon, Sine P.O.

Spring Brook Bakery.

One door north of the Church. Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Confectionery. Lemons and Oranges always on hand. Ice Cream Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

N. MASON, BAKER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

IN the matter of the Estate of DONALD M. HAGERMAN, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, gentleman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the provisions of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, Chapter 129 Section 85, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the said Donald M. Hagerman, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, deceased, who died on or about the 21st day of June, A.D. 1901, to send by post, the 1st day of July, A.D. 1901, to the undersigned, the Executors of the Estate of the said Donald M. Hagerman, at Stirling, Ontario, a statement in writing of the nature and amount of their claims, and the nature of security (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the date mentioned, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, ceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has been given as required.

And all persons indebted to the said estate are notified to hand the amount of their indebtedness to the said Executors or their solicitor at Stirling, this 3rd day of July, A.D. 1901.

G. G. THRASHER, Solicitor for Executors.

Binder For Sale.

A Massey-Harris Binder, in good running order, will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

JOHN FRENCH, Stirling.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE, SPRING BROOK.

Spring Brook, June 27, 1901.

Ripans Tablets cure torpid liver.

Ripans Tablets cure constipation.

Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.

Five-Hundred Passengers on Board the Steamer but
No Lives were Lost.

glivavagard or inn, two churches and a prison. The new and old churches is a handsome edifice of light yellow wood ground glass, and is regarded by natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of town one is confronted by a black wood wall enclosing a space, and resembling nothing much as an unused advertising board. This, we are given to understand, is the entrance to a space about twenty yards square. The old church is picturesque, high-pitched roof and red walls when the Lapland Swedes their buildings at all, it is generally in this rich wood. The landscape is a very cosy appearance. settlement. Near it is a cluster of low, misshapen huts, without chimneys, and shut up in summer when they are not needed. These are where the Lapps live in the mountains to barter their nature-boxes of wood and birch knives with cunningly-carved handles, and what not. Wonderful time, and the way must be in this country! I saw reign supreme by N

FRENCH WHEAT CRO

Cold Weather Will Diminish Yield by 5,000,000 Bushels

A despatch from Paris says estimated that the cold weather will result in diminishing the wheat crop by more than 5,000,000 bushels, as compared with 1900. It is now calculated it will be necessary for France to import 36,000,000 bushels.

GRADUALLY SINKING

Health of Dowager Empress Gradually Growing Worse

London, June 27.—A despatch from Cologne states that it is doubtful whether the Empress on her contemplated trip to North Germany of the sort which was the wish of her mother, the Dowager Empress Frederick. Authentic information is unobtainable, but it is known to be growing worse.

This programme, which is in accordance with the precedents of the occasion of the coronation of William IV. and Queen Victoria, dispenses with the rumors that it was a continuation of King Edward VII. and the picturesque ceremony which were formerly observed.

This image shows a blank, aged, light brown page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, characteristic of old paper. The right edge of the page is dark, indicating the binding or the edge of the book.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

Woodstock became a city on July 1st. The Orange Grand Lodge of British North America will meet in Toronto on July 23rd.

The Hospital ship Maine has been presented to the British Navy by the American ladies.

The Imperial Government has consented to a scheme for State-aided emigration to South Africa.

Mr. A. McAllister collector of Inland Revenue at Belleville, died suddenly on Monday night. He was 53 years of age and unmarried.

A strike among the steel workers of Pennsylvania affects 50,000 men. These were employed by the big steel trust recently organized.

Appearances would seem to indicate that the striking trackmen on the C.P.R. are not likely to win. The strike seems to have been ill-advised.

The Deseronto Iron Company has gone out of blast, and given notice to the Standard Chemical Company that it will not require further deliveries of charcoal until further notice.

In Dakota there is an association with a membership fee of \$10, the purpose of the association being to send out delegates to spy out suitable land in Canada to which the members might emigrate.

No man has ever reigned over an empire so vast as King Edward's. His Majesty rules over at least one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers and 10,000 islands.

Eleven boys, while bathing at Chicago, on July 1st, were drowned in Lake Michigan. A bolt of lightning struck the pier on which they sought shelter, precipitated them into the lake and covered them with the debris.

A young man named George H. Cubbin, an employee of Roy's brewery, Belleville, committed suicide by turning on the gas in his room. He came from Barbados about two years ago to attend Business College.

A collision between two freight trains on the Grand Trunk at Bowmanville on Monday caused over \$30,000 damage. Nine loaded cars rolled down an embankment and took fire, and with their contents were entirely destroyed. No lives were lost.

The firing of the field batteries at the Deseronto camp last week was so accurate that the targets were destroyed before the competition was half over. This shows the Canadians can "shoot straight," and this is why they were so dreaded by the Boers in South Africa.

The Canadian immigration authorities are endeavoring to secure the removal to the North-West of one of the largest glass manufacturing concerns in the United States, situated at Indiana, Pa. It seems that the gas fuel where the works are situated is giving out, and a representative sent across to investigate the conditions in Canada discovered both the quality of sand and an abundant supply of natural gas in the territories.

Mr. E. B. Eddy, of Hull, has one of the finest clocks in Canada, in fact the only one of its kind in this country. It is a hall clock and stands twelve feet high in a wood case, and will run for ten or twelve days without winding. It chimes the quarter hours, and when the hour is reached it chimes the four quarter hours. The hour is then struck and as the last hour is struck a music box is set in motion and a tune is played. The music box is one of the principal features of the clock, and different selections can be played by simply changing the discs in the box. If it is desired music may be had at any time or all times, without waiting until the hour is reached, by touching a spring. The clock is run by weights, but the chimes and music box are run by springs. The clock is French one, and was purchased a short time before the fire last year. It was in the house at the time of the big fire and sustained considerable damage. The necessary repairs had to be procured from France. The front part has heavy panes of plate glass, allowing the work of the clock to be seen without opening the case.

Straight From the Shoulder.

A celebrated clergyman once startled the young ladies of his flock with the following advice:—"The buxom, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, bouncing lass, who can darn a stocking, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, milk cows, wrestle with the boys, and be a lady withal in company, is just the sort of girl for me, and for any worthy man to marry."

But you, ye pining, moping, lolling, screwed-up, waste-waisted, mortgaged, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlour, more exercise and less sofa, more pudding and less piano, more frankness and less modesty, more breakfast and less bustle.

"Loose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion, breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom, and become something as lovely and beautiful as Nature designed."

Facts and Figures.

The heaviest precious stone is the zircon, which is four and one-half times heavier than an equal quantity of water. The lightest is the opal, only twice as heavy as water.

A caterpillar can eat 600 times its weight of food in a month.

It is estimated that one crow will destroy 700,000 insects every year.

Only one among the seven Presidents of the French Republic has served out a full term.

In all big cities there are multitudes of folk who work in the night time. In London fully 100,000 inhabitants earn their bread by the sweat of their brows between sunset and sunrise.

Marmora.

(From the Herald.)

Four liquor cases were brought up for hearing on Thursday before Magistrates Hubbell and Kelly. Two cases were brought against John Millar and two against Thos. Hogan. As the complaints covered different hours of the same night, the charges were reduced to one case each. W. J. Moore acted for the complainant, Jas. Hayerson for Millar, and A. A. McDonald for Hogan. Fines of \$20 each were imposed against each.

Mr. D. Sager, of Stirling, is camping at Jolly Oaks, Mr. Haight's cottage. He and Mr. Haight caught 13 bass Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, that weighed 35 pounds.

Messrs. D. Sager and J. W. Haight returned from their trout fishing trip to Egan Creek, near L'Amble, last week, with one hundred and eight fish trout.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. Isaac McKim, of Belleville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Silas Green. Mr. Chas. Badgley of Sidney, spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Miss Carrie Green, who has been teaching near Malone, is spending her holidays at home.

Mr. Chas. Green, of Sarnia, spent a few days visiting friends at Sine.

Mr. Wm. Fanning, who has been very low with pneumonia, is improving.

Mr. Wm. Coverley and wife of Havellock, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fanning.

Who is the man of this vicinity who was kicked by a cow?

What might have been a serious fire occurred last Tuesday, when Mr. R. N. Morton's blacksmith shop was discovered to be on fire. The blaze was put out in time, and no damage was done.

Glen Ross.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. E. W. Brooks and daughter Ethel, spent Sunday at Peterboro, with Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens.

Mrs. C. A. Downs, of Bayside, who has been visiting her parents, who are in the city, returned home on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Waldron and Mr. C. A. Downs, of Bayside, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Iveson on Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Green went to Pictou on Monday, on a visit to friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cox, of Frankford, paid a flying visit to Glen Ross on Dominion Day.

Miss Ella McMurchy, of Trenton, spent Dominion Day with her aunt, Mrs. B. L. Brooks.

A number of our people from the town line held a private picnic at Anderson's island on Dominion Day.

Oak Hill Gleanings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mrs. J. Kennedy, of Northport, spent a few days last week with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Park.

Mr. D. Sills, of Foxboro, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. Searls last week.

Mr. J. Detlor has put a new Page wire fence down the hill on the lake road. No more snowbanks. Nevertheless one would be appreciated just now, while the thermometer stands at 102°.

Messrs. Farnsworth and Dextator, of Shannonville, and the Misses Robinson of Blessington, were the guests of Miss Eva Bird on Saturday and Sunday.

Dominion Day was enjoyed by many Belleville and Stirling people at the Oak Hill Lake Picnic.

Miss Lizzie Park spent Sunday with friends in Tyendinaga.

A new bugby on the hills. We are a prosperous people.

Last week a fine large deer was seen in our neighborhood. Evidently it had tired of its northern home and come to enjoy the atmosphere of the hills. Don't forget the close season, sportsmen.

Ivanhoe.

From Our Own Correspondent.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Albert Tumst, one of our popular young men, has taken his departure from our midst and gone to Tweed, where he has secured a position in a bakery.

Mrs. Jos. Benson, of Gilead, has been spending the last week with her mother and friends.

Miss Minchin attended the S. S. picnic held in Spring Brook on July 1st. She left for her home in Stirling on Wednesday.

Miss Blanche Harvey of Batavia, N. Y., is visiting her uncle, Mr. Robert Harvey.

Mrs. (Rev.) W. V. Sexsmith and son, Willie, of West Huntingdon, were guests over Sunday at the parsonage.

Mr. H. Holcomb of Havelock, is visiting at Mr. G. R. Mitz's.

Mrs. Fred Stout, of Arden, is visiting her parents at Upper Ivanhoe.

Mr. Frank Bragg made our town a flying call last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Tanner spent Tuesday evening with Mr. Ed. Baker.

Mr. Percy Wood, teacher at Gunter, and Miss May Timmerman, teacher at Hazard's Corners are home for the holidays.

Mr. Frank Harvey and Mr. Thos. Fleming wrote on the entrance examination in Madoc last week.

Seventh of Sidney Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Rev. A. Martin, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit at Marsh Hill on Sunday.

Mr. and Miss Waddell spent Sunday in Thurlo.

Mrs. H. Hamblin who has been ill, is improving.

Mrs. G. D. Bird picked and crated 140 boxes of strawberries in a day. Who can beat it?

A Great Increasing Army.

A canon was passed in the synod of the Diocese of Kingston, giving parishioners power in the appointment of incumbents. Bishop Mills said he would never make an appointment without consulting the parishioners affected.

Duties Greater Than Value.

On certain kinds of spirits imported into the Dominion the duties are greater than the invoice value. Thus the value of any alcohol or fuel oil imported last year was \$284 and the duties collected \$733.64. The value of ethyl alcohol was \$232, and the duties collected \$733.48. The value of spirits imported was \$2,696, and the duties \$4,007.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

"Lally Bernard," Mrs. C. E. FitzGibbon, Tells of the Good Qualities of the Spirit Wrestlers.

That the Doukhobors are scrupulously honest, clean, and altogether picturesque and charming, was the impression given by Mrs. C. E. FitzGibbon in a very interesting lecture at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, one night recently. Coming before her audience unheralded by the usual chairman, Mrs. FitzGibbon rapidly sketched the history of the Spirit Wrestlers until their final expulsion from Russia, and then, the lights being turned out, scores of excellent photographs were projected upon the screen. These photographs, most of which were colored to show the peculiar characteristics of the Doukhobor costume, formed a continuous history of these people from their landing in Halifax to the present time, and about them the lecturer wove the thread of her bright, chatty narrative.

The Doukhobors, according to the lecturer, were almost wholly good, and their goodness shone all the brighter because of the fierce persecution they had endured; while the wicked Russian Socialist, Bojanski, whose photograph of the plot, Mrs. FitzGibbon described fully the benefits of the community system, whereby all draw such supplies as they need from the communal storehouse and give their work for the common good. Want for the sick and aged was unknown in a Doukhobor community. They were not relieved by charity, the word was distasteful to Doukhobors, but as a matter of right and a matter of love for the brotherhood.

The lecturer indignantly denied the charge that the Doukhobors refused to register their marriages. They had never been asked, but would do so just as soon as they were, and the registration had always meant conscription with them, but now it was to mean individualism, and the thing which the lecturer most keenly resented was that the nature of the survey and allotment of land in the Canadian West rendered it almost imperative that they give up their community system and live separately upon homesteads.

Altogether, in Lally Bernard the Doukhobors have a very appreciative admirer, a warm friend, a capable advocate, and a determined defender.

NED HANLAN, THE FAT MAN.

The Former Champion Oarsman Surprised "a Greeny."

"The Man in the Street" in The New York Times has this story to tell about the ex-champion oarsman.

"During a recent regatta on the Harlem River, 'Ned' Hanlan, the Columbia University coach, was out in a single shell wearing a rowing costume of which was an old straw hat. He was quietly rowing alongside one of the river's amateur champions, several 'balcony' oarsmen, new members of one of the clubs, observed the fat man in the shell, and one of them remarked, 'Look at the dub trying to brush his straw hat.'"

"'Jimmy' (meaning the amateur) he'll take a few crimps in his fat wrinkles in a minute. 'Oh, will he, indeed,' remarked the old oar, 'Just wait and see where 'Jimmy' comes in.'"

"Jimmy in this case failed to come in at all, for the fat one rowed away from him at will. 'That's Hanlan,' remarked the 'old oar,' 'and he can go a bit for 100 yards yet,' whereupon the embryo slipped out of sight and hid away to fill a book full of what he didn't know about rowing."

Make Them Read the Bible.

The rising generation is not grounded as it ought to be grounded in the Bible. It is the best book of all books, it is a book of instruction, it is a cloak of protection to the young, and the frail, it is a book of guidance, most of all, it is more than any other any collection of books the rule of life, which, being observed to the greatest extent, is sure to be productive of the best good to the individual and to the race. As a vehicle of teaching our children the English language, as teaching them how to read, as teaching them more or less how to master and use the language, there is no book equal to it. It is full of wisdom, and any man without that grounding in the Bible which our fathers had, is badly equipped for the civilization in which he finds himself to-day.

The Bible, though as old as the hills, is ever up-to-date, and every father, and every mother, and every guardian, and every school teacher, ought not only to read and study the Bible themselves, but should train the children in their charge to read it, study it and be guided by its principles. Not every one can leave their children money or property, but there is no man or woman too poor or too busy who cannot find some way of bringing up their children in more or less knowledge of the Book of Books—Toronto World.

A Plucky Canadian Woman.

A rather remarkable woman died at Copetown recently, in the person of Mrs. Robert Echlin. Her husband died before she was 40 years of age, and left her with a large family and a debt of \$6,000 on the farm. With her ability and energy that few men possess, in a few years she paid the debt, raised and educated a family of 11 children in the highest respectability—one a doctor, the others and daughters in prosperous circumstances—and now leaves the handsome sum of \$10,000 to them.

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A splendid assortment of Lace Stripes, Satin Stripes, Checks, Embroidered dots, suitable for Blouses and Dresses, from 10c. to 50c. a yard.

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Lovely new patterns in Black and White, and Navy and White in finish almost equal to Silk at 25c., 30c. and 35c. a yard.

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New patterns, white grounds with blue stripes, very scarce goods, at 10c. and 12½c.

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Bob McCready.

Above is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but, strong as he is, he has known what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1899) season, that he was not able to go out with his team. Pains in the back and sides, intermittent headache, and the awful pangs he suffered after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he writes, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills, the new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was at length induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoined my team, and I have come through one of our hardest seasons in the best form that I have ever been in. They are the best medicine I have ever taken. They make me so strong I never take any others when I feel in need of a strengthening. Such is the recommendation of this well-known athlete, and such is the experience of everyone who tries this wonderful remedy. If your druggist cannot supply you, write to us, enclosing 50 cents, a bottle, six bottles for \$2.50. Address The Dr. Petty Medicine Co., Ottawa, Canada.

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Farmers and breeders would do well to see this horse, as he has never been defeated in the prize ring, and his stock are also noted prize winners.

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All calls promptly attended day and
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Awning in Big Lots.
"To supply some of the big modern
buildings with awnings," said an awn-
ing maker, "costs as much as it would
to build a moderate sized house."
"Not all of the great buildings require
awnings. Some of the very largest
have their principal exposure in such a
direction that they are not needed, the
sun not shining on these windows dur-
ing the hours the offices are occupied.
And then, of course, there are great
buildings that do not require awnings
on some sides, but need them on others
or in courts, and so on.

"Here, for instance, is a building with
about 1,000 windows, of which 600 or
thereabout are supplied with awnings.
"Another building I have in mind has
about 1,600 windows. I don't know
how many awnings they have there,
but if it is supplied in the same propor-
tion as the other that would give it
about 1,000 awnings. I dare say that,
in fact, you would find in the city sin-
gle buildings with more than a thou-
sand awnings.

"You see, just the awnings for some
of these great modern buildings amount
to quite an item."

Utilizing the Ad.
"Now, if you will show me where the
burglars got into your shop," said the
detective, "I will see if I can find a
clue."

"In a moment," said the proprietor.
"I am working at something a little
more important than hunting for a
clue just now."

And while the detective waited the
merchant wrote as follows at his desk:
"The burglar who broke into Katzen-
becker's shop on the night of the 15th
and carried away a silk hat, a pair of
French calfskin boots, a fur trimmed
overcoat, a black broadcloth suit and
two suits of silk underwear was a
black hearted villain and scoundrel, but
a man whose judgment cannot be
called into question. He knew where
to go when he wanted the finest cloth-
ing the market affords."

"Jacob," he said to the bookkeeper,
"send a copy of this to all the papers
and tell 'em I want it printed in big
black type, to occupy half a column,
tomorrow morning. Now, Mr. Hawk-
shaw, I am at your service."—London
Answers.

Thrift in Children.

A savings bank account is a great in-
centive to thrift in children. If one is
begun for the baby, even with a very
small sum, and added through prop-
erly and youth with a certain propor-
tion of the money that otherwise would
be spent carelessly and thoughtlessly by
the child, there will be a very respect-
able amount on the credit side of the
ledger when the depositor is 18 years
old. The habit of self denial is not the
least of the substantial benefits that
follow a wise economy of money.—Ex-
change.

Pardonable Curiosity.
"I hate met," remarked the old man,
"but two sensible women in my life."
The innocent maid gazed into his
face and asked, "Who was the other
woman?"

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give
relief, and they cure it given an hon-
est trial.

WHEN TWO HAVE LIVED.

How would we live! We'd drink the years like
wine.
With all tomorrow hid behind the veil
That is your hair; between two little pale
Your slender neck, your heart should lie and shine
A crimson rose. We'd catch the wind and twine
The evening stars a chaplet musical
To crown our folly, lure the nightingale
To sing the bliss your lips should teach to mine.

And if the sage who cried that life is vain
Should frown upon the dower of all our days
And chide the sun that knows no tears of rain
He should not tear our heart with cynic eye.
The soul's vast altar stands beyond his gaze.
When two have lived, then shall they fear to
die?

—Helen Hay in Harper's Magazine.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

A Story of the Civil War.

BY FANNY DAY MURST.

The period, the early part of the civil
war; the scene, one of the stately old
homes that have made the Blue Grass
State famous for its hospitality; the
chief actor, a stanch little rebel, who
gloried far more in the fact that in this
awful time of war her husband was
one of the bravest in Morgan's brave
band of rough riders than she did in
the knowledge that in the times of
peace no other home in all Kentucky
showed more elegance in its appoint-
ments than did hers; the exact time,
an early morning in the early summer,
when the inhabitants of the town had
awakened to find that, although a few
hours before they had gone to sleep in
Dixie, with "Desh's boys" camped in
one of the fine old woodlands just west
of them, they had seemed to awaken in
Yankee land, for their streets were filled
with 1,000 bluecoats under Colonel
Landrum.

Coming from her room on the morn-
ing in question, with her boy in her
arms, Mrs. Peebles met at the door
two negro women, their black faces
filled with terror and their bodies quiv-
ering in an agony of fright.

"What is it, mammy? Quick! Has
anything happened to—"

Her mistress's anxiety dispelled her
own fright in an instant, and the elder
of the two answered: "Mass Jeeems?
No, chile, bress Gawd, I hopes he an
Gin'l Mawgin is still mekin his wam
to de inlmy in Ten-see. But dis mawm-
in befo' I was up Kit come a-re-shin to
my cabin an say de Yankees done got
us, an sho' 'nuff, Miss Annie, de town's
done live wid 'em. Heah, gimme dat
chile, honey, kaze you'se gwine drap
him sho'. Sit down, now, an don't take
on so. I might 'a' knowed you couldn't
stan' dis fright."

"But what has happened to our
boys?" Mrs. Peebles asked, stepping to
the door and glancing into the street
at the line of soldiers stationed at in-
tervals as far as she could see. "Were
many of them killed?"

"Whut dat you say?" And Easter's
face spread into a grin. "Not much
am dey killed. Dey done got de news
dat Kun'l Landrum comin wid a big
Yankee army, an dey jes' fol' up dey
tents an lef, an dey ain't speefy no
regrets, nuther. Dey do say, Miss An-
nie, dyah a comp'ny brack niggers
'mongst de Yankee soldiers an dat we
all 'll have to feed de whole kit an
boodle of 'em."

The little woman's eyes flashed as
she answered: "I for one shall not
feed any Yankee soldiers, and you may
send for me if any of them come
around. Ah, good morning, unde!"

The last was spoken to a negro sol-
dier who wore the blue uniform and
who had come up the walk as she
spoke.

"Good mawnin, missis. I jes' wants
to use yo' saw of you can lemme have
it to' a little while. We done mawch
all night, an we's mighty tired an hon-
gry, an we has to cut some wood to
de fiah."

"Yes, indeed. Of course you can
have the saw," answered Mrs. Peebles
quickly. "Git," she said to the man
who got the saw, and let him have the
woodshed too."

A suppressed laugh from behind her
brought a smile to Mrs. Peebles' face,
and she turned to the older negro to
say:

"Mammy, I am sure that negro was
ten feet high."

"No, Miss Annie, 'twarn his beln a
big wam whut done hit, but you knows
you ain' gwine turn no hungry nigger
from yo' do'. 'Tain't in you, an you
can't do hit, even if you does want
kaze he got on dem blue clothes."

A few days later martial law was
declared. What was coming no one knew,
and so strict was the surveillance
that not one word could be heard from
the outside world. When the military
rule had begun, the supply of food had
seemed large enough to last perhaps
six weeks, but at the end of the first
month the supplies began to run low,
yet neither market gardener nor gro-
cer was allowed to bring food into the
town. Evidently the Federals were
getting ready for the early advance of
a Confederate troop and were using
every precaution to prevent the ene-
my gaining any advantage.

One evening during this anxious time
as Mrs. Peebles sat in the twilight
crooning a lullaby to her baby boy
Easter came into the room and asked
in a low tone:

"Am de little lam' asleep, Miss An-
nie?"

"Not quite, mammy," the mother an-
swered and smiled to see the little fel-
low sit up and hold out his arms to the
old nurse, who said:

ture of her husband that hung over the
united.

A sudden fear seized her. Was it
Morgan's men whom the Federal had
expected and had a skirmish already
occurred?

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "do you
bring me news from my husband?"

He was an elderly man, and as he
turned and saw the white face, with its
pleading eyes searching his own, he
pressed her gently into a large rocker
whose arm she had clasped for support
and said rather to himself than to her:

"Ah, these women of ours! They suffer
at home more than we do in the
field." Then to her: "No, I have no
news from your husband. Our division
is made up entirely of northern men.
With whom is your husband?"

"You mistook my meaning," she ex-
claimed, the color creeping back to her
face and the old fire awakening within
her eyes. "He is not a Union soldier.
He is with Morgan's men, but I
thought perhaps there had been an en-
gagement and you had come to me,
even as they can't decide themselves,
Some seek to hide the truth
And dye or bleach their hair and paint
On cheeks the hues of youth."

The pleading in her voice touched
him, for he turned to the window and
stood looking out into the gathering
darkness. When he turned toward her,
a tear glistened in his eye.

"And so you are a rebel," he said. "It
is a pity! A pity, indeed! War is a ter-
rible thing, and we must all suffer
while it lasts. I could not even relieve
you with an answer about Morgan's
men if I knew ever so much about
them. Martial law would avail little if
we gave away its secrets."

Once more Mrs. Peebles' eyes flashed,
for had he not spoken as if the pity of
the war lay upon the shoulders of the
southerners. She straightened herself
in her chair and said coldly:

"You wished to speak to me about a
matter of business, I believe. May I
hear it?"

He was a soldier now.

"Certainly, madam. It becomes nec-
essary for us to quarter our men upon
the citizens for a day, and I must ask
you to provide for one company, giv-
ing them the noonday meal tomorrow."

She opened her lips, but as if he di-
vined that she was about to ask a hard
question he continued, "I can only ex-
plain that the men are detailed for spe-
cial duty, and the food must be pre-
pared for them."

"But how can I supply food for so
many men?" she exclaimed. "You for-
get that we have been under martial
law for weeks, and I have scarcely
food for my own family. Besides, why
should I cook for men who would shoot
down my husband but for the opportu-
nity?"

The officer spoke calmly:

"I respect your fidelity to your cause,
madam, but my men must have food.
Our commissary is stationed two doors
north of here. Present this order and
prepare the food by noon tomorrow.
Good night."

He was gone, and she, knowing
enough of the power of an occupying
army to rebel no further, went to the
kitchen to give the necessary orders.

At noon on the morrow great platters
stood heaped with juicy slices of boiled
ham, kettles and buckets steamed with
beans and rice, baskets were ready,
filled with delicious southern biscuit,
and in the oven the last pan of corn
bread was taking on a delicate brown.
But no soldiers appeared, and in the
distance the popping of rifles and the
boom of cannon could be heard. Plain-
ly the Confederates had come up and
a battle was on. In every house wo-
men were busy tearing old linen and
cotton into lints and bandages. The
firing drew nearer, and presently a
southern cavalry officer rode by, fol-
lowed by a bunch of soldiers. Morgan's
brigade had come, with all of its
fearless enthusiasm. Expected from
one point, it had made a detour, divid-
ed and entered from three unprotected
points. Mrs. Peebles hurried her chil-
dren and servants to the cellar, and
there, with throbbing hearts, they
waited.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon there
was a lull and by 3 all was quiet. Mor-
gan's men stood in lines along the
streets, and Cynthia was in the
hands of an army of famished soldiers.

Many hands united in giving Uncle
Sam's food to the graycoats, but Mrs.
Peebles was not among them. In one
of the brightest rooms in her home the
gray haired Federal captain lay, a
frag from a bullet wound near the thigh.
She had found him lying near her door
and with her own hands had helped to
dress his wound. An hour later a gray-
coated cavalryman was brought in, his
left leg shattered below the knee, and
as Annie Peebles knelt, sobbing, be-
side his bed he whispered:

"It is nothing to lose a leg, dear.
Many a poor fellow has given his life
today."

A happy smile drove the tears away
as she lifted her head to say:

"God was good to bring you home for
me to care for."—Sunny South.

A Nautical Explanation.

The officers were on the quarter deck
looking at a comet and noticed an eager
discussion among the crew forward.
The captain called one of the men aft
and asked him what was the subject of
discussion.

"We were trying to make out what
that thing was," replied the man,
pointing to the comet.

"And what do you imagine it is?"

"Dunno, your honor, but Bill Jones
here, as knows most things, says as
how it's a star that's sprung a leak."—
London Telegraph.

One Advantage.

"Which instrument would you rather
have a girl learn, professor—the piano
or violin?"

"The violin, by all means, because
it's more easily thrown out of the win-
dow."—Philadelphia Times.

THE FOUNT OF YOUTH.

The fount of youth has often been sought
Since days of long ago,
And oft in vain men have seen
Its living waters flow.
Through desert, swamp and wilderness
The search has been pursued
In hope that by the magic fount
Youth's charms might be renewed.

But men have turned from that vain quest,
Their hopes forever crushed,
For though they searched through all the world
No fount could quench their thirst,
And men resigned themselves to age
That robbed them of their grace,
That sapped their strength and thickly spread
Time's wrinkles on the face.

In later years men's thoughts have turned
To plans for longer life,
And in elixirs they have sought
New strength for daily strife,
And oft 'tis heralded abroad
That scientist or sage
Has finally evolved a plan
To stay the blight of age.

But men grow old, and women, too,
As in the days of yore,
For no elixirs they have tried
Their youthful charms restore,
And as they can't decide themselves,
Some seek to hide the truth
And dye or bleach their hair and paint
On cheeks the hues of youth.

The fount of youth is in each heart,
And those who keep it pure
Will longer hold the charms of youth
And length of life secure,
And when at last that fountain fails
And old age on them steals
They'll bear it well because no man
Is older than he feels.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Everyday Courage.

By ETHEL WRIGHT.

"Polite," grumbled Lieutenant Wil-
loughby to himself as he entered the
hallway of his friend's apartment in
response to a summons bawled out
from some part of the interior. "What!
Breaking up," the caller asked, peering
through a lighted doorway. He had
been obliged to announce himself in
some way, for the occupant of the
room sat on the floor with his back to
the entrance and evidenced no inten-
tion of turning to greet his visitor.

"Scott, your manners are beastly,"
was the intruder's next remark as he
threaded his way through the maze of
household wreckage that made ingress
difficult. At this the broad shoulders
turned quickly, and in a moment Scott
was shaking his friend's hand in a
manner so hearty that Willoughby for-
gave the boorishness of his first greet-
ing.

"Sit down, old man, if you can find a
place. Yes, we are breaking up, as you
call it," and the speaker swept his
arms in a hopeless way over the con-
fusion of books, pictures and bachelor
bric-a-brac.

"Where is 'the boy'?" asked the cal-
ler.

"Cleared out," was Scott's short re-
ply as he turned to light his pipe and
rummage about for another for his
friend.

"You haven't quarreled, have you?"
Willoughby inquired quickly, for when
he left the city a year ago Scott and
"the boy" had just taken the apart-
ment that was now being dismantled,
and the two were apparently settled
for some time.

"How long have you been in town?"
Scott asked instead of answering Wil-
loughby's question.

"Got here at 3 o'clock. I had to stop
at Washington yesterday to make a re-
port and came over this morning. I
told you it's good to get back even for
30 days. The fun of soldiering in Cuba
is all over. There is nothing but man-
ual labor to do there now." Then he
added after a moment's hesitation: "I
wouldn't have left, though, on any
other errand than the one that brought
me here."

"Official, I suppose?"

"No," replied Willoughby; "on the
contrary, quite the reverse."

Scott unbuttoned something and look-
ed so abnormally unhappy that the young
soldier laughed outright.

"What is the trouble, old man? Has
some one bothered you with a retainer?
You say Harrison has cleared out.
What is it all about? Don't sit there
looking at me in that lugubrious fash-
ion. Out with it!"

"The boy and I haven't quarreled,"
Scott answered after a few futile pulls
at his pipe. "I jawed him a bit for
leaving me with these confounded
rooms on my hands, but there was no
row. He has changed his plans—living
over in Jersey somewhere—Cranford, I
believe."

"Oh, Cranford," was the lieutenant's
observation, seemingly to himself, as
he recalled that the object of his er-
rand lived at the "next stop." And
that's what makes you so glum, is it?"

"Not exactly," Scott spoke now with
the tone of a man who has formed a
resolution to perform a hateful duty.
"If you will find a seat somewhere and
light that pipe, I'll tell you about it.
Fact is, my boy, you are in this story
in a way."

Willoughby's expression was a com-
posite of mystification and uneasiness,
but he only waved his hand as a signal
that his friend should proceed. This
was just what he did not seem ready
to do.

"For heaven's sake, if you have any-
thing to say," Willoughby finally re-
marked rather peevishly, "say it!"

"Harrison is going to marry Miss
Mead," Scott said suddenly, being care-
ful, however, not to look at his listener.
When he had imparted this informa-
tion, he seemed to be able to go ahead
without any further delay. "I'll tell
you how it happened," he began. "I
mean. The boy has known her a
long time, ever since he came to New
York. First girl he ever met, and he
was in love with her from the moment

he was introduced. Says he was, any-
way. But Harrison, you know, is a
queer sort of chap. His no idea of his
worth and all that. He isn't half 'push-
ful' enough to get along in this world
with men, let alone women. He
thought Miss Mead would never look
at him, and I suppose she took him at
his own valuation. Women are apt to
do that, you know. At any rate, he
made no progress. You know what I
mean. I am telling you the results of
my observations. Harrison never said
anything about it."

"Well, after Miss Mead met you at
Tampa last year the boy's chances
seemed to dwindle to nothing."

"It seems to me you are making a
long story of it," said Willoughby.

"Can't you cut it?"

"Better let me go on, I guess. Now
I've told you how the case stood when
Miss Mead came north last year."

"The matter made another move to
protest against the form the narrative
had taken, but realizing that his tor-
mentor knew no other way of telling
what he had made up his mind to say
Willoughby settled back again.

"Three or four months after we had
been reading in the newspapers about
your work in Cuba Harrison was
drawn on a jury." A groan from Wil-
loughby announced his despair at this
new digression, but Scott went on
without a pause:

"You will see the connection later. I
helped him kill time while he waited to
be called, and when he was finally
drawn I was there as regularly as the
judge. I have forgotten the title of the
case they put him on. It was the heirs
of somebody against a man named
Stevens, who held a lot of property
that was claimed by the heirs under a
will. Stevens claimed under a deed,
and the suit was brought to set aside
the deed on the ground that it was
obtained by fraud."

"When the lawyers on each side went
through the form of asking the jury-
men if they knew any of the interested
parties to the suit, I saw Harrison
shake his head in a bored way. To cut
this part short, Miss Mead walked into
the courtroom on the second day of the
trial. Harrison told me afterward that
he knew in an instant that she was in-
terested in the case. Before he left the
box that day he asked to be allowed to
see one of the exhibits, and, reading
the caption, he found that his intuition
had been correct. I believe Miss Mead
had been made a party to the suit af-
ter it had been begun in a lower court,
and her name did not appear in the
list which the lawyers read when they
polled the jury."

"We talked the matter over that
evening, and of course I advised the
boy to explain to the court that he had
discovered since the trial began that he
was acquainted with one of the plain-
tiffs in the case. I have not been able
to make up my mind as to why he in-
sisted upon going on with the trial. I
explained to him that it was a very
silly thing to do. He always was bull-
headed, though, when he made up his
mind."

"Miss Mead did not come to the
courtroom again until the last day of
the trial. The lawyers strung it out for
two weeks. It was a very close case.
I could never have decided it skilled
lawyers from the start, and they had
succeeded in keeping everything off the
record that would throw light on the
questions at issue. There was some-
thing like \$20,000 or \$30,000 in it for
each of the heirs under the will. These
heirs were nieces of the original ben-
eficiary, but that hasn't anything to do
with this story. Miss Mead is not rich,
I believe," the narrator added reflect-
ively.

"As I have told you, Miss Mead was
on hand to hear the lawyers sum up
on the last day of the trial. She took
good care not to sit where Harrison
could see her, but he passed within
ten inches of her when the 12 men filed
out to the jury room. It was a long,
uneasy wait for me while that jury de-
liberated," as the newspapers say. Har-
rison was the foreman, and when he
got up to deliver the verdict I could
feel my heart beating 'way up in my
throat."

"Go on, go on," Willoughby urged as
Scott paused at the recollection of how
his heart acted on this occasion.

"Well, the jury decided against the
heirs at every point. Stevens had sev-
eral deeds, and every one was sustain-
ed. The heirs didn't get a shilling.
Miss Mead had left the room by the
time the jury was discharged."

"By Jove!" manly remarked the
listener.

"Yes, sir, and Harrison told me he
had a hard time persuading two of the
jurymen to decide against the—against
her."

"But I don't quite see"—Willoughby
began.

"Of course you don't, my brave sol-
dier boy. I am coming to that now."

"Harrison, mind you, had not seen
Miss Mead for the two weeks, except
on those two days during the trial, and
he did not hurry about calling after the
verdict. I think that it was a week
before that we all met at the theater, a
great piece of luck for the boy. I can't
tell you exactly how they straightened
the matter out. Perhaps it didn't need
any straightening, but way back in the
box toward the end of the show I
heard Miss Mead say, half soberly and
half laughingly, 'There are all sorts of
courage,' and when we got home—"

"I think that's enough, Scott, if you
don't mind. Where can I find the sail-
ing of the Havana boat?"

"I was afraid of that," said Scott.—
St. Louis Republic.

A Warm Family.

"Yes, it certainly is a warm family.
The son smokes and the daughter
scorches."

"How about the father and mother?"

"Well, the old man fumes and the
old woman blazes out all at once."—
Chicago News.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A recent speech of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament has thrown considerable light on the tangled situation created by the troubles in Macedonia. Speaking in his character of reporter of the Budget Committee he said that the situation there was critical, that an outbreak might occur at any moment, and that in the event of a surprise, Italy would not play the part of a puppet to any Power whether of the first or second rank. She could not accept another Biterza at Avlona or Durazzo. This allusion to the Albanian ports opposite the Italian Adriatic harbors of Brindisi and Bari must have grated harshly on the ears of the Foreign Office at Vienna, where the diplomacy of the last thirty years has been directed to the securing of a footing for Austria all the way down the east coast of the Adriatic. It seems now that a general rising against the rule of the Sultan in Macedonia would be the signal for an Italian occupation of the two points named, Avlona and Durazzo, which are but a few hours distant from the Italian coast opposite. In other words, Italy means to dominate the entrance to the Adriatic from the Mediterranean and convert it into an Italian lake. In allowing such a declaration to be made, the Italian Government has thrown down the glove to Austria on the one hand, and to the minor Balkan States on the other, for nothing is more certain than that neither they nor Austria will permit territorial acquisitions by Italy on the eastern shore of the Adriatic if they can prevent it. The difficulty for them, however, is just there, for should the Italian Government resolve on such a step it is in a position to carry it into effect unless its navy should prove as inefficient as it did at Lissa in 1866.

Long before and ever since the Berlin Congress of 1878, the Austrian and Italian Governments have been endeavoring by every means in their power to acquire a predominant position in Albania, and of the two the Italian has probably been the more successful owing to the family connection of prominent Italian statesmen and politicians, Crispien among others, with the clans of upper and central Albania. Then the Miridites, the most numerous of the Albanian tribes, are Catholics, and in direct relations with Rome. Generally speaking, none of the Albanian tribes, north or south, entertain any desire for Austrian rule, while such political aspirations as they have are in the direction of autonomy under the sovereignty of the Sultan. This, however, is for many reasons impracticable. When the final settlement is made in the western part of the Balkan peninsula Albania with Macedonia will necessarily pass under that of Austria-Hungary without a struggle, is now evident not only from the declaration of Signor Guicciardini in the Italian Parliament but from the military conventions recently passed between Russia and Bulgaria and Serbia, to which no doubt Montenegro is also a party. The obvious intent of these conventions is to bar the advance of an Austrian army to the south and to provide for regular and combined action in Macedonia and Albania whenever the contingency arises against which they provide.

The attitude of Greece and Roumania has probably been defined during the interview between their Kings at Abbazia in the Adriatic. For Greece there is not much compensation left on the mainland of European Turkey, but there still remains something among the islands, notably Crete; while Roumania's adhesion to Russian plans could be purchased by the annexation of the Roumanian districts of Hungary with their three and a half millions of Daco-Roumanians who are only waiting the opportunity to join their independent countrymen. The situation so suddenly developed may be traced without much difficulty back to the visit of the Italian fleet to Toulon. Italy's hands have been freed for action in dealing with what the Italian Government deems its interests in the Adriatic and Mediterranean, and as in the former they come in direct conflict with those of Austria, the Triple Alliance is palpably weakened. The question that remains is as to how far Russia, with her allied Balkan States, is prepared to countenance and further Italian aims on the east coast of the Adriatic, and to what extent the population of southern Albania, which has close affinities with Greece, could be relied on to sympathize with the Italian policy. There is very little doubt but that the Italian Government intended taking very drastic steps at Frevza the other day over the matter of the Italian postal officials but for the prompt repudiation made by the Turkish Government. It is apparent, therefore, that though there is a seeming quiet, the materials for what Count Guicciardini at Vienna and Signor Crispien at Rome called a "right moment to break into action."

FAR NORTHERN LAPPLAND

A TOURIST'S SKETCH WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

An Almost Entirely Forest Country—Most Wonderful Falls in Europe.

The extreme north of Europe is mostly forest—Lapland is entirely so. You must journey eternally through pines, firs and silver larches; a lovely combination—monotonous, perhaps, but with the over-arching monotony of the sea. The forest air is of unequalled purity and clearness; the sky of the softest and most kindly blue; the sunsets and twilights of the nights of June, July and early August know only twilight—uncomparable. A fine night in Lapland is not to be forgotten—a sky shot with colors from blue and green to red and the trees and hills outlined against it in black-chilled silence. A curious feature of Lapland, to a summer traveller in the valleys, is that there are so few Lapps. Some are employed on the farms of the Swedish settlers who form the scanty population of the country, but the rest are herding their reindeer in nomadic camps far up in the mountains. Those who are left are generally elders, who cannot bear the wandering life. They are strangely clad in a long coat and leggings of reindeer skin, with boots turning up into the coat at the top and bound at the ankle with cloth bands. A high-peaked hat of cloth completes the picture, and men and women are dressed alike, save that the difference is marked by the color of the boot-bands. A widow, however, assumes those of her dead husband. The farmers (who are all Swedes) must compress all their farm work into the short summer. This makes it somewhat difficult for the tourist to get men to act as drivers or boatmen, though the natives are bound by the Government to provide carriages or boats, and books are kept at the various stations at which the traveller must enter his name and the number of horses or powers that he employs. This also explains the reason for the apparent inhospitality of the inhabitants; they never come out to welcome a guest, or seem anxious to keep him, yet their kindness and attention when their interest is won are unsurpassed. The accommodation at the smaller stations is scanty, and a party of three is the greatest number that can be conveniently accommodated in the houses. Jokkmokk is the metropolis of the valley, and stands above a beautiful double fall of the river. Not far below this is a division, and it is up the lesser branch that we are now making our way. The climate is generally unwholesome, but it contains the mighty Har-Spring or Njommelaskva, said to be the

FINEST FALLS IN ALL EUROPE, which may only be approached by a party fully accounted for camping. Jokkmokk is an unkempt village (as are most Lapland up-country towns) in a forest-clearing. It has, however, quite a pretentious gast-giftvaragard or inn, two churches—and a prison! The new and larger church is a supremely hideous excrement of light yellow wood and green glass, and is regarded by the natives much as we regard Westminster Abbey. In the midst of the town one is confronted by a high blank wooden wall enclosing a tiny space, and resembling nothing so much as an unused advertisement board. This, we are given to understand, conceals the prison—a space about twenty yards square. The old church is picturesque, with high-pitched roof and red walls—when the Lapland Swedes paint their buildings at all, it is generally in this rich warm, red color, which lends a very cosy appearance to a settlement. Near it is a cluster of low, misshapen huts, without windows, and shut up in the midst of a journey, and the natives get up all their years' stores by this means. Great trading fairs are held at centres like Jokkmokk—scenes of bustle and excitement, illuminated by the northern lights, when the day of barely six hours is done. So suddenly does the frost rush down upon the land that the steamer on the lower river, as the captain told us, is sometimes caught in the midst of a journey, and must be run ashore where she is, and surrounded with a protecting wall of logs, to lie there all winter.

NO INTOXICANTS THERE. Jokkmokk is the limit beyond which no intoxicants may be taken. Beyond it, therefore, we lose sight of that worst of Swedish beverages, drunkenness. There is a criminal of drunkenness. A drunken Lapp often murders. Jokkmokk has one other interesting feature—solitarily perched in the midst of a forest, the automatic sweet-smelling machine!

Bjorkholm is a typical upland station. The dwelling houses stand rather back from the water on the higher ground, with picturesque foreground of boats, high-peaked bows, and stern drawn up on the shore, and fishing nets hanging on long horizontal poles. The people are great fishermen—indeed, and must live on fish, "stock-brood"—flat-brood, or hard and thick, and made in great round flat cakes with a hole by which they may be hung from the ceiling by strings of fish on a stick, or, excellent coffee and milk, and a little dried reindeer

—this last of the consistency of India rubber, and quite undesirable. Every man has a reindeer. All about the houses, and up to the very doors, are corn fields. When the corn is cut the sheaves are spiked on tall poles set in the ground, giving a very curious appearance. On one occasion we were forced to route the good people of Bjorkholm from their beds, for we arrived at half past eight in the evening, and received the usual half-hearted welcome in the great kitchen, where a fire was kindled for us on the open corner hearth, while the doors of what appeared to be huge cupboards ranged round the walls opened, and sleepy men, women and children looked out, revealing the fact that these were beds, built in tiers like the berths on a steamer. Only the married people and children thus share the room—the rest, old men, young men and maidens, sleep apart, each class in their own outhouse. Our welcome was kind in every respect but that of cordiality. Soon we and our boatmen were drinking coffee, the guests rooms (in another house) were hastily prepared, and we left the people to their early slumbers, after warning them that we required rowers in the morning. A curious habit they have is that of putting sugar in their mouths when drinking coffee. The Lapps even put their dried meat into the bottom of the cup, drink the coffee, and then eat the meat.

EXPENDITURES FOR WAR.

Conflicts of the Nineteenth Century Cost \$20,000,000,000.

A writer estimated the cost of wars of the nineteenth century to nearly reach the enormous sum of \$20,000,000,000. Just how much is a billion? he asks. It is one thousand millions; but that fact is not expressive. There are only 3,155,678,000 seconds in a century. If we take Archbishop Usher's chronology, and consider the world to be 5,004 years old, we find that the nations have spent on war during the nineteenth century at the rate of six dollars a minute since the creation. The most solid building in the world is the Church of San Pietro in Vaticano, known to us as St. Peter's Rome. It has cost not less than \$70,000,000 since its foundation. Stone was laid, yet nearly 300 other churches of equal cost could be built out of what the world has spent on wars during the nineteenth century. The costliest building on this continent is the Philadelphia public building, which represents nearly \$30,000,000; yet nearly 700 copies of this great pile could be erected out of the money spent on war during the last hundred years. The money spends upward of \$530,000,000 a year on education. If it spent 87 times as much it would not equal the war expenses of the past century. The population of the world is estimated at 1,500,000,000; the money spent on war between 1801 and 1900 would allow to each man, woman and child alive to-day more than \$18 as pocket money. If a man counted 200 a minute for 10 hours a day, six days a week, he would have counted one million in eight days 3 hours and 20 minutes. At the same rate he would need 8,338 days, 3 hours and 20 minutes to count twenty billions would take 532 years 150 days, 6 hours and 40 minutes.

ADAPTED TO THE MARKET.

Fruits and Vegetables Must Be "Good Shippers."

Those who raise fruits and vegetables for the market find it to their advantage to develop varieties which will best stand the rigors of the long haul. This necessarily means those which are best in flavor. A tomato, no matter how delicious, that becomes "mushy" under a few hours' shaking in a freight-car is unprofitable, except for local markets. The railroad man and the range of supplies for every region so wide that the first requisite of any perishable articles is that it shall be a "good shipper." Scientific agriculturists are now bending their energies toward securing by cross-breeding, a combination of delicacy of flavor and of good travelling quality. They have already accomplished much. Every year some new fruit or vegetable enters the market, and better varieties of the old are introduced. In these times not only the palate but the eye must be satisfied. Celery must be white, strawberries must be red, and apples attractive in color. Any new variety, however excellent, that does not come up to these standards cannot expect a wide market. Their nature puts "trade-marks" upon certain varieties, and so greatly aids their commercial success. The "navel" is one of several kinds of seedless oranges, but it is so distinctly marked as to have acquired almost a monopoly of the field.

EXPOSURE OF COAL.

If a load of coal is left out of doors exposed to the weather—say, a month—it loses one-third of its heating quality. If a ton of coal is placed on the ground and left there, and another ton is placed under a shed, the ton above loses about 25 per cent. of its heating power, the former about 47 per cent. Hence it is a great saving of coal to have it in a dry place, covered over, and the more the covering power it loses, because the volatile and valuable constituents undergo slow combustion.

THRIFTY SCHOLARS.

To encourage thrift in pupils the London School Board runs in London a number of penny banks. The amount deposited last year was £23,800, about £1,000 more than in 1899. The sum of £28,145 remained to the credit of the youthful depositors.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes About Some of the World's Great People.

No other Sovereign in the world has so many physicians as the Czar. They number twenty-seven, and are all selected from the medical celebrities of Russia. Amongst the Royal personages who are now possessors of motor-carriages are: King Edward VII., the Czar, the German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, Victor Emmanuel III., the Shah, and the Heir-apparent of Belgium. The little King of Spain is guarded every night by a body of picked men, who are natives of Espinosa, and have served with distinction in the army. It is by them the gates are locked at midnight, and with ceremonious solemnity re-opened at seven o'clock in the morning. Should one of this guard prove false to the person of his Sovereign, Spanish faith in Spanish loyalty would die, as if by lightning stroke, and something very dreadful would happen to the traitor. It is a curious custom of very ancient tradition, which the Queen Regent has not been sorry to maintain. An amusing story of the Pope's good-natured humor is being told in Rome just now. His Holiness is much sought after by the sitters by painters whose powers are not always equal to their ambitions. Quite recently one of these painters, having finished his portrait, begged the Pope to honour him by inscribing upon it some Scriptural text, with his autograph. Pope Leo looked dubiously at the picture. It was mediocre enough and little like himself; but he reflected a moment and then, adapting the familiar line in St. Matthew to the peculiar circumstances, he wrote as follows: "Be not afraid; I am I—Leo XIII."

Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., has just celebrated his seventieth birthday. Sir Walter was one of a family of six sons and six daughters, and when he and his brother Alfred first went to business as W. and A. Gilbey they made their start in a couple of underground rooms in Berwick Street, Soho, just after the Crimean War. The brothers Walter and Alfred were all the partners and all the staff too. To-day the firm employs many thousands of men and women, and the well over a million sterling to the Revenue. Apart from his baronetcy, one of the greatest honours which have befallen Sir Walter Gilbey is the presentation to him by the Prince of Wales, in 1891, on behalf of a large body of subscribers, of a pair of himself and his wife, "in recognition of his services in the revival of horse-breeding."

Forty-two years ago Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, now a veteran of eighty-two years, made the first discovery of the relics of Sir John Franklin's lost expedition, which had sailed for the Arctic regions on May 19th, 1845, and had last been seen in July of that year. Sir Francis, who was then untitled and a captain, started on June 30, 1857, in command of the Fox, a vessel of only 17 tons, to search for the remains of himself and his wife, "in recognition of his services in the revival of horse-breeding."

On board a ship returning from Africa, a few weeks ago, was Lieutenant Carpaux, just out of the hospital at Dombon, who had been interviewed with a lion. The lieutenant thus described the meeting, which seems to have been an unusually lively one: "One morning I started off to see what I could do in the way of lion hunting. We had gone far when I espied a superb beast with a glorious mane. I fired, and he ran farther into the scrub. I felt sure that he was wounded, and went to look for him. After beating about in the jungle for some time I came to a small clearing, and saw, fifty yards off, the lion facing me and lashing his side with his tail. I dropped on one knee aimed at the head and fired. The brute, of course, actually bounded forward toward us, and my comrade ran off into the scrub. I fired again and hit the lion, but without killing him, and in a moment we were face to face. I was then knocked over, and felt my right leg rattle as it squeezed in a vise. I tried to seize the brute by the throat but was too firmly held down. The feeling that I was lost came home to me with terrible force. Suddenly I felt the lion's grip relax, and what seemed to me miraculous, he moved off a few feet, and stood looking in the direction in which my man had fled. 'If I think I may be saved.' While he stood I was able to get hold of my rifle, and rapidly aimed and fired just as he was turning round to finish me. He fell dead. The excitement was over. My leg was in a fearful state, and so were my chest and shoulder; but no bone was broken and no main artery cut. For twenty days after the accident I was in the hospital."

CHEWED BY A LION.

A Hunter's Experience With the King of Beasts.

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Continuing my journey, and while passing through California, I came to a place where the wolves actually had the upper hand. In a certain part of Lake County, Cal., the wolves are so large, so fierce and so numerous that it has become impossible to keep sheep. The idea has been quite abandoned, and goats have been substituted. The wolves somehow do not seem so partial to them. Returned volunteers from South Africa to Australia assured me that the Canadian soldiers had achieved by far the greatest reputation at the front.

OUR MEDITERRANEAN MASTERY.

The mastery of the Mediterranean by Britain, a power owning no country on its shores, has become intolerable for its political and financial consequences, to all the other States of Europe, says the New York Sun. The only Government standing in the way of an early liberation of the Mediterranean from British power control is that of the German Emperor. Whenever Germany throws her weight into the scale the coalition against which England is armed will be formed.

A DRAMATIC CONVERSION.

Burglar Places His Kit of Tools on the Church Altar.

A rather dramatic conversion started the 300 persons attending religious services at the Pacific Garden mission, Chicago, last week. William Hill advanced to the altar, laid thereon his revolver and kit of burglar tools, and signified his intention to turn over a new leaf. The Rev. J. S. Detwiler, of St. Paul, Assistant Superintendent Harry Monroe, of New Mission, had been preaching, and the latter had just finished his address when the self-confessed burglar walked to the altar.

"Friends," he said, "I have been cracking safes, robbing stores and picking pockets a good many years for a living. I have served terms in Sing Sing and Joliet. But to-night I am going to turn over a new leaf. I was walking along State street to-night when I heard the men speaking from your Gospel wagon. They said something that seemed to touch me. I followed the wagon home, and entered with the crowd. The more I heard the more I became convinced that this is the time for me to reform. I want you people to help give me a start in the right direction. I have found it easier to steal the work, but now I want to work for my living, and if you will help me I will work for your mission."

This significant conversion was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The man who had been so long a lawbreaker, first promising Mr. Monroe to return the next day, when an effort will be made to get him work.

True to his promise, Hill appeared at the office of the Pacific Garden Mission as promised, and declared that he had not repented his resolution, but was rather more firmly determined to gain an honest livelihood. Mr. Monroe started out with the new convert, at once to see if he could get him some employment.

LABOR IS SUPREME.

New Zealand Government and Workmen.

Rev. George Glover, of St. Leonard's, England, gives a newspaper reporter a few impressions of his tour abroad.

"In some respects," he said, "the most peculiar part of my visit was New Zealand. There the laborer is supreme. So supreme is he that he can have an audience with the Premier, Dick Seddon, at any hour of the night. This, when, perhaps, one in a higher station in life would not be able to see the first minister. Seddon's government stands merely for the approval of the workmen. Without his popularity among the laboring classes Seddon could not retain power. I know this for a fact and Seddon will cheerfully admit the same thing. So supreme is labor in New Zealand that an employer engaging two men and finding one to suit him, discharges the other, will find perhaps that labor will step in and make him discharge the man whom he finds useful and take on again the employee whom he discharged for unsatisfactory work. A new condition of affairs certainly exists in New Zealand. This climate, however, is delightful, and the fertility of the soil most extraordinary. Crops can be grown steadily for many years without the aid of manure. Some times the wheat grows as high as one hundred and twenty and one hundred and forty bushels to the acre.

"In the Commonwealth of Australia, where everything has started under the most auspicious circumstances, I anticipate, nevertheless, a considerable difficulty in harmonizing the different tariffs. This doubtless will soon become a thing of the past, but for the present I think it presents a problem of considerable magnitude to the politicians. There will never, in my opinion, be free trade between New Zealand and Australia. A feature which struck me very forcibly while travelling in the colonies was the enthusiastic loyalty of the colonials. I was in New Zealand when the news arrived of the fall of Pretoria. The excitement was intense. The people held a mass meeting of many thousands of citizens. Loyal speeches were the order of the day, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

"Continuing my journey, and while passing through California, I came to a place where the wolves actually had the upper hand. In a certain part of Lake County, Cal., the wolves are so large, so fierce and so numerous that it has become impossible to keep sheep. The idea has been quite abandoned, and goats have been substituted. The wolves somehow do not seem so partial to them. Returned volunteers from South Africa to Australia assured me that the Canadian soldiers had achieved by far the greatest reputation at the front."

A TICKLISH QUESTION.

He was a sunny-haired little four-year-old, and his sister had been reading to him the story, in a child's history of England, of one of the most terrible wars ever came to the King, she concluded, that his army had been defeated, it is said he covered his face with his hands and wept, and no one ever saw him smile again. But are you sure he never smiled again? Quite sure—at least, the history says so. The child pondered deeply for a few moments. Then he gazed wonderingly into his sister's face, and said: "Well, what did he do when they tickled him?"

GAMBLING IN THE NAVY.

MORE OF IT DONE THAN IS GENERALLY SUPPOSED.

Cards, Dominoes, Chess, Deck Quits Are Used—"Bogey" Is Played in Hot Climates.

Gambling in the navy, though illegal, is still carried on to a greater extent than is generally imagined. Nor is this surprising when it is considered that Jack Tar has no means of spending his money while at sea, and thrift is certainly not his greatest virtue. Betting on games of chance is chiefly favored, and a pack of cards forms one of the most cherished possessions of every sailor. The men are permitted to play as much as they please in their leisure hours, but it is not until after ten o'clock at night, the hour for "turning-in," that they are able to gamble without detection by the officers. Then hammocks are discarded for seats round a wooden chest, and by the light of an old lantern "too," "Nap," and "banker" are kept up often into the small hours of the morning. In the latter game, the player succeeds in making the bank. This, however, rarely happens, because the stakes played for are never more serious than a few pence; nevertheless, by the time the next monthly pay-day comes round it is not unusual for a man to find that he has mortgaged the whole of the wages due to him. But cards by no means exhaust Jack's gambling repertoire. He stakes heavily upon dominoes, chess, deck quits, and any other game that lends itself to chance, though of course, his transactions have to be conducted in secret.

But when in a hot climate a game known as "bogey" is as popular as any, and has the distinction of being seldom played outside the navy. We will presume that five men propose to indulge in a friendly gamble, and having agreed that the stakes shall be a penny for each player, fivepence in all, they take their places round a table and play down their coins. Then a sixth man who acts as umpire lays upon each penny a few grains of sugar, and the game begins. The climate being hot, the room will doubtless be full of flies, which will immediately begin to buzz round the sugared pennies, though for some time, with the casual perversity of these insects, they will pitch upon any individual one, which naturally adds to the excitement; for the man whose coin is distinguished by a fly first settling upon it pockets the stakes.

Pitch and toss with halfpennies, though still played, has lost much of its old popularity, because natural ingenuity has been devised many games better suited to gambling, and almost every ship has one particular mode of gaming quite apart from that of any other vessel. "Backing the stranger" is a common amusement on the high seas, and consists on betting on the nationality of the next vessel sighted, the winner, of course.

CLEARING THE STAKES. Even racing is not overlooked, for men will bet on a forthcoming horse race before leaving port, and settle up at the first opportunity of ascertaining the winner. Sailors do not always gamble with money, but will give slips of paper entitling the holder to a share of their "shot" at the canteen. Every man may have goods on credit from the canteen, and this is called a "shot." He is not to be out of the canteen's debt, so creditors will accept a share of a comrade's "shot" as readily as they would a cheque on a bank. In other words, this method is equivalent to incurring one debt in order to clear off another.

It is seldom that a sailor turns out to be a moderate gambler, because his opportunities for parting with his spare cash in this manner are not so numerous as they were in the days when gambling was carried on above deck and under the eyes of the officers, who looked on such things as nothing. Moreover, cheating is undisciplined, and the subsequent existence of him who tried swindling his mates would be unbearable; so if a sailor loses heavily by gambling he at least knows that he has done so in fair play.

THE FIRST MESSAGE. "In this way the first message was sent over the telephone, and I have been told that Brantford calls itself the 'Telephone City' ever since. That was in 1875. A short time afterward Mr. Charles Williams, of Boston, strung a telephone wire from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridgeport, a distance of two miles. This was the first telephone wire to be permanently erected. Since that time those small beginnings, what amazing progress has been made! Do you know that there are nearly 2,000,000 miles of telephone wires in the United States alone?"

NOT THE WAY SHE MEANT IT.

A correspondent writes: A brother of mine came to stop with me a few days, and as he is independent and I like him, and had to go out daily to business, my wife found him an awful bore to her during my absence. Too polite to openly remonstrate on his stay, which was growing into a few weeks, my wife one day threw out a hint which she thought would take effect. "Don't you think, John, your wife and children will miss you?" No doubt she said it. I was just waiting your invitation; I'll send for them at once.

WALL PAPERS



We are sorting up our stock and offering Reductions of 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. on Wall Papers.

These are not remnants but new stock.

Prices count—and our papers are the finest in the country.

Newest, up-to-date designs, made by the best makers.

Our Bargains in really Fine Papers are wonders.

You Can Make \$1 Buy \$2.00 worth of Paper by buying now

..PAINTS..

Every Can Guaranteed.

Newest Colors,

Best Wearing,

Hardest Drying,

Lowest Prices.

FOR MOTHS.

English LAVENDER FLOWERS, in bags., reduced to 5c.

MOTH BALLS—Camphor.

GILLET'S LYE, 10c.

NEW SOAPS & PERFUMES

CHAS. E. PARKER,
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

Your Wants for July Weather
Can Be Supplied Better and Cheaper at

THE FRED. T. WARD CO'S. STORE
THAN ELSEWHERE IN TOWN.

Our lines of SUMMER DRESS GOODS—Organdies, Dimities, Muslins, Percalés, Piques, Gingham, etc. are the essence of quality and cheapness.

No two prices, one price to all and best value for all.



TOOKE'S Shirt Waists.

We are having a greater demand for them than ever. The Ladies find the fit unequalled, latest style and quality the best. Call before your size is gone. 69c., 75c. and \$1.25.

Embroideries, Laces, Veilings, Belts, Belt Buckles, Cuff Links and a great variety of Fancy Goods we are Clearing Out at fancy low prices.

The Fred T. Ward Co.

Obituary.

Died on the 29th of June, 1901, Mr. Charles Wright, of the 8th line of Rawdon township. He came with his parents from England to Canada when a boy about 12 years of age, and had been a resident of Rawdon about 60 years. About 50 years ago he bought a farm, on which he resided ever since. Like all the early settlers, by patience, perseverance, and industry, he made a home for himself and family. He was eighty years of age, and leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. Dr. Wright, of Berlin, Ont., is his only surviving brother. The funeral took place from his late residence on July 1st. His remains were taken to St. Thomas Church, where the funeral service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Nimmo, of Rawdon parish. A very appropriate sermon was preached for the benefit of the living, that all might be ready at the Master's call. The interment took place in the little cemetery adjoining the church. He was laid by the side of his daughter, who preceded him some years ago.—Cos.

Under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses hospitals have been erected at Sifton and Yorkton, Manitoba.

Two men dropped from the top of a 150-foot smokestack at Little Current, inside the stack. One named Herbert was fatally injured, and the other will recover.

Sore Throat and Hoarseness
with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of Polson's Nerviline. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster, and more convenient for the outside. Nerviline penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, allays inflammation, and cures sore throat and hoarseness simply because that's what it is made for. The large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline is unexcelled as a household liniment. It cures everything.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale the East Half of Lot No. 17 in the 3rd Concession of Thurlow, consisting of 100 acres. This is one of the Best Farms in the neighborhood. On the premises is a frame house and barn, and it is situated near a good Cheese and Butter Factory, convenient to Church and School, is well watered and well fenced, has a good Orchard, and is only five and a half miles from Belleville. Will sell on Easy Terms. Apply to Archie Grier on James Boldrick's place in the 4th Con. of Thurlow, or address by letter

ARCHIE GRIER,
Corbyville.

Where others fail, HERS Dr. Paffy's Pills prove their power to cure.

PARKER BROTHERS BANKERS,

STIRLING -1- ONTARIO.

A General Banking Business transacted.

4 per cent. allowed on Deposits. Drafts bought and sold on all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain. Money to let on Mortgages at low interest. Office hours from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. F. B. PARKER. R. PARKER, M.D.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line. To Transient Advertisers—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows: GOING WEST. GOING EAST. Mail & Ex. 6.27 a.m. Accom. 10.35 a.m. Accom. 6.43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8.45 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1901.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Dominion Day passed off very quietly in town, a great number spending the day at Oak Hill Lake and other places.

The strawberry crop, which has been a large one, is now nearly exhausted, and prices advanced this week as they became less plentiful.

White vests and summer coats at wards.

Some of the finest strawberries we have seen were grown by Mr. Jos. Frappier, River Valley. He has several varieties of exceedingly large and luscious berries, and had a large yield this season.

The efficient service of our street sprinkler has been fully appreciated during the hot weather lately, and the small fee which it costs each person whose premises it passes is money well invested in securing freedom from the annoyance of dust.

You'll find me at Fred Ward's Saturday night.

The decoration service by Stirling Lodge No. 239, I.O.O.F., last evening, was witnessed by a large number of visitors from town and country. The attendance of members of the order was not large—probably the exceedingly warm weather of the past few days had a depressing effect.

FOUND

In Stirling, on Thursday last, a pocket-book, containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying for this notice.

IRA HOSKINS.

The volunteers arrived home from camp on Saturday evening, well bronzed, and looking more like veterans from the tented field than when they took their departure twelve days before. They were met at the station by the "Home Guard," and a large number of citizens, who escorted them to the centre of the town, and bid them "welcome home."

Snaps in odd sizes of colored shirts, \$1.25 for 75c., 75c. for 55c. See if we have your size at Fred Ward's.

Posters have been issued announcing the monster celebration to be held at Spring Brook on Friday, July 12th. The Orangemen of Districts Nos. 1, 3 and 4, Central Hastings, will be present, as also Lodges from Frankford, Campbellford, Blairton, Foxboro and other places. In all 20 Orange Lodges, 3 Lodges of True Blues, and one Prentice Lodge are expected to be present. The committee are putting forth every exertion to make the gathering a success. Dinner will be provided by the ladies in connection with the Church of England. The proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a paragon at Spring Brook. Frankford and Campbellford Brass Bands will furnish music for the occasion.

Prize Competition.

The competition for the prize offered by Mr. Boldrick, for the best rendering of the beautiful poem of "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," created quite an interest, and was held in the High School, after the Entrance Examinations were over, on Friday, 28th June. A large number of scholars and young people were present. Six competitors entered for it and while some were in expression, and nearly all were well memorized; and to those who did not secure the prize we would say, you are well repaid for the trouble taken by having stored in your memory such fine expressions of thought, applicable to all stages of life, as no sentiment can be so well expressed in prose as in poetry. The principal contest was between Miss Lela Johnson and Miss Vita Bailey. Both renderings were excellent, but the judges thought Miss Johnston the more perfect of the two, and she was awarded the prize. The little lady recites well for one so young. Very honorable mention was made by the Chairman, Mr. Boldrick, of Miss Bailey, but as the awarding was quite out of his hand he could only rest on the decision of the judges. Rev. Mr. Burns kindly asked permission to award a prize to Miss Bailey, which he did, and Dr. Faulkner promised a third one. Short addresses were made by the Chairman, Rev's. Johnston and Burns and Dr. Faulkner, which brought the proceedings to a close. We regret

to say Stirling school scholars were not in it—too many attractions here for them to improve the mind much. Many of them, we are afraid, could be improved on.

CITIZEN.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Stirling Cheese Board on Wednesday 1085 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:

1 Bell	60
3 Central	100
4 Enterprise	60
5 Evergreen	100
6 Harold	60
7 Kingston	50
8 Marmora	70
9 Maple Leaf	100
10 Monarch	35
11 River Side	50
12 Shamrock	80
14 Spring Brook	60
15 Stirling	60
16 West Huntingdon	50
17 Glen	50
18 Cook's	100

Buyers present, Bird, Barr, Bailey, Kerr, Russell and Whitton.

All sold as follows:—

Bird got 7 and 17 at 8½c.
Barr, 8, 10, 11, 14, and 18 at 8 11-16c.
Bailey, 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 12, 15, and 16 at 8 11-16c, and 1 at 8½c.

Board will meet again on Wednesday, July 10th, at 4 o'clock, p.m.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Maude Green, eldest daughter of Lewis Green, Rawdon, and James R. Russell, took place at the bride's home on the evening of June 27, in the presence of about sixty invited guests, Rev. C. E. Pineo tying the nuptial knot.

The bride was tastefully attired in cream cashmere. The bridesmaid, Miss Hulda Green, was dressed in white muslin, and the maid of honor, little Miss Leta Green, looked very dainty in a gown of cream cashmere and carried a bouquet of roses. The groom was supported by his brother. Miss Stiles presided at the organ. After the ceremony and congratulations the wedding party repaired to the dining room where a sumptuous supper was served. The presents were numerous and beautiful, and attested the esteem in which the bride is held by her friends. The happy couple left on a wedding trip to Prince Edward and other places, followed by the good wishes of their numerous friends.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. W. H. Campbell, of Belleville, is the guest of Mrs. J. Barlow.

Miss Alberta White returned home on Tuesday after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. D. W. Terrill, at Lindsay.

Mr. E. T. Williams, of Marmora, is here as presiding examiner at the Departmental Examinations now being held in the High School.

Miss Ethel Anderson, granddaughter of Mrs. Judd of this village, recently graduated as a trained nurse from Woodstock Hospital.

Miss M. K. Lambly, teacher in the third department of the Public School, left for her home at Belleville on Monday to spend the vacation.

Mrs. M. Lewis, teacher of the first department of the Public School left for Peterboro on Saturday to spend the vacation with friends there.

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Optical Specialist, will be at the Stirling House parlors, on Thursday, July 4th, and remain until Saturday afternoon, July 6th.

Rev. W. D. P. Wilson left here for his new charge at Caniton this morning. His successor on the Rawdon circuit, Rev. H. Duke, will arrive here to-day.

Mrs. Lem. McConnell, of Holbrook, Mich., has been visiting her relatives and friends in this vicinity for the past month left for home on Tuesday last.

King Edward's coronation will take place in June next.

Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, left for Great Britain on Monday for a three months' holiday.

London was the hottest place in Ontario on Dominion Day, with a maximum temperature of 97 in the shade.

Married.

ABBOTT-THOMPSON—On July 3rd, 1901, at the Methodist Parsonage, Church St., Stirling, by the Rev. Mr. Johnston, Edwin O. Abbott, of Sidney, and Miss Mabel, daughter of Mr. Robert Thompson, of West Huntingdon.

Deaths.

WRIGHT—In Rawdon, on June 29th, Chas. Wright, aged 80 years and 11 months.

OUR MOTTO Is "FAIR DEALING, No Fake Advertising."

We use what is genuine only. We sell you cheap clothing twenty per cent. below old prices, and while we can't get to ready-made prices, the small difference will be amply repaid in make up and satisfactory results. We would like a visit from all requiring good reliable purchases in Clothing or Gents' Furnishings.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

Hot Weather Bargains

In LADIES' VESTS, HOISERY, WAISTS and SUMMER CORSETS, in straight front.

Call and see our LACES, EMBROIDERIES, and ALL-OVER LACES.

In PRINTS, COTTONADES, SHIRTINGS, TICKINGS, STEAM LOOMS, PILLOW COTTONS, TOWELLINGS and COTTONS, a full stock and Cheapest in Town.

A Full Line of GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

In GROCERIES we always keep a full stock and always fresh. Do not forget our 25c. Tea.

Highest price paid for Butter and Eggs.

E. F. PARKER.

Prof. J. H. De Silberg,

the Celebrated Eye Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, on Thursday, July 4th to Saturday, July 6th, where he may be consulted in the parlors of the Stirling House. All consultation free of charge. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the Professor. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.
HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING.

HARRY HARRIS.

STIRLING, ONT.,

—DEALER IN—

PIANOS, ORGANS & SEWING MACHINES

I sell the SINGER Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every respect. Case hardened and adjustable. The Singer repairs always on hand. Easy terms of payment.

Also, Auctioneer for the Co. of Hastings.

CHAS. BUTLER, Issuer Marriage Licenses

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

HARDWARE!

Thousands of farmers want good BINDER TWINE at the Right PRICE. I have got it.

Plymouth Twine

is the Best. There is none like it.

PLYMOUTH TWINE is the purest, strongest, evenest, longest, therefore the most economical.

Don't buy any other. Prices away down low this year.

I also keep a MACHINE OIL, made specially for reapers. Will guarantee this oil. Only 10c. per quart.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

(is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling first door north of Parker's drug store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged. Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for 1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos. 1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos. Half, 10c. down to quarter col. 8c. Quarter col. down to 2 inches, 5c. 10c. 12c.

Inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates. These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, \$10 per year; \$8 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$8 per year. Proportional cards, limited to six lines, \$4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge. Transient advertisements, 5c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOBBING PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

Just arrived a lot of those dandy Little Child's Toe Slippers, sizes 3 to 7, price 30c. pair. Do not wait until the sizes are broken, but call at once and get this great bargain.

Our Big Sale of Ladies' and Children's Shoes this season, is best evidence that we are LEADERS.

Don't fail to call and see our Bargain Tables. Remember our Shoe Dressing is the Best.

GEO. REYNOLDS, SHOE KING.



Ladies' Oxford Shoes from \$1.00 to \$2.25
" 1-strap, 2-strap and 4-strap Slippers from \$1.00 to \$1.50
" Carpet and Cloth Slippers from 15c. to 25c.
" Prunella Gaiters and Slippers from 45c. to \$1.00
Misses' and Girls' Fine Button Boots from 60c. to \$1.40
Childs' Fine Dongola Button Boots from 50c. to \$1.25

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Our Big Sale of Ladies' and Children's Shoes this season, is best evidence that we are LEADERS.

Don't fail to call and see our Bargain Tables. Remember our Shoe Dressing is the Best.

237 Bring us your Eggs.

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS AND DESIGNS.

Send your business direct to Washington, saves time, costs less, better service. My office close to U. S. Patent Office. FREE preliminary examination made. Apply to me not the agent who secures the PATENT. PERSONAL ATTENTION GIVEN. I HAVE ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. Book "How to Obtain Patents," etc. sent free. Patents secured through E. B. Siggers receive special notice, without charge, in the INVENTIVE AGE.

Illustrated in the INVENTIVE AGE, \$1 a year. Life of C. A. Siggers & Co. E. B. SIGGERS, 918 F St., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Most Convincing Salesman We Have Is

Price.



HEAR HIM TALK
SHIRTS,
TOOKE'S MAKE,

25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. If you would know their values put them along side Shirts that cost half as much again. In grasping for excellence we caught economy as well, and bigness of the lot brings littleness of price, and the benefit is yours.

Straw Hats.—Any old Straw Hat is good enough for some men. It is vastly different in a case like yours, as you want one of the latest style and up-to-date, at a price that the maker would smile at, 50c. to \$1.50.

We are here to push business. Give us a shove.

FRED. T. WARD,
YOUR TAILOR & MEN'S OUTFITTER.

= FOR GROCERIES = GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c. Lard, pure - 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.

We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yd.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yd.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.

A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

The Mutual Life of Canada

Formerly
**THE ONTARIO
MUTUAL LIFE**

A Company
OF POLICYHOLDERS
BY POLICYHOLDERS,
FOR POLICYHOLDERS.

AMOUNT OF NEW BUSINESS
Paid for (taken) in 1900.
\$4,671,712.00, being the largest volume
secured in the Dominion by any Canadian
Life Company for the year ending
Dec. 31st, 1901.

Beginning the New Century by LEADING ALL ITS COMPETITORS, old and young, among native Life Companies in NEW BUSINESS for the past year, is a record of which any Company might feel honestly proud.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA.

UNEQUAL EYES. OPPOSITION

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

—IS THE—
Life of Trade

COME AND SEE THE
**NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIGIE BLOCK.**

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain
no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.
TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any
other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

Hundreds have testified to the
good of **Petty's Pills** have done them,

Success in Life.

General Wheeler's Advice to Young Men.

"Fighting Joe Wheeler," a hero of both the Civil and the Spanish-American wars, recently delivered an address in New York before a Church Temperance Society, in the course of which the following striking paragraphs occur:

"During all my life I have had requests from young men for letters which would help them to get situations. I always say to them: 'Go to the place of business where you want to get work and tell the proprietor that you have come to make your fortune and are willing to work hard for it, and that if he will give you a trial, you will come without pay for a month. After you have got a place, be always ready to work. To do that, you must not go to the theatre. You must go to bed early and get up early, so as to be at your place of business five minutes before you have to. Then, when you are told to do something, do it, and come back so quickly that they don't know you've been gone. In a year you will be dictating salaries, and not they.' In the last few years business conditions have undergone a great change. These big combinations have been created, and while some people believe they have done a great deal of harm, my advice to young men is to adapt themselves to conditions as they find them, and not try to change them, because they can't do it. I meet every night a man who nineteen years ago had no better chance than any man in this hall. He had a place at six dollars a week in the Homestead Iron Works. There he did his duty to the best of his power, and every time a man was wanted for a place a little better than the one he held, he seemed to be the man selected. In that nineteen years he has climbed up, till now he controls a corporation with a capital of \$1,000,000,000, a sum as great as our country spent in the first forty years of its existence. I learned from this man, Mr. Schwab, that he has never used any tobacco or liquor in his life. The other night I said to him: 'I've been told that in these big corporations, all other things being equal, a man is preferred for promotion, who neither drinks nor smokes.' That is my invariable rule with the 200,000 or 300,000 men I employ," said he. "I find that when two men are equal otherwise, the one who doesn't drink or smoke is the more valuable." There never was an instance on earth of a man working himself to death. It's the most harmless dissipation a man can go into."

General Wheeler went on to say that many a man killed himself by whiskey and tobacco whose death was assigned by the doctors to overwork. "No man can succeed," he earnestly declared, "in following frivolity instead of duty."

Some Decorative Mottoes.

Having been frequently requested to furnish suitable quotations for various rooms we are pleased to present a few of the many which the Upholsterer has gone to the trouble of collecting, hoping that in the autumn refurnishing they may find place in library, bedroom or kitchen:

The kitchen kills more than the sword.
Lips, however rosy, must be fed.
Better is a good dinner than a fine coat.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast.
People must eat if every tree were a gallows.

A frying-pan will not wait for the King of Cordova.

Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, but the latter to our friends.

That is not in the looking-glass that is seen in the looking-glass.
A picture is a silent poem, and a poem is a speaking picture.

Do not budge if you sit at ease.
Lost time never returns.
Take time by the forelock.

Time is money.
Sublime tobacco! which, from East to West, cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest.

Night is the mother of thought.
Our pillow shall be our counsellor.
The evening crowns the day.

Let not the sun look down and say "Inglorious here he lies."
The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

Rest is sweet after strife.
Rest is sweet sauce for labor.
O sleep, it is a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole.

Sleep is a sovereign physic.
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
A good book is the best of friends.

A library is a repository of medicine for the mind.
Judge not a book by its cover.
A book that remains shut is but a block.

Jeet not in earnest.
All that is said in the parlor should not be heard in the hall.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.
Enough is great riches.
A small fire that warms you is better than a large one that burns you.

The fire is welcome when icicles hang without.
All players cannot win.
In all games it is good to leave off a winner.

There is no better gambling than not to gamble.

A hearth of your own is worth gold.
Home is the rainbow of life.
A sooty chimney costs many a beef-steak.

A door must be open or shut.
Secure the three things, virtue, wealth and happiness; they will serve as a staff in old age.

Youth is a garland of roses.

Anson News.

Mr. E. D. McConnell, is on the sick list.
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chambers, of Ottawa, are spending their holidays at the home of their mother, Mrs. McConnell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Wood and Miss B. Wood, of Pictou; Mr. and Mrs. T. McCabe, of Wellman's, were the guests of Mrs. N. McConnell, on Saturday last.

Spring Brook.

From Our Correspondent.
Mr. Jno. Morgan met with a very serious accident last Thursday, while working the veneering machine, by which he had the ends of three fingers of the left hand cut off.

The Sabbath School here held the annual picnic on Dominion Day in a grove near the village.

Spring Brook expects a big time on the "glorious twelfth."

Farmers are now busy with their hay. The crop is a good one in this vicinity.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.
Miss Nancy Fargy of West Huntingdon is spending a few days with Mrs. R. Read.

Mrs. Martin Hough and daughter, Ethel, are spending a week with friends at Odessa.

Miss Maud Eggleton, who has been visiting her uncle, Mr. M. Hough, leaves on Thursday for California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Palmer have been visiting Mr. Finkle, of Stoco.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Reid spent Sunday at Springbrook.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.
Mr. M. H. Sine, of Toronto, who has been visiting friends in this vicinity, returned home on Wednesday.

Mr. Thomas Fox spent Sunday in Belleville.

Mr. Chas. Green left on Wednesday for New York, where he has accepted a position.

Mrs. Solomon Denike is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Telford, Thurso, Que.

The man who got kicked by a cow recently, we are glad to say is able to be around again.

Quite a few intend taking in the 12th at Springbrook.

Madoc Junction Items.

(From our Correspondent.)
Miss Minchin, teacher at Beulah, spent a few days last week visiting friends in our midst.

Rev. N. Harris, the new minister at West Huntingdon delivered an eloquent discourse in the Eggleton church on Sunday last from the words found in Isa. LXI, 1.

Miss Pearl Bennet is spending her holidays visiting friends in Madoc.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Eggleton, of Madoc spent Sunday visiting at Mr. A. W. Andrews.

Master Armour Bennett of Kingston, is spending the summer with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bennett.

Miss Katie Barlow of Stirling, and Mr. F. A. Clarke of Port Hope, have been visiting at Mr. Geo. Clarke's.

Mrs. Jas. Palmer and children spent a few days last week visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Maud Eggleton has been visiting her sister Mrs. A. W. Andrews.

Mr. Philip Hamilton has been spending a few days visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Mr. Jacobs of Montreal, is in our midst again.

Our teacher, Miss E. M. Hendricks, is spending her holidays at her home in Trenton.

Mrs. A. Seeley of Stirling spent Friday visiting her mother, Mrs. Jas. R. Clarke.

Master Herman Bennett spent Sunday on the Ridge Road.

Miss Nora Carr has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Stapley.

Notes of Interest.

Belfast now ranks as the richest and most populous city in Ireland.

Sixty years ago but 150,000 children were enrolled in the East Indian schools. There are 4,000,000 pupils now.

A recent hotel census of Paris shows that the city has 11,700 hotels.

There are 28,894 juvenile temperance societies in the British Islands, with a membership of 3,598,000.

The mines of West Australia produced in the first quarter of 1901 \$7,835,000 gold, against \$7,365,000 in the same period of 1900.

England's rainfall is equal to 3,000 tons on the acre each year.

The population of the United Kingdom passed that of France for the first time in 1893.

The public houses of London, if set side by side, would reach a distance of something like seventy-six miles.

Thoughts for Every Day.

Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.—Shakespeare.

A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose on the grindstone.—Franklin.

All men that are ruined are ruined on the side of their natural propensities.—Burke.

Better to love amiss than nothing to have loved.—Craabe.

Don't Quarrel with Opportunity

STOCK-TAKING starts with us Monday, and for the next few weeks prices will be cut very low on Odd Lines and Short Length Goods To Clear. There is nothing wrong with the qualities, but the quantities are small and the prices smaller. It is your opportunity—seize it.

Newness and Niceness.

50 New Dress Lengths, suitable for summer and fall wear, no two alike, Tweeds and Fancy Weaves worth \$4.00, your choice for \$2.00.

Belts for Ladies—New Styles for Saturday.

Neckwear for Ladies—the washable kind for Saturday.

Ladies' and Children's Summer Vests, all sizes and qualities.

Victoria Lawns, light and heavy makes, 10c. yd.

Men's and Boys' Clothing

has been walking out very fast the past week; but our stock will still fit yourself or boy with a nobby Summer Suit at our money-saving prices.

Flags, Union Jacks and Canadian Ensigns, small to medium sizes.

Groceries and Provisions.

PICKLES, large bottle, fine quality for 10c.
JAMS, in 1 lb. jars, all flavors for 10c.
BACON—choice long clear, for 12½c. lb.

CLUTE & MATHER.

CLEARING THEM OUT AT A BIG DISCOUNT!

**LADIES' OXFORDS and STRAP SLIPPERS
and MEN'S CANVAS BOOTS.**

Now is the time to save money.

Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

The London Daily Express has printed an interview with a Manila merchant, in which the latter says that the Americans, knowing that they could not defeat the Filipinos, bribed Aguinaldo to surrender with a million dollars, that McKinley sanctioned it, and that Funston's alleged coup was part of the farce.

At the meeting of the Dominion Alliance in Toronto on Tuesday, Dr. Mackay, of Woodstock, President of the Alliance, said: "There is more Sabbath drinking done throughout the counties than ever before. Not five per cent. of the hotel-keepers have the least idea of keeping the law regarding selling on the Sabbath. More money is taken by these men on Sunday than on any other day of the week."

Toothache Cured in One Minute.

Not only toothache, but any nerve pain is cured instantly by Polson's Nervine. Thousands have testified that its powerful, penetrating, pain-soothing properties make it an absolute cure for neuralgia, rheumatism, toothache, cramps, colic and all other pains and aches that beset mankind. The world is challenged to equal Nervine as a household liniment. Large bottle 25 cents.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until Thursday, the 1st day of August, 1901, for the rebuilding of the Roman Catholic Church at Frankford, Ont.
Plans and specifications of the work may be seen at my residence, Frankford. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
JNO. MACCARTHY, Pastor.
Frankford, 8th July, 1901.

AUCTION SALE.

The Farm of the late W. J. Kingston, consisting of the West Half of Lot No. 1 and the East Half of Lot No. 2 in the 4th Concession of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on

Wednesday, the 7th day of August,

1901, at one o'clock, p.m. on the premises. There will also be a quantity of Furniture and Chattels sold at the same time and place.

G. A. KINGSTON, } Executors,
JENNIE E. BLAIR, }
J. EARL HALLIWELL,
Executor's Solr.

WM. RODGERS, Auct.

Dated the 5th day of July, A.D. 1901.

Hemlock Lumber

To arrive in a few days at Anson, one car of Plank and one car of inch boards. Quality A 1. \$10 per M.
B. O. LOTT.

Spring Brook Bakery.

One door north of the Church.
Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Confectionery. Lemons and Oranges always on hand. Ice Cream Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

N. MASON, BAKER.

Binder For Sale.

A Massey-Harris Binder, in good running order, will be sold cheap and on easy terms.

JOHN FRENCH,
Stirling.

NOTICE to the PUBLIC

I have about Three Thousand Dollars worth of goods composed of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS and CAPS, READY-MADE CLOTHING and DRY GOODS, which I will sell at about HALF-PRICE in order to clear them out, as I am going out of that line of business.

D. NERRIE,
SPRING BROOK.

Spring Brook, June 27, 1901.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale the East Half of Lot No. 17 in the 3rd Concession of Thurlow, consisting of 100 acres.

This is one of the Best Farms in the neighborhood. On the premises is a frame house and barn, and it is situated near a good Cheese and Butter Factory, convenient to Church and School, is well watered and well fenced, has a good Orchard and is only five and a half miles from Belleville.

Will sell on Easy Terms.
Apply to Archie Grier on James Boldrick's place in the 5th Con of Thurlow, or address by letter

ARCHIE GRIER,
Corbyville.

About the House.

HEALTH RULES FOR SUMMER.

In any valuable advice about the treatment of oneself in summer, the "don'ts" must largely prevail. During the hot months the gospel of abstinence should be most strenuously and continuously taught and accepted, or illness is the result, writes Dr. J. Livingston.

First, don't entirely shut out the sunlight because it makes the room somewhat warmer or fades the carpet. Life is more than a little of discomfort or the brightness of the sun when you shut out the great vitalizer and germ destroyer. You need not, of course, have the sun streaming in all day, but let it come in freely for an hour or two in the morning.

Use as little gas as possible for lighting purposes. It is estimated that one gas jet consumes as much oxygen as six people and adds to the heat. A lamp makes far less heat, but much more than an electric light. Luckily, the hours of summer daylight are so long that one usually has all the time he needs to work or read, before the darkness comes, and requires little artificial light.

Don't neglect your sleeping room. This is a most important don't. Be sure that, during the hour when the sunlight is being admitted the bedclothes have been removed and are spread out so that they, as well as the bed, will become thoroughly aired.

Do not sleep in a draught. If, although you should not sleep in a draught, the air should circulate freely through the room. Many people close their windows at night, because they are "afraid of the night air." Night air cannot in the absence of the sun, be as vitalizing as day air, but it is a thousand times less dangerous than the air which, in a closed room, becomes heavy and poisonous from the exhalations from both body and lungs.

Don't drink too much ice water. This is a dangerous practice. Ice water allays thirst for a few minutes without quenching it. For this reason one who is addicted to ice water usually drinks enough to cause a full and bloated feeling, and to stop digestion by unduly cooling the stomach. Lemonade, made from clear, cool—not ice cold—water, is the most refreshing and satisfying drink for summer.

Let your heartiest meal be at night, or whenever your work for the day is over. Fruit, toast, soft-boiled eggs and oatmeal make a good breakfast. Where the intermission between hours of labor is short, no heavy food. Hundreds of people who eat heartily and return to work all most immediately afterwards have dyspepsia.

WRITING A LETTER.

The most striking thing about an ideal letter is its flavor of the personality of the writer. A letter should convey, as nearly as possible, the same effect as would a talk between the writer and his correspondent. What is a good letter to your mother or sister perhaps would be worthless to anyone else. Always remember to whom you are writing, and write to and for that one person.

General descriptions and observations will be of place in 99 cases out of 100. Make your letter an index of your mind on the subjects you believe to be interesting to the one to whom you are writing. Put your own individuality into even your observations on the weather. Avoid long excuses for not writing earlier or more frequently. Like analogies for not returning visits or calls, those of the lagging letter-writer only emphasize the neglect. Make up for previous shortcomings by writing fully, sympathetically, and vividly, so that the pleasure of reading your letter will outweigh any disappointment you may have given, or cause it to be forgotten.

CHEESE STRAWS.

To half a cup of sifted flour add a pinch of cayenne, three ounces of grated cheese and a little salt; mix all together and moisten with the yolk of an egg and enough water to make a stiff dough. Knead in a smooth dough. Roll out into a very thin sheet, not more than an eighth of an inch thick; cut out a piece five inches wide, place on a baking sheet or in and bake in a moderately hot oven for ten minutes. Do not let them brown. Cheese fingers are made from puff paste cut into strips five inches long and a quarter of an inch wide, a little grated cheese spread in center of a strip and another placed on top. These are baked in a quick oven until done and a light brown. Ends of pie crust may be similarly used with the addition of the grated cheese and cayenne pepper. Either American cheese or Parmesan is good for this use. Cheese straws are delicious with salads.

NEW WAYS TO COOK CORN.

Corn Oysters: Grate one dozen ears of corn in a pan add a pinch of salt and a little pepper. Do not let the corn be too well-grated; skip, and as soon as brown, turn over like griddle cakes. They should be the size of large oysters. Excellent breakfast dish.

Corn Fritters: Cut the corn from 5 or 6 ears corn, break an egg in it and add salt and pepper to suit the taste. Drop from a large spoon into a frying pan with hot butter in it, and fry on both sides to a rich brown.

Fried Green Corn: Cut the corn from the cob, and put it in a skillet that has hot butter and lard mixed. Season with pepper and salt, stir it often to keep from burning, and cook it with a cover over it. Corn cooked on the cob, if any is left from the meal, may be cooked in this way and put in the oven and browned.

Corn Custard: Put corn from the

cob, mix it, not too thickly, with milk, add two or three beaten eggs, pepper and salt to taste, and bake half an hour. To be served as a vegetable.

ASKING THE DOCTOR.

Don't be afraid to ask too much of your doctor; you pay him for his visits, and they should be more than mere social calls. Some doctors rush into a room, repeat a stale joke or two to make the patient laugh, or pay her a flattering compliment; then feel her pulse, and look at her tongue; then write a prescription for the dear knows what—but we doubt very much if the doctor does; then rush out again without giving anyone a chance to ask him a question, or tell him what had happened in his absence. His bill is \$2, but for what? Pay him with questions about things that have bothered you in his absence. If you cannot remember them all, put them down on a sheet of paper as they occur to you, and refer to this when he next calls.

LAUNDERING SILK EMBROIDERY.

To launder embroidered linen make a suds with fine soap and warm water. Do not soak, rub or wring the piece, but squeeze the suds through and through until it is clean. Rinse in clear water and dry between towels. It is well not to expose embroidery to the air while it is wet, and it should never be dried in the sun, nor should it be folded or rolled while it is damp. Before it is entirely dry iron it on a piece of thick flannel on a soft, padded board. Lay the embroidered side down, cover it with a dry cloth, and press with a moderately hot iron. Instead of folding it roll it on a large, round wooden stick.

MENDING CHINA.

A clever housekeeper mends her broken china with a home-made cement. Make a thick solution of gum-arabic in water, then stir in plaster of paris until a paste is formed. Apply to the broken parts with a brush and set away to harden.

DOGS OF WAR.

Exhibitions of Their Practical Utility.

Some clever dogs—an Irish wolfhound and some collies—have been for more than three months the most carefully and patiently trained by Major Hutton-Richardson in all the varied duties of dogs attached to a regiment in war time, says a London letter.

They are trained to guard baggage, guard ammunition, carry messages from one part of the field to another and await a reply; give the alarm on the approach of the enemy by running into camp without barking, and to do ambulance duty by seeking the wounded in cover or carrying first aid appliances.

Major Richardson has for some time been in Germany investigating the method of training there, and is now giving daily exhibitions in the grounds of the Crystal Palace in connection with the ambulance section of the Naval and Military Exhibition of the practical uses of dogs attached to regiments in war time.

The performance opens with an attack by the enemy, who are attacked. When the firing ceases the dogs begin their work of carrying first aid to the wounded and seeking those who are wounded in cover.

Attached to the collar of each ambulance dog is a small bottle of brandy. On either side of his saddle cloth, on which are red crosses, are conspicuous red pockets, one containing bandages and the other necessities for "first aid," the other a ration of biscuit for the dog himself. Strapped across the back of each is a waterproof sheet for the dog to lie on when guarding baggage or on sentry duty.

The messenger dogs have a waterproof envelope attached to their collars for the conveyance and protection of written messages and despatches.

It is wonderful to watch the dog seeking for the supposed wounded men in the shruberies and rhododendron thickets of the Crystal Palace grounds, and to note their sagacity and the keen interest they take in their task.

In Germany Great Danes are employed in carrying ammunition, but Major Richardson has trained his own Irish wolfhound for this purpose. The ammunition is carried in two leather pockets strapped across the dog's back. It was strange, indeed, to eyes accustomed to see handsome and gentle Knight of Kerry in the show ring to look upon him as a dog of war. He is a wheaten colored hound and a famous stud dog.

One of the larger of the other dogs is a cross between a St. Bernard and a collie, and probably it is some strain of the former breed which makes him so keen in seeking for the wounded and carrying despatches.

One of the Glasgow volunteer regiments is in treaty for the purchase of three dogs.

A LEANING TOWER IN ENGLAND.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple Tower of Linton in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is 5 feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclination was part of the architect's design, or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

RUINED BY THEIR HOBBIES.

AMUSEMENTS THAT WRECKED GREAT FORTUNES.

Passion for Golf Ruined Kenneth Price—Spent Three Fortunes in Horses.

Without counting betting as a hobby—which it is not—170 wealthy people have been driven to bankruptcy, and in many cases to death, as well, by a violent passion for one particular amusement. This ranges over anything between deer-stalking and collecting stamps, says London Answers.

Kenneth Price, who died six months after his bankruptcy last year, owed his disaster to golf, his one mastering passion. His fame as a golfer was general; but he was the son of Gordon Price, the wealthy Scotch ironmaster, who left him the business. Kenneth started

PLAYING THE ROYAL GAME

as a boy, and for twenty-five years he lived solely for golf, playing day and night—literally, for he had his well-known links at Alderley lit by electric arc-lights, at a cost of over \$35,000.

Mr. Price and all the great golfing centres he spent thousands, staying at the most costly hotels, and practically living on the links. He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships and paid £1,500 a year. But an ironmaster's business needs looking after, and as golfing took up all his time, save about ten days a year, which he devoted to business, the Price profits dwindled. And when he found himself insolvent early last year, the reason of his bankruptcy was "over-expenditure on golf." He died six months later, at Edinburgh.

It was yachting that brought about the downfall of Elliot Reid, owner of the famous "Myrtle." He owned altogether 153 boats in his career, and for ten years he claimed to be one of the best yachtsmen of one of his costly craft. His love of yachting amounted almost to monomania; and though his income was given as \$30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with this expenditure on his hobby. Yet he spent hardly a penny apart from his yachts, for he lived in board on his favorite craft, the "Olney"—having no dwelling ashore; and when she was "laid up" in the mud for the winter, he

STILL LIVED ON HER.

He had an example of every new style of racing-yacht built for him when it appeared, and he bought and sold big yachts almost weekly, giving any price the seller chose to ask, but never getting much for them when he sold them. He talked and dreamed of nothing but yachting, and was a splendid hand at it, commanding all his own boats; and he had every kind of yacht conceivable, except a steam-launch, which was a thing he abhorred.

However, even \$30,000 a year would not stand such a strain long, and at his bankruptcy his yachting expenses were given—truly enough—as the reason for his failure. The yacht were his only assets. Every penny of his capital being spent, and they were sold by official order. Elliot Reid committed suicide at Dartmouth a few weeks later, dying absolutely penniless.

No man ever loved horses better, or knew more about them, than Whyte Melville, the only novelist who was a hobby. Not by gambling, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but he spent three separate fortunes.

EACH OVER \$75,000.

In breeding and training horses. He needed to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was very successful, and at Three Elms, his place in Leicestershire, he kept always between forty and fifty thoroughbreds tending them like babies, and paying all his men well. As his income could never have been more than \$5,000 a year, it is easy to see how he "came a cropper."

His luck, in one way, was so good that, after he had spent all his money, he received a legacy of \$50,000, and before that was quite gone, another windfall of the same amount; but these, spending himself up to \$15,000 for a famous race-horse, and Pontifex alone cost him \$10,000.

He was liked by everyone, and always said that he was perfectly willing to ruin himself for the sake of his hobby. He was a member of the Bankruptcy Court at the close of '99; and though he was just able to pay his creditors in full, he was left practically penniless.

HE ENLISTED

in the Yeomanry, as most people know, and died of enteric at Bloemfontein only a few months ago.

The splendid Lennox collection of old china and pictures that came under the hammer a little while ago ruined its owner, who spent forty years and the whole of his fortune on the hobby. Crawford Lennox, who was one of the chief connoisseurs of Europe in this line, lived in absolute poverty at his house in Edgewood Square, Kensington, during the last years of his life. He collected together one of the finest ever known. He kept it at the Barnard Studios, and though he lived on practically nothing, he had a comfortable income, which he spent in purchasing rare and costly things for his collection.

He would live on bread-and-water for a month rather than forego buying a vase or picture that was doing up to \$2,500; and he spent in this way not only his income, but his capital, which was nearly \$100,000 when he first had it. Most of his time he spent either hunting in the forests of India, or attending to his horses, where he was a well-known figure, or poring over his treasures at the studios. Eventually he became bankrupt; but sometime before he made over the collection to his sister, who did not survive him long, however. His bankruptcy was

a hopeless case, and a year afterwards, he died, in extreme poverty, being, as the attending doctor certified,

PRACTICALLY STARVED

to death. On his sister's death the collection was sold, but did not fetch a tithe of what he had spent on it.

What Arthur Griffiths, the famous dog-fancier did not know about dogs was not worth knowing; and though he was wealthy, they landed him in the net of insolvency at last. Considering that he never had less than a couple of hundred at a time, and never sold any, though he often gave them away, this is not surprising, especially as he seldom had one worth less than \$50. The prices he gave for specially-bred dogs seemed limited only by the sums the vendors were inclined to ask, and he several times gave \$500 for one. The famous Massie collie cost him \$1,000.

His kennels at Sutton and Helgate were marvels of luxury and costliness, and the weekly bills for food alone used to run into \$50 for each establishment. He bought, on an average a couple of new dogs every week, sometimes making presents of one or two to his friends. There are not many dog-fanciers who do not know of Arthur Griffiths; and as his expensive hobby brought him nothing in return—he frequently said he would as soon think of selling his own brother as of taking money for a dog—the weight of it broke through his means, and brought him into insolvency. He showed that he had given over \$35,000 for the dogs he then had in hand, to say nothing of the hundreds he had parted with, but when the kennels were sold at the famous Astley sale, they did not fetch \$2,000. Griffiths died in the States, about eighteen months ago.

TROUBLE AT DARLEY'S.

It all Arose over a Little Mouse and a Black Beetle.

"Oh, dear," gasped Mrs. Darley, as she rushed out of the house and sank into a garden-seat by the side of her husband.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Darley, as soon as he could remove, with great deliberation, the cigar from his mouth.

"It was a mouse. It ran just across the floor of the dressing-room."

"Did it attack you fiercely, dear, and did you escape only after a terrible hand-to-hand combat?"

"Now, you are making fun of me, Frank," the little woman pouted, "and I think it is unkind of you."

"I don't intend to be unkind, dear, but you must own your fear of mice is very foolish. Of course, I know that it is a very general fear of your sex, but that is no reason why individuals should not try to rid themselves of the habit of getting frightened into fits every time a mouse makes its appearance. A mouse is a small weak little thing, and—"

Mr. Darley interrupted himself to insert the fourth finger of his right hand between his collar and his neck and to wriggle with his shoulders, while he said:—"What on earth has got down my back?"

"It's only a blackbeetle, dear," replied Mrs. Darley.

"I saw it crawling over your collar," said Mr. Darley, jumping up and began thrashing wildly about with his hands, and exclaiming:—"Take it off, Nellie! take it off! Oh, the nasty thing will kill me. Push your hand right down! Oh, dear, I can feel it getting down into the small of my back. Oh, oh! But this is torture! Can't you do anything to help a fellow, instead of standing staring like that?"

"If you don't stand still, dear, I needn't say more."

"Stand still! How can I stand still with a venomous thing like that parading up and down my spinal column?"

With this Mr. Darley threw himself upon the ground and rolled over on his back, while his faithful wife hovered over him, anxiously trying to be of some use. A neighbor, who had called, thought that Mr. Darley was writhing in the throes of an epileptic fit, and, with rare presence of mind, he threw it all over Mr. Darley before Mrs. Darley could stop him. The water must have drowned the blackbeetle for Mr. Darley arose, and was about to expostulate with the man who had "brought him to his wife's side," when the two men attained peace when might have been a quarrel.

"You had better go to your room and change your clothes dear," she said to her husband.

After he had gone she explained the cause of the trouble to the neighbor, and the latter departed.

Mr. Darley had put on dry clothes he came downstairs and said:—"Did I understand you to say that you saw that blackbeetle crawling over my collar, and never said a word about it?"

"I did not want to interrupt your discourse on woman's fears of mice, and I knew that nothing was to be feared from a little blackbeetle. It is a small, weak little thing, and—"

"Oh, of course—just so!" snarled Mr. Darley, as he walked off in a huff, without waiting for his wife to finish her sentence.

"What incoherent creatures men are," soliloquized Mrs. Darley, as she watched her husband's form disappear round the corner.

SLAVES IN BRITISH TERRITORY.

Theoretically there are no slaves in Hong Kong, as it is British territory, but in reality "the city is full of them," says a correspondent to a current historian. They are the maid-servants and nurses of the Chinese. Every small-footed lady needs slaves to help her about, and in the case of the rich, where there are many daughters it is not uncommon to find from twenty to thirty slaves in a single family.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

GOOD CATTLE.

We wish we could impress upon every owner of cattle the importance of the best animals of their kind over the inferior ones to be found in greater or less number in so many herds among the common farmers. Good animals of their kind are no accidents—they are the result of breeding such animals as reproduce their own desirable characteristics. Hence all inferior animals are the result of improper breeding. We remark last fall the unfitness or lack of uniformity of the herds of grade cattle seen at the fairs. One animal would represent one characteristic, and another something widely different. There was no point to the herd, no purpose shown in the animals making up its numbers. Looking at the herd one would be at a loss to know what the owner was keeping cattle for. This is just the condition of far too many herds as found on many farms all over the country. This all comes from an indifference on the part of the owner as to the value of the best animals over the inferior. There is not an owner to be found but realizes the great value to be got from some individuals of his herd over others he is keeping. Yet he fails to put forth the required effort to make his herd of only those made up for the work he has in hand. This is more especially marked in the breeding of animals than in the selection by purchase.

While a well bred steer will make twice as rapid growth as another, and when he is grown is so made up as to be of greater value per pound than another of the same feed, yet owners of these animals do not seem to put forth great effort to breed those of the best. We once heard a noted breeder of fine cattle say that he never saw a superior bull in any man's hands, but if he really felt that he ought to have him to use in his own herd he would never allow him to get him. If every owner of cattle felt like that and would give corresponding attention to the quality of the animals he is breeding there would be far less inferior animals kept than is now the case.

Every owner keeps cattle for a purpose. That purpose should be manifest in every animal bred or kept on the farm. With studied attention given to the matter there would not be the wide difference in the merits of animals now seen. The best, the ideals, are worth to the owner several times the value of the inferior. The points of excellence desired should be in view, and the owner should put every step he is working to that standard. There is profit in good cattle.

THE SWINEHERD.

The first 100 pounds of a pig may be the cheapest as far as feed is concerned, but they are much the dearest if we take into account pains and labor of looking after their early existence.

If the young porker thrives well in making the first 100 pounds, nine chances out of ten he will make a large and vigorous hog. The tobacco smoke curling up from the commander's lips rewarded the attention of the Chancellor. Bismarck drawing back in his seat, was said with exultation in his voice: "All must now be well. Moltke smokes again."

The battle was won.

A THOUSAND MILES AT SEA.

In Several Parts of the Earth Ships can get that far from Land.

The question has been asked, is it possible to sail 1,000 miles from land? This can be done at several points. By leaving San Francisco and sailing northward into the North Pacific, a spot is reached where there are no land for 1,000 miles in any direction. So, too, sailing from the southern point of Kamchatka, south-eastward, ships reach a point equally distant from land of any kind, the nearest to the north being the Aleutian Islands.

Other members of the Sandwich group. In the southern Indian Ocean it is possible to sail 1,000 miles out from the southern points of Australia and New Zealand, and still be far from any other land, and the same may be done in a westerly direction from Cape Horn. Indeed, from this point a much longer distance may be reached, for the southern Pacific, between the Horn and New Zealand, covers a space of 80 degrees of longitude and 40 of latitude of absolutely unbroken sea, making its central point over 1,200 miles from anywhere.

DIDN'T MIND WHAT SHE HAD.

A woman who has been a victim of indigestion, and is kept to dyspeptic diet most of the time, was recently invited to a dinner, which she was anxious to attend.

She went with her telephone, and, trusting to a somewhat unreliable memory, she asked to be connected by the ever-obliging "Exchange" with telephone 2,394. When the connection had been made, she began her polite query without any preliminary, Is that you, doctor?

I want very much to go to a little dinner tomorrow night, she began rapidly, and do you think it would hurt me to take a taste of soup, and perhaps a little fish, or the least trifle of game, and a bit of salad or ice? I really think my stomach—

Here she was interrupted by a voice from the other end of the wire, "Madame," said coldly, eat whatever you please. This is the Meteor Rubber Company.

This potato is only half done, my dear, said he crossly. Then only eat half of it, my love, she replied excitedly.

DAIRY AND STOCK.

Do you salt your horses? Stand by the cow and she will stand by you.

The War Nearing Its Close.

Late despatches state that there is no longer any talk of reinforcing the British Army in South Africa. Gen. Kitchener does not ask for more troops, but is contented with the situation, and with the steady progress made in clearing the country. The Boer force ranges between 7,000 and 10,000 men.

The last incident officially reported is the burning of a railway station 50 miles from Johannesburg on the Natal Railway, with a final repulse of the raiders. It was even more insignificant than the wrecking of a train on the Pietersburg line. The largest Boer force which has been raiding or skirmishing during recent weeks does not exceed 400 men. The captures of stock and supplies are constantly reported by Gen. Kitchener, and the Boers are surrendering by scores or hundreds every week. It is evident that the Boer guerrilla warfare becomes month by month less vexatious, and that Gen. Kitchener is gradually wearing down by processes of attrition the Dutch resources for resistance, marvelously efficient as these have proved. The bands of raiders have been reduced in strength, and their capacity for inflicting injury has been impaired. The loss of horses would be an insuperable obstacle to a continuance of guerrilla warfare if the fighting Boer when reduced to hard straits were not enabled to conceal his gun and make a quick escape as a refugee farmer. The difficulty of ending the war has been increased by the readiness with which the Boers without uniforms and British sympathizers at a moment's notice, and also by the systematic arrangements for feeding and protecting the women and children.

Strike Settlement Probable.

A Montreal despatch of Tuesday says: The indications to-day point to a settlement of the trackmen's strike on the C. P. R. within a week. Both sides are evidently tired of the struggle. If a disinterested party influential enough to open negotiations comes forward, the difficulty can be speedily settled. The settlement will, it is hinted, be arranged on the basis of recognition by the company of the men as an organized body, with reasonable conditions, concessions in respect to conditions of employment and wages. This information is gleaned from good sources on both sides.

The Review of Reviews says that if Mr. Carnegie live for thirteen years more and die at the age of eighty, leaving behind him a fortune of \$25,000,000, he will still have to dispose of from \$50,000,000 to \$55,000,000 before his death. That is, he will have to dispose of \$4,000,000, say \$200,000,000 a year, till 1914. If he were to give a \$5 note a minute day and night throughout the year, he would have disposed of only \$2,500,000. He will have to distribute his money at the rate of \$8 a minute day and night, making no reduction in time for sleeping or Sundays. At this rate he will still have \$25,000,000 intact at the age of eighty. Yet compared with the wealth accumulated by stock gambling in Wall Street, the money made by Carnegie in making steel is honorably and honestly earned. No wonder Mr. Carnegie says he has just begun to give.

A contemporary says that at one time the valley of the River Thames, between London and Chatham, was covered with magnificent black walnut trees, which in the early days were of no commercial value, but now would be a big fortune for each owner of a farm. These trees were cut down and burned so as to clear the land for the pioneer's crops. "A man in North Carolina the other day was selling standing timber—walnut trees. The buyer offered \$50 for one fine tree. The owner sent for experts, and as the result got \$1,500 for it (curled walnut). The buyer realized \$3,000 for it on the cars. It was shipped to New York and was cut into veneers from one-sixth to half an inch, and the sales watched. The tree brought \$60,000." The judicious planting of trees is profitable not only to the individual but to the community. The pioneer destroyed trees which for him were mere obstructions to farming, and for which he could obtain no market; but there is no such excuse to-day.—Globe.

A movement is on foot in Addington County to invite Hon. George Foster to run for the House of Commons in that riding, taking the place of the late J. W. Bell.

Rev. Dr. Sanders, of Campbellford, has been appointed a delegate to the International Epworth League Convention, which meets in San Francisco. He will be absent about five weeks.

Mr. D. A. Carnrike, of Campbellford, has a peach tree four years old, which is now beginning to bear fruit, and has this season one peach upon it.

Mr. A. M. Shields, B.A., late principal of the Campbellford High School, was recently presented with a gold-headed cane and an address by a number of his friends in Campbellford.

Mr. F. E. Gaudrie, of Campbellford, has offered a reward of \$10.00 to any person who will give positive information as to the person who started the report that he was drowned in Crow Bay on July 1st.

Dr. Third, attacked by creeping paralysis about a year ago, and whose death was awaited for days, is now fast recovering his muscular powers, but is unable to walk, to perform a critical operation at his home in Campbellford. He will be able to resume his practice in Kingston next month.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

An Assisted Proposal.

"You know Bagsley? Yes. Then you know how bashful he is. Eh, you don't know? Well, I'll give you an example. He's been courting Grace Billingsley for a long, long time, and Grace was getting a little desperate. The night of the Fourth he came up as usual and sat on the Billingsley porch, alone with Grace, and seemed as far off as ever from the momentous question. Pretty soon Grace saw the small boy next door sneak out in the road with a cannon cracker, and light the thing went off with a frightful roar. Grace dropped her head on Bagsley's shoulder and murmured, 'Oh, George, this is so sudden!' Well, Bagsley isn't such a fool as he might be, and his arm went round her waist in no time. 'I—I was afraid,' he slightly stammered, 'that you didn't hear me.' Grace looked up. 'Didn't hear you?' she murmured. 'Why, mercy, dear, I was afraid all the neighbors would hear you!' And George, who had said a word, was wise enough to say nothing."

The Duke of Cornwall's collection of stamps is said to be worth £100,000.

More than 4,000 persons are said to have been drowned by recent floods in China.

The Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany, daughter of Queen Victoria, is growing weaker.

The body of eight-year-old Arthur Hunter, missing since last Thursday, has been found in the harbor at Belleville.

It is officially stated that there are now 251,000 British troops in South Africa, of which number 4,000 are on the sick list.

The British revenue returns for the first quarter of the current year show an increase of \$15,000,000 over the corresponding quarter last year.

The manufacturers of Toronto propose to expend \$10,000 as their contribution towards the decoration of Toronto on the occasion of the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

The success of the recent colonization excursion is shown by the fact that 40,000 acres of land have been taken up by incoming settlers in Temiscaming since the date of the excursion.

A Detroit despatch dated Saturday says: A special from Houghton, Michigan, says: "Snow fell here and at Calumet this morning. The Quincy hills were white with it early, but it soon melted away."

Spurred by the success of the British liquor trade in founding a chair of brewing at Birmingham University, English temperance leaders are endeavoring to endow lectureships devoted to the gospel of total abstinence.

Mr. Ems, a prominent resident of Rosthern, Sask., has received word from Russia that the Molokans, or "Milk people," are coming to Canada. They number 32,000, and will settle along North Branch, between Rosthern and Battleford.

Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, estimates the yield of wheat in that province at nearly thirty bushels per acre, and thinks 20,000 additional men will be required to harvest the crop. The above estimate of yield would give a crop of 60,000,000 bushels.

There was wisdom in the decision of that New York girl who brought home a pig because she saw him cruelly abuse a horse. The lady in the case probably saved herself a few welts after the wedding, for the man who is cruel to the dumb animal is generally not very gentle with the kind that talks.

We may love our homes ever so dearly, and count them the most precious places on earth, but now and then we want to take to the road. Home will be all the sweeter by and by, and we the better able to attend to our duties there, if we have an occasional outing.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

It is far better to dine after one's day's work is over, when one can rest and digest the food, than to eat and then immediately hurry to work. People who go to bed very early should take dinner in the middle of the day and then take an hour's "nooning," as it were.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

Official preparations for the coronation procession are already being made. The expected route is through the same thoroughfares as at Queen Victoria's coronation in June, 1838. Offers run-ning up to several hundred pounds are already being made for seats on the route. It is evident that King Edward's coronation will eclipse in magnificence that of any previous Sovereign.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills.

If he hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

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THE AREA OF CANADA

COMPARED WITH THE STATES OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

Great Heritage of Canadians—Their Country is Second to None on the Face of the Globe—European Comparisons Give Us an Even Better Idea of Our Great Size—Possibilities of the Country.

Canadians have the greatest and richest country in possibilities upon this continent. How great and vast these interests are can be gathered in a manner from the following statistics selected after diligent research from various sources of information. Ontario is larger than all the following States of the Union: New York, 49,170 square miles; Massachusetts, 8,315; Connecticut, 4,990; New Jersey, 7,815; Maine, 33,040; Pennsylvania, 45,215; Maryland, 12,210; Indiana, 36,360; Vermont, 9,750 square miles, making a total of 206,670 square miles, and in which we can comfortably include the following additional states, viz.: Delaware, 2,050 square miles; District of Columbia, 170 square miles; Rhode Island, 1,250 square miles; or a total of 210,140 square miles. After including the above, we can still afford to be generous, and leave room for another state as large as New Jersey, with 7,815 square miles, and still have some 4,000 square miles to toss off if the 9,000 square miles Quebec, nearly the Province of Ontario, measuring 228,900 square miles. The two Provinces named, with British Columbia, possessing an area of 383,300 square miles, total 834,200 square miles, and is as large as all of the following Western States, viz.: Colorado, 103,925 square miles; Idaho, 84,800 square miles; Illinois, 56,650 square miles; Kansas, 80,080 square miles; Michigan, 58,915 square miles; Minnesota, 83,365 square miles; Ohio, 41,060 square miles; Oregon, 96,030 square miles; North Dakota, 70,795 square miles; Utah, 84,970 square miles; leaving 15,000 square miles to spare. The Northwest Territory also comprises 906,000 square miles; this area added to the three provinces already named, gives a total of 1,740,200 square miles or by the way of still further comparison, an extent of territory larger than Alaska, by 577,390 square miles. But a larger part of Canada still remains to be considered, viz.: Manitoba, 73,956 square miles; Assiniboia, 89,536 square miles; Saskatchewan, 107,092 square miles; Keewatin, 252,000 square miles; Alberta, 106,000 square miles; Athabaska, 104,500 square miles; Territory east of Keewatin and south of Hudson Bay, 196,800 square miles; territory of Hudson's Bay, 353,000 square miles; islands north, northwest, not enumerated in above, 300,000 square miles; Great Lakes and River St. Lawrence, not included in above, 47,400 square miles; Prince Edward Island, 2,000 square miles; New Brunswick, 28,200 square miles; Nova Scotia, 20,600 square miles.

Students of the Canadian situation can best understand the magnitude of the heritage the British in the past have been so careless about, and are now at this day growing so solicitous for, by comparing the Canadian areas with those of the United Kingdom itself and the European nations. All Britain and Ireland, for example, contain 120,930 square miles; England and Wales, 58,311; Scotland, 29,785; Ireland, 32,532, and the islands, 302. This entire area, if it could be set down in Ontario, would leave not very far from half of the Province still untouched, plenty of room, at any rate, for another England, Wales and Ireland. The whole of the United Kingdom and Ireland, if they could be dumped into British Columbia, would take up less than a third of that Province, leaving an unoccupied area big enough to accommodate the same twice over, with a trifle of 20,000 square miles to spare.

Ontario alone, 210,650 square miles, is bigger than France, 210,000 square miles; Germany, 212,000 square miles; Italy, 114,000 square miles; Spain, 182,758 square miles. Ontario and Quebec alone, 447,150 square miles, are bigger than Austria-Hungary, 286,311 square miles; Sweden and Norway, 288,771 square miles, and all the smaller States of Europe put together. The biggest State in Europe is Russia, containing about 2,041,809 square miles. Our Northwest Territories, 906,000 square miles, Manitoba and Northwest districts, enumerated above, 1,817,783 square miles, total 2,623,783 square miles, are big enough to swallow all Russia in Europe, and leave 481,974 miles to spare, an unused area greater than all France and Germany put together.

In summing up, one must not overlook the immense possibilities in commerce in connection with this vast territory. We must not forget the valuable wealth in our forests, in gold, silver and other minerals, our extensive fisheries, and huge areas of fertile wheat lands. One can scarcely comprehend in a newspaper article what an enormous heritage Canadians possess, much of it yet to be peopled and developed.

Napane's First Church.

The first church of England built in Napane was in 1836 and 1837. John Gibbard was one of the carpenters in the finishing. The first Wesleyan Church was built in 1841 and 1842. Dan McIlvair was one of the carpenters. So was Mr. Gibbard. Belyat Conger, another old resident, was one of the masons. The first Methodist Episcopal Church was commenced in 1846 and finished in 1847. "The White Church," Ezra Spencer, who afterwards lived and died at Roblin, was the contractor and builder.

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Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

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Bob McCready.

Above is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but, strong as he is, he has known what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1899) season, that he was not able to go out with his team. Pains in the back and sides, intermittent headache, and the awful pain he suffered after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry him through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he writes, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills, the new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was at length induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoined my team, and I have come through one of our hardest seasons in the best form I have ever been in. Dr. Petty's Pills are alone to thank for my fine condition. They are the best

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School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and
all the modern improvements known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott's House.

B. C. HUBBELL,
MARMORA.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES AND
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A. E. TWEEDIE, V. S., Stirling.
Office—Opposite the Grist Mill.
All calls promptly attended day and
night.

Her Funniest Experience.

Says Mary C. Williams in The
Montreal Witness: I and two ladies
one moonlight evening. Each of them
had a basket of green corn. As they
looked very much excited, I asked
them what was the matter, but got
no answer from them at the mo-
ment. They sat down on an old log
and took off their sun hats and be-
gan to fan themselves. At last they
recovered their breath and began to
laugh, and told me that our neigh-
bor gave them leave to go to his
field and pick some corn. To take
a short cut home they came across
the fields, and they heard something
following them. They ran for all
they were worth, being too much
frightened to look around to see
what it was until they came to the
next field. Then they found out it
was an old mare, which wanted some
of their corn. Now what these
ladies imagined to be following them
leave to others to judge, as I ques-
tioned them about it but got no an-
swer. I may say that shortly before
this little event a man committed
suicide in the field they had crossed.

A Dreadful Disappointment.

"My dear," said Mr. Wagge, "I
came by Mrs. Gazzam's house to-
day. I saw Mrs. Gazzam's legs. I
kissed some one who was not
—was not Mr. Gazzam."
"Oh, Henry!" gasped Mrs. Wagge.
"Are you sure? Well, did you see
my? But I've always suspected
Mrs. Gazzam. She's much too
timorous, you know. Kissing—
I must call on Mrs. Jockins on
telephone and tell her all about
Kissing a—I don't suppose you
could see who it was, Henry?"
"Yes," said Mr. Wagge, "I could,
quite distinctly."
"You could? Oh, Henry, who was
it? Anybody we know?"
"Oh, yes. It was Mrs. Gazzam's
mother."
"You—brute!"

Bad Company.

Ex-Speaker Leblanc, advocate for
Constable Ploffe, we are told, made
a strong appeal for clemency for his
client, who, he declared, "had been
an honest man until he joined the
police force. Then he found a
school of immorality, and he fol-
lowed it." The severity of Mr. Leblanc's criti-
cism will be better appreciated when
it is remembered that Ploffe was
once an official of the Quebec Lega-
lature. He passed through that
deal unscathed, but the Montreal
lice force was too much for him.
Montreal Star.

A Curious Canadian Case.

The paragraphs are diverting
themselves with the case of a Cap-
taining who traded his wife for a dog,
traded the dog for a hog of apple
brand, drank the apple brandy and
died of delirium tremens. It is called
a curious case of suicide.—New
York World.

Disparages.

"How do you define 'disparage'?"
asked the judge.
"Disparage," answered the man of
experience, "is the art of conducting
a quarrel without becoming vulgar."
—

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give
relief, and they cure if given a Mon-
day trial.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We are very slightly changed
From the summary we ranged
India's prehistoric clay.
Who drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
As we run men down today.
"Dow," the first of all his race,
Met the mammoth with face to face
On the lake or in the cave,
Stole the steed and canoe,
Ate the quarry of the cave,
Ride—and took the finest grave.
When they scratched the reindeer bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
Fetched it from the artist; then,
Even in those early days,
Went a simple victory's prize
Through the toil of other men.
Ere they heaved the sphinx visage
Favoritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheop's pyramid
Was that the contractor did
Clear out of several millions
Or that Suleiman's sudden rise
To controller of supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart civilians?
Thus the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
Now or never said before,
As it was in the beginning,
In today official and sincere,
And shall be forevermore.
—Rudyard Kipling.

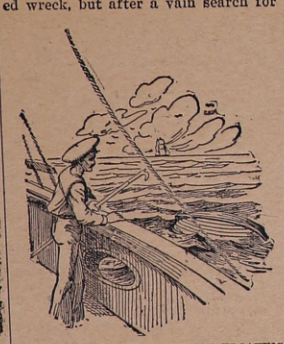
THE LOSS OF THE HUAFU

By M. Quad.

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It is now 20 years since the marine
tragedy at Valdivia, a port in Chile,
and the mystery surrounding the af-
fair is not much clearer than it was the
day after it occurred. At midnight
one dark and rainy night a Spanish
man-of-war named the Huafa and car-
rying a crew of 400 men entered the
bay at slow speed, intending to anchor
within half a mile of the wharfs. Of a
sudden she was almost lifted out of the
waters and canted over on her beam
ends, and something was felt to scrape
along her whole side and keel. There
was instant alarm throughout the
whole ship, but before a single man of
the watch below could reach the deck
down in 60 feet of water. The suction
carried down all who were on deck,
and of that whole crew only 14 men es-
caped with their lives, and among them
was not one single officer. They were
all agreed that the bows of the ship
were suddenly lifted to an angle of 45
degrees and that after a few seconds
she was twisted to port, and they heard
the snapping and crashing of wood and
iron.

It was at first believed that the Hu-
afa had struck and run upon a submerg-
ed wreck, but after a vain search for



ONE OF HER BOATS WAS FOUND FLOATING.

such an obstruction the idea was
abandoned. Had no one been left alive
it would have been set down to a boiler
explosion, but the testimony of the 14
survivors was against such an acci-
dent. All were agreed that there was
no explosion of any sort and that the
propeller was still revolving as she set-
tled down. As the unfortunate craft
had cost about \$3,000,000 and this was
the first trip, the Spanish government
went in for the most thorough investi-
gation. The depth of water was not
beyond the divers, and a buoy was set
to mark the spot as near as might be
until men could go down. It was two
weeks later before the divers were
ready, and then a second mystery was
at hand. The Huafa was not to be
found under or in the neighborhood of
the buoy. For the first time in the
history of the port it was learned that
there was a stiff current running along
the bottom of the bay, entering from
the north and going clear around it to
sweep out to sea on the south side.
The surface of the bay was only dis-
turbed by wind and tide, and even as
far down as 40 feet no current could be
felt, but the last 10 feet of water be-
fore touching bottom had the rush of
mill race. When this fact was known
the field of their operations. The cur-
rent ran strongest as the tide flowed
in and directly in opposition. The
Huafa had come in on almost a full
tide, and the current would therefore
drift her along the north side of the
bay, or so it was reasoned. As a mat-
ter of fact, however, the north shore was
searched without finding any trace of
her. Then a search of the south shore
followed, and then they hoped to find
the sunken craft in some eddy near the
center. It was five months before the
divers declared that the bottom was
clear of wreck of any sort.

Now came the question of what had
become of the man-of-war. It did not
seem possible that such a mass of
wood and iron, with the weight of her
guns and stores and an unfortunate crew
added, could be drifted any distance
along the bottom, especially as the bot-
tom was plentifully sprinkled with
great rocks. There was no other way
to account for her disappearance, how-
ever. The current had bumped her

along the bottom for a distance of three
miles and had then taken her out to
sea. Just off the entrance of the port
the water deepens to 200 feet, and it
was concluded that the Huafa had been
carried into this basin to be buried under
the ooze. The commission of inquiry
closed its labors much more befogged
at the finish than at the start, and it
was not believed that anything further
would ever be heard of the craft. Noth-
ing ever has been directly, but many
things have come to light to still fur-
ther tangle the mystery surrounding
her. A year and a half later and as
far to the south as the mouth of the
gulf of Concepcion the gripes had rot-
ted from the davits and freed it. This
did not prove the position of the lost
Huafa, but it satisfied many minds
that she must be drifting southward.
Three months later some of her boxes
stores drifted ashore on the islands,
400 miles to the south, and six weeks
after this find and still to the south
some of her cabin furniture was picked
up by a whaler. This discovery was
without barnacles, proving that it was
not long been afloat. It was concluded
from this that the Huafa was still
creeping to the bottom, the play-
thing of the current, and the last find
made almost settled the question. A
second boat and more wreckage were
washed ashore almost as far down as
Cape Horn, and in the bottom of the
boat were six inches of liquid mud.
This must have accumulated as she
floated or crept along the bottom of
the sea, and the chances are that the
boat did not drift above 20 miles after
rising to the surface.

As to the accident in the bay, it is
generally believed that the vessel
struck a large whale which had en-
tered out of curiosity and that in his
pain and fright the giant fish had heve-
d her up and then flung her on her side,
but as no whale had ever been seen in
the bay there is room for doubt. Wreck
or whale whatever it may have been,
one of the cause of one of the gloom-
iest tragedies of the sea, and no one
can imagine that ill fated craft slowly
creeping down around the God forsak-
en point of land which men call Cape
Horn without a sigh of pity for the
skeleton crew that mans its iron decks.

Gobelin Tapestry.

So important are their artistic merit
and historic value that no history of
tapestry is complete that does not in-
clude a description of their design and
execution. For more than 200 years
the existence of the papal manufac-
tury of tapestries was unknown to the
modern world. Documents relating to
its origin and productions were buried
and forgotten in the mass of manu-
script in the famous Barberini library
until a very recent date, when they
were unearthed by Eugene Muntz, di-
rector of the National Ecole des Beaux
Arts at Paris. In the popular mind
all tapestries are associated with the
Gobelin factories of France.

No Chance in History.

Mazzini said that he did not believe
that chance existed in history. "A cause
must necessarily underlie every event,
although for the moment it may ap-
pear as the result of apparently acci-
dental circumstances. An Alexander, a
Cæsar, a Napoleon, are not the results
of accident, but the inevitable product
of the time and nation from which they
spring. It was not Cæsar who destroyed
the Roman republic. The republic
was dead before Cæsar came. Sulla,
Marius, Catiline, preceded and fore-
shadowed Cæsar, but he, gifted with
keen insight and greater genius,
snatched the power from them and
concentrated it in his own hands.

"For there was no doubt that he was
fitter to rule than all the others put to-
gether. At the same time, supposing he
had appeared 150 years earlier, he
would not have succeeded in destroy-
ing the republic. When he came the
life had already gone out of it, and
even Cæsar's death could not restore
that."

Cured Her Sore Throat.

A lady who was visiting at the house
of a friend when attacked thus de-
scribes the unique manner in which
she relieved a serious case of sore
throat: "I awoke one morning with my
throat so sore and swelled internally
that I could scarcely swallow. I did
not like to trouble any one, yet felt that
the fumes from burning sulphur
were good for diphtheria, and a similar
remedy flashed across my mind. I lit a
match and inhaled the first sulphurous
smoke from it. Of course it made me
cough, but it relieved the smarting in
my throat instantly. While dressing
I tried two others and went down to
breakfast, but the soreness was gone."
—London Telegraph.

Sleep and Dreams.

A German physician says: "The fact
is women require a larger amount of
sleep than men. The nervous excita-
bility of the female constitution is gen-
erally greater than is the case with the
stronger sex, and a woman's sleep is
consequently less and more lasting
impression on the memory. Women
addicted to dreaming usually sleep an
hour longer than those who do not
dream, for dreams induce weariness.
Any one who sleeps without dreaming
rises on the morrow refreshed from his
couch, which is otherwise not the
case."

IS CANADA IN DANGER?

Money and Me: Needed and Americans
Furnish Both—What a British Writer
Hints May Happen.

Mr. J. Emerson-Nelly, in an ar-
ticle "Links of Empire," which ap-
peared in The Pall Mall Gazette,
says: "Will the interesting public at
home ever consider Canada? It may
be too late soon for them to do so.
The country is craving capital to
help it develop, and most of the
money sent in response comes from
across the American border. Why is
it so? Is Canada still popularly
supposed to be a waste of snow and
ice, with a sprinkling of white peo-
ple surrounded by bears and Red In-
dians? We are generous enough in
supporting foreign banks that burst
and railways that play queer tricks,
and we turn our backs upon our
own territory where capital may be
sent to splendid account. Here you
have millions of acres of wheat bear-
ing land fit to grow all the grain
we want at home. It lies waste, and
the Dominion Government has to beg
those of emigration bent to come
out and take up 160-acre farms free!
"There is more in this particular
matter than meets the eye. The
scare of war often makes us ask,
"Will the Russian and American
grain supplies be cut off? If they
were, we should be in bad case. It
would be good policy if we grew
our own grain on our own land. Then
our supplies would be certain in
peace and war, and while dealing
with the Canadians, we would be
giving our money to our cousins and
brethren, and making this great link
of empire greater and more prosper-
ous." The Canadian Government has
for many years been down on its
knees begging for home emigrants,
with but small success. Our Irish
emigrants go to America for some
reason or another, your English and
Scottish seek South Africa and Aus-
tralia mostly. Canada is neglected,
yet one day she will call to the home
people no longer.

"American farmers are pouring
over the border to take up the land
refused by the British, and year by
year the stream of American immi-
grants grows greater and greater.
Moreover, American capital is spill-
ing into Canada. Uncle Sam is
starting new industries, and support-
ing and fostering old ones, and in a
few years he will have every-
thing in his grip. If those who have
money to invest at home played a
more patriotic and more sensible
game it would be otherwise. We
would be richer, and Canada would
be richer too."

"Canada is slowly but surely be-
ing populated by American people,
and run by American money. Will
the day come, a quarter of a century
hence, when there will be a serious
movement to join the Dominion of
Canada to the United States of
America? I know how splendidly
strong is the British Canadian's loy-
alty; but we must not close our eyes
to the fact that the French form a
large proportion of the population,
and would lend their strength to any
movement for the union started by
the vast mass of American farmers,
miners, and others who will have as-
sembled here about the time I
name."

Canada Oats Much Admired.

Mr. W. H. Hay, of the Ottawa
Central Experimental Farm, has re-
turned from Glasgow, where he has
been looking after a portion of Cana-
da's exhibit. Contrary to the re-
ports sent out, all the exhibits at the
Glasgow Exposition are not ready to
be shown to visitors. The Russians,
for instance, have not yet opened
their building to the public. Cana-
da's agricultural exhibit is said to
be the finest the British public has
ever seen. One of the features of the
exhibit is an octagonal stand 65 feet
in circumference and 35 feet high,
covered with Canadian grain. About
the top of the stand, which is called
"Canada's Agricultural Trophy," large
sheaves have been arranged.
The stand is covered with the grain
shows to great advantage. The
Scottish people, who produce the best
oats in the world, were surprised at
the excellent Canadian oats on display.
Mr. Hay says one miller asked
where he could buy 100,000 bushels
annually of Banner oats, such as
were exhibited in the Canadian sec-
tion. Canada has 10,000 samples of
grain on exhibition. The hybrid
grains developed at the Central Ex-
perimental Farm attracted a great
deal of attention. The crossing of
different kinds of grain, and the result
was an improved variety. The Canadian
exhibits, Mr. Hay says, get plenty of
attention, and are helping the British
public to realize what the Dominion can
do.

Cunning on Canada.

A recent issue of The Natal Ad-
vertiser of Durban contains an inter-
view with Mr. Cumming of Brock-
ville, the Canadian Trade Commis-
sioner to South Africa. After de-
scribing the fiscal and economic po-
sition of Canada, Mr. Cumming ob-
served: "In addition to manufactur-
ed goods we have for disposal enor-
mous stocks of healthy, vigorous
cattle, that I believe would be very
useful to restock South Africa with
after the war. Good cows can be
bought in Canada for from 28 to
£10. Canadian cattle are being
taken to the United States for breed-
ing purposes. I think I may safely
say that Canada has the most highly
developed cows for milking purposes
on the continent of America. On ar-
riving in Durban I found the mer-
chants here handling Canadian cheese
and bacon; also Canadian lumber
bought in New York and England.
This being so, the advantage of buy-
ing in Canada will be apparent."

The Governor-General's Salary.

The British North America Act,
constituting the Dominion of Cana-
da, provides that "unless altered
by the Parliament of Canada, the
salary of the Governor-General shall
be ten thousand pounds sterling." This
amount has been paid yearly since 1867.

A CANCELLED STAMP.

Free Story of an Adventure That In-
terests Everybody.

Here is the tale of a cancelled stamp.
I'm a stamp—
A postage stamp—
A two-center;
Don't want to brag,
But I never was
Liked
Except once—
By a gentleman, too.
He put me on
A good thing.
It was an envelope,
Perfumed, pink, square,
I've been stuck on
That envelope
Ever since.
He dropped us—
The envelope and me—
Through a slot into a dark box;
But we were rescued
By a mail-clerk—
More's the pity!
He hit me an awful
Smack with a hammer;
It left my face
Black and blue,
Then I went on a long
Journey
Of two days.
And when we arrived—
The pink envelope and me—
We were presented
To a perfect love
Of a girl
With a stunningest pair
Of blue eyes
That ever blinked.
Say, she's a dream!
Well, she was initiated
The pink envelope,
And tore one corner
Of me off
With a hairpin.
Then she read what
Was inside
The pink envelope.
She saw a girl blush
So beautifully,
I would be stuck
On her—if I could.
Then she placed
The writing back
In the pink envelope;
Then she kissed me.
Oh, my little goldies!
Her lips were ripe—
As cherries
And warm
As the summer sun.
We—
The pink envelope and me—
Are now
Nestling snugly
In her bosom.
We can hear
Her heart throb.
When it goes fastest
She takes us out
And kisses me.
Oh, say,
This is great!
I'm glad I'm a stamp—
A two-center.

The Late Archie Bremner.

The death of Archie Bremner will
be sincerely regretted by every news-
paper man in Canada who had the
privilege of knowing him. Mr. Brem-
ner was one of the cleverest writers
and one of the best all-round jour-
nalists Canada has produced. His
humor was of that "quiet" quality
which never grows stale; his general
knowledge was wonderfully wide and
correct; his descriptive work was
racy and entertaining, and at the
same time correct; and his heavier
articles were of the first order. He
was a whole-souled, genial, com-
panionable man, who made friends
wherever he went; he was always the
life and soul of any company he
found himself in, and he was one of
those who upon the press of Cana-
da will be felt for many years to
come. God rest thee, Archie; thy
friends will miss thee sadly.—Hamilton
Spectator.

Wellington's Cook.

Wellington's personal taste and
habits like those of most great men,
were very simple. He cared not for
show or pomp of any kind. Instead
of building a counterpart to Blenheim,
for which money had been vot-
ed, he bought and improved Strath-
fieldsaye, a common country gentle-
man's house. In his diet he was very
abstemious, even to the injury, it
appears, of his health. He, of
course, kept a first-rate French cook
for his gaudy table. The cook, it was
said, one day suddenly resigned. The
Duke, in astonishment, asked the reason.
"Was his salary insufficient?"
"No, my salary is very handsome.
But I am not appreciated. I cook
your dinner myself, and I am fit for
it. You say nothing. I go out
and leave the under cook to cook
your dinner. He gives you a dinner
fit for a pig. You say nothing. I
am not appreciated. I must go."
—Goldwin Smith.

Yes, It Did.

A party of youths at an English
seaside town had tried all the penny-
in-the-slot machines on the pier, until
at last they came to one that didn't
respond to the penny placed in the
slot.
"Look here, my man," said the
eldest of the party to the pier at-
tendant, "that machine is for a try
your weight; the next your height,
and now I've put a penny in
this thing, but I didn't see what it's
for."
"That, sir," replied the pierman.
"Oh, that one is to try your tem-
per."
And it did.

Railroad Labor Troubles of '51.

The Railroad—The laborers have
returned to their work, having
agreed to the contractors' regula-
tions—12 hours and six shillings
York per day, says The Toronto
Globe of May 17, 1851. At present
all is apparently satisfactory. The
trains have not been sent from Lon-
don, and under present circum-
stances they are not required.

He Had Been Told.

"Teacher—Don't you know why we
send missionaries to preach to da
heathen in foreign lands?"
Pupil—Wal, ma says dey does it
jes' to 'a 'scuse fo' takin' up collec-
tions.

THE HOUSE FLY.

A Study of His Habits and Characteristic
—An Agent of Infection—Power Which
Scent Gives Him in Feeding.

The common house fly is an agent
of infection. But that is not his
claim to consideration here, says
The Toronto Mail and Courier. Al-
beit no bloodsucker, he has every
other piratical characteristic. Like
Macbeth, he murders sleep with his
droning, buzzing or crawling. Upon
top of that he is as inquisitive as a
whole regiment of gossips, and
determined to possess the earth and
the fullness thereof as the lustiest
billion-dollar trust. In excuse or ex-
planation of such acquisitiveness he
can plead his eyes. They are like
rubies, faceted several thousand
times, and forming a perfect image
through every surface of the facets.
Thus Master Fly sees before, behind,
around himself at the same time.
Naturally, it is confusing to the
sense of property and proportion,
moral and material, to be thus many
visioned. These eyes, of all pro-
portion to the insect's size, are fur-
ther so mounted that they can be
pushed a little out of socket when
occasion arises. They are so big,
indeed, and take up so much of the
head, one may well wonder where a
fly packs away its very keen and de-
cided sense of smell.

Flies are quickly drawn by scents
imperceptible to human nostrils.
Still they do not feed wholly by
scent. Their feeding is throughout a
curious process, often involving
something which looks like reason-
ing power. They are lights upon
something moist and high flavored
he at once begins to suck it. But
if in crawling or flying he finds
something dry, which he yet fancies,
he stops stock still, sets his bill
down upon it, and forces through
the bill a drop of liquid, something
like saliva, and then he tastes. When
the liquid has moistened what it
fell on, he begins feeding. It is the
marks left by this manner of feed-
ing which constitute a large part of
the flyspecks good housekeepers so
loathe.

A fly has an air pump in each
foot, with a hollow running down
the leg to it, through which air
goes in or out. Thus he walks as
he listeth, overhead or down. He
has no voice proper—his buzzing
and droning are wholly matters of
wings. By setting the wings rapid-
ly in motion and forcing out air un-
derneath, he makes the familiar
sound.

The house fly has cousins (Ger-
man), scarcely to be told from him-
self, who are among the most viru-
lent and bloody-minded of all winged
pests. They haunt pastures from
June to October, tormenting espe-
cially horses, mules and cattle. In-
deed, in stock-raising regions it is
sometimes unsafe to drive spirited
horses after 10 o'clock in the morn-
ing, unless they are protected with
nets. The name of these stock flies
is literally legion; more, they are
winged appetites, pitiless and sharp
of beak as hawks or vultures. They
settle in clouds all over an animal,
clustering thickest and biting hard-
est about the neck, the back, and
behind the shoulders, where it is
well-nigh impossible for the poor
beast to reach and dislodge them
with either head or tail. Cattle thus
bitten break wildly for thick scrub,
and tear through it until their tor-
mentors are brushed off. Afterward
they either hunt water holes, or
enough to keep them half way up their
sides—and stand in it all day, or
else bury themselves in the thickest,
shadiest undergrowth, the thicker
and shadier the better. There they
stand all day with drooping heads,
waiting until sundown before they
go out to graze. But for the fact
that flies grow sluggish, almost tor-
pid, as soon as the sun is down,
and do not get fully alive again
until it shines warm next day, graz-
ing beasts would be in danger of
starving before fly-time ended.
Horses loose at grass lie down and
roll every few minutes, thus killing
many of their persecutors. But in
harness, they may be driven to run
away by the unbearable pain of the
stinging and sucking.

Big, lubberly horseflies, two
inches across the spread of the
wings, though they suck voraciously
and bite hard, are not to be named
in the same breath with the swar-
ming stock flies. It is rare to see
dozen of them on a horse. Given
opportunity they bite anything that
has blood, but are shy of attacking
human beings. They have beaks as
big as darning needles, and make
wounds that sometimes bleed after
they have been driven away or stock
fly's malice is the most inaccessible
and sucking in the most inaccessible
spots. But since they offer fair
targets for an expert with the whip,
it is the part of wisdom, very well
followed, to kill them with a swish
of the lash as they hover buzzing
about.

Both stock and horse flies breed
best in stable refuse. By keeping it
well composted their numbers are
greatly diminished. But where there
is much pasturing such prevention
is impossible. The pests must have
a strong bump of locality. In a
rive of a few miles across summer
roads little used one may cross three
or four fly-infected belts, with as
many clean ones in between. But if
there is much travel along such
roads the flies become general. They
are carried from one belt forward,
and either fly off or are driven off,
stay where they find themselves,
breed quickly, and thus set up new
colonies of torment.

His Invariable Experience.

Mr. Citty—I should think you
would raise mushrooms—they are
very expensive.

Mr. Isola—Of Lonelyville, mourn-
fully—Everything is expensive by
the time I have raised 'em!

He Had Been Told.

"Teacher—Don't you know why we
send missionaries to preach to da
heathen in foreign lands?"
Pupil—Wal, ma says dey does it
jes' to 'a 'scuse fo' takin' up collec-
tions.

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

While Lady Fielden had been talking to Dolores she had drawn the two girls into the broad bay-window and, under cover of great admiration of art, had done his utmost to persuade them that he was the proper person to show them the real beauties of Florence.

When Lord and Lady Fielden had driven away, a certain sense of isolation came over the three ladies. After all there was nothing like their own country-people, they all agreed. Lady Fielden stood quite alone, for her kindness and goodness. Dolores and Kathleen had much to say in praise of Harry, but Gertrude had no perfect silence when his name was mentioned.

As time passed on, Lord and Lady Fielden seemed almost to live at the Villa Baira. Harry had his wish, and the young girls, with his mother as chaperon, to see all the beauties of Florence. And very happy they were, save in one respect, —Gertrude appeared so frequently to be preoccupied. She was longing to begin what she had grown to consider the work of her life.

A month passed, and letters arrived—re-echoing the nobleman to England; business affairs on his estate required his attention and presence.

They were all together in the vine-walk when Lord Fielden told them this. Dolores looked sad, she did not like the idea of losing the friends with whom she had been so happy. There was a short silence broken only by the murmur of the river and the songs of the birds.

"Dear, mamma," Gertrude began.

"I ought to beg your pardon for taking what Lord Fielden calls the floor of the house, but I wish to say something to you, and I wish also to say it before our best friends I want you, mamma, dearest, —and I ask the favor in presence of Lady Fielden—to let me go back to England with her." Harry would have cried out, but prudence restrained him, and he said nothing.

"Intend devoting my life. She will help me, and something tells me that I shall succeed. Do not say I am too young. Mamma, dearest, youth has wisdom sometimes. Lord Fielden—and here Gertrude's eyes rested upon this young nobleman with a softened light that said every pulse in his strong frame—"will help me. He is the son of our best friend my dear father must have known him when he was a boy. He is strong and patient; and no man could do a more noble work than clear away the mists of mystery from the fair name of a gentleman. Mamma," she continued, even more earnestly, "will you come home to Scarsdale and help me?"

Dolores shook her head.

"Do not ask me, my dear. I could not bear it," she replied hastily.

"Will you let me go?" she pleaded.

"Yes, if you really wish it, Gertrude."

"I do indeed; and, mamma, you shall remain here, if you will, until you receive a message from me saying, 'The mystery is solved.' You will come then?"

A quick flush rose to Dolores' face a troubled light shone in her eyes.

"If ever you can send me that message, Gertrude, and it means that—that he is cleared from guilt, I will come, but, if it means simply that you have found him, do not ask me—let me stay here until I die."

It was a touching sight to see the fair young daughter kneel at the feet of her mother as she said in clear, firm tones—

"I shall be so, mamma. When—mind, I do not say 'if'—when I can prove my father's innocence, I shall write to you and ask you to come."

So it was arranged that Gertrude should go back to England with Lady Fielden.

Dolores had parted with her beloved daughter; she had kissed her and blessed her, and sent her out to do her life's work. No persuasion could move Dolores. She would keep ever to her promise. She would return to England if all were well; if it were not, she would remain in Florence until death called her.

Kathleen declared that she would not leave her. Lady Fielden had noticed that a handsome Neapolitan Prince, a cousin of the Countess, showed a marked preference for the fair English heiress, and she wondered if that influenced Kathleen in her decision; but she kept a discreet silence on the subject. Kathleen's gentle voice had been full of tears when she said—

"I must stay with mamma."

Which daughter did Dolores love best—the one who had gone out alone to do her life's work, or the one that remained with her because she loved her so well?

CHAPTER XXX.

English life and scenery were quite a new experience for Gertrude. The sea-washed shores, the tall white cliffs, the clover meadows and green lanes, the woods, streams, and valleys, had a nameless charm, for her. She even went so far as to declare that she loved the gray mists and fogs, the cold winds and keen frost. The fair scenery and coloring of the fair Italy were nothing to her beside these beautiful scenes of home. Her poetical emotional nature was awakened, and there were times when Lady Fielden was afraid that the girl's intense feeling would endanger her health. It did not. The brave young heart was roused to its work.

Gertrude took one day to rest, and on the next Lord and Lady Fielden drove her to Scarsdale. It was touching to see the girl's face as she returned over the old house. Now and again faint gleams of memory came over her, and she would stand quite still, struggling with her tears. It was then that Harry had some difficulty to restrain himself from talking her in his arms and comforting her.

Mrs. Pickering, the old housekeeper, wept for joy.

"You are welcome, indeed, Miss Allammore!" she cried. "I had never even hoped to see any of the family here again."

Gertrude's eyes opened widely at the sound of her name; but Lady Fielden made a gesture for silence. One or two of the old servants who had been there at the time of Sir Karl's disappearance were equally delighted to see the master's daughter. Gertrude would have taken up her residence at Scarsdale, for she longed to be alone; but Lady Fielden would not hear of such a thing.

Fielden Manor House was a fine mansion, the gray walls of which were covered with clustering ivy. It had large windows, wide hearths, carved mantel-pieces of priceless value, wide staircases and corridors. There was a large entrance hall, with richly-stained windows, which was, in its way, a masterpiece of art. The ceiling was of wood, which adorned it had been the collection of many generations. Altogether the Manor House presented a combination of comfort, and luxury, and Lord Fielden was justly proud of his beautiful home. The grounds were well and tastefully laid out, and were famous for their fine old trees and sheet of water called the Mere. The park was extensive with herds of deer; while better hunting shooting, and fishing, were not to be found in the county. Gertrude conceived a great admiration for the Manor, and she was very happy with her host and hostess.

A faint rumor had spread through the county that Sir Karl's daughter had returned to the old home because she was not satisfied with regard to her father's fate. Everyone pitied her. People had long believed Sir Karl's fate sealed and settled; he had left the country with Miss de Ferras sixteen years before, and his name was almost forgotten. Now there came suddenly among them a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with the bloom of childhood on her face and a heart all on fire to clear her father's name, protesting his innocence, proclaiming aloud that there had been some mystery with regard to his fate, and asking bravely and boldly for help from everyone.

Gertrude spent day after day in the old home at Scarsdale, questioning the housekeeper until she knew every detail connected with Sir Karl's disappearance far better even than her mother; she spent hours in the rooms that her father had left her, trying to imagine from his surroundings what he had been like. She made friends with the old groom James, who never wearied of repeating all that he knew in connection with his master's disappearance.

Of Lord Rhyworth, who was still unmarried, Gertrude made a complete conquest. He teased her by calling her "Donna Quixote," but he owned to himself that, if it were possible for any one to succeed in throwing light on Sir Karl's fate it would be his devoted daughter, who would accomplish that end.

One day Gertrude sat down with her three friends to hold their first deliberation together. The consultation took place in Lady Fielden's boudoir.

"It seems a puzzle to me," said Lord Rhyworth. "To put our task into plain English, we want to know the best plan for finding a lost man the first time in this great wide world. Now, as a matter of course, the first question is, how shall we proceed?"

"Send for one or two detectives to help us; those men always think of things that we never occur to any one else," said Lord Fielden.

"I agree with you; it would be a very wise thing to do," said Gertrude.

Then Lady Fielden objected—

"A detective was employed at the time, but he could make nothing out of the case."

"Perhaps we may obtain the services of one with more brains," said Lord Rhyworth, "in any case we can but try. Detectives have every facility for communicating with each other and for obtaining information. Even should the matter employ no more than make suggestions, they may lead to something."

So it was agreed that the first thing to be done was to send to men in the police force. Gertrude gave a sigh of relief. To her sanguine mind it was a great deal to have made a start.

"After all," she said to her friends, "the world is but a small place. When I think how soon we can go round it, to look for one man lost in it cannot be so hopeless. I have been told that no matter where a person goes he is sure to meet some one he knows. If that be true, surely to find the one being one loves cannot be so very difficult a task."

"We shall have difficulties enough, but we must not let them discourage us," said Lord Fielden. "Indeed my idea is that nothing in life is worth doing unless there are plenty of obstacles to be overcome. I like meeting them as if they were so many enemies and conquering them one after another."

He was rewarded by a grateful look from Gertrude's blue eyes. After a few more words, the council for that day ended.

It met in more solemn convocation four days afterward, and Mr. Shaw the detective, called at the head of the list.

He listened attentively while Lord Rhyworth gave him the particulars of the Baronet's disappearance.

"Now, read these letters," said Gertrude, "and see what you gather from them."

The letters that her mother had held so long were placed in his hands and he seemed to weigh every word as he read them. Then he was silent



THE WAR THAT NEVER ENDS: BOERS LOOTING A GENERAL STORE IN THE FREE STATE.

for some few minutes, after which the oracle spoke.

"My opinion is that it all rests with the lady," he said slowly.

"With the lady?" was repeated in different accents of wonder, and incredulity.

"Yes, with the lady," he repeated. "Indeed, I should not be surprised to find that the gentleman did not accompany the lady at all."

The interest of the listeners increased.

"Take this first letter," continued the detective, "written by the lady to Sir Karl. She does not write as though he cared for her, not in the least. She wants him to do her a favor, and does not wish his wife to know about it. He evidently—from all you tell me, Miss Allammore,—dislikes it yet he goes, and is never seen again. The supposition of every one is that the lady persuaded him to elope with her. There can have been no previous arrangement—that is quite clear from the tone of the writer's letters. Now consider this second letter, which every one seems to have taken as proof conclusive. I do not believe that Sir Karl was with the person who wrote it. It reads to me as though it were intended to suggest that idea, but that is all. She does not write, 'Harry Karl is with me,' perhaps she dared not—she writes, 'You will never see Sir Karl again. I have had my revenge. Who knows what her revenge was? She may have murdered him. She may have induced others to murder him, and have hidden his body. She may have had him kidnapped and locked up in a lunatic asylum. She may have done anything and everything except the one thing which I am quite sure she did not do—persuade him to run away with her. Who can tell what shape or form her vengeance took? I should say myself that the quickest and best way of learning the gentleman's fate is to search for the lady.'"

To search for the lady," they repeated.

"Yes, I am sure the key of the mystery lies with her. If any one has thought that all these years Sir Karl has been wandering about with her a happy man they have made a mistake. Taking all things into consideration, together with the fact that the gentleman has never drawn one farthing of his income, I should rather say that he was dead than living, and I should far rather say that the lady had in some mysterious fashion made away with him than that he had run away with her. If Sir Karl had been alive, he would have drawn his money. No man would have allowed an income like that to accumulate. I must say that my great wonder is that no one saw the matter in that light before, for it is the true light, I am sure."

They all agreed with the officer, and Mr. Shaw entered in his notebook every detail with which they could supply him. There was no limit as to expense.

It was certainly a puzzle now in what quarter the assistance conducting the search. There was no portrait of Lola de Ferras, but Lady Fielden remembered her so well and described her so accurately that Mr. Shaw felt hopeful of recognizing her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

From that day mysterious advertisements began to appear in the journals—advertisements that puzzled the readers. They were all addressed to Lola, and were variously subscribed; but no answer to them ever came.

The bankers with whom Madame de Ferras had invested her money were discovered; and, when urged, as a matter of life and death, to tell what they knew of the whereabouts of Miss de Ferras, they had but one fact to reveal. It was this—that the account had been closed soon after Madame's death, and that they had not the least notion as to her daughter's place of residence or the state of her affairs—in fact they knew nothing at all about her. There was therefore no intelligence to be gained from that quarter.

Yet Gertrude's brave young heart never quailed.

When every inquiry had been made and every man exhausted, the council met again.

"Our task does not seem so easy now as it did when we first met to consult together," Gertrude said, "but we shall accomplish it as surely as the sun shines in heaven. Many things have failed us, but our courage and perseverance are not an onerous burden."

Her listeners consented warmly; it would have broken her heart but they did not do so.

"My dear mother has written, and wants me to return to her, but I cannot—I must not. I will finish my task or die over it."

No one had any further suggestion to make. Mr. Shaw owned that he was baffled, but that he did not despair, and was by no means inclined to give up the case, though more fully convinced than ever of the difficulties with which they would have to contend.

"If we had any clew, however small," he said, "if we only knew whether Miss de Ferras was living or dead, it would be some satisfaction."

"It would be much easier to discover if she were dead than to find any trace of her living," declared Lord Fielden. "If she is dead, and has been buried, some one must know something of it. We can take action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras shall receive one hundred pounds reward."

"One hundred pounds," cried Mr. Shaw.

"Yes," answered Lord Fielden—"double that amount, if it be needed, if the news be worth it. Why, I would almost give the last farthing I had for the purpose."

And the beautiful eyes thanked Harry with one of those glances he loved so well.

It was agreed that the advertisement should be sent to all the leading Continental journals and English newspapers. It could hardly fail to attract about a good result. If Lola de Ferras were living, and any one knowing her wrote to say so, they would be able to find out her whereabouts; if she were dead, they would know that further efforts in that direction were useless.

"If she be dead," said Gertrude, slowly, "what has become of my father?"

"We must be patient," said Lord Fielden.

If ever a man worked hard it was Lord Fielden; morning, noon, and night he was engrossed in the important business of his life. He had written to all the foreign embassies and to the heads of the foreign detective police; he went on to Paris, and communicated with the secret force there. In Germany and Belgium in Italy and Spain, the story was circulated that a rich English "mildred" was ready to pay any price for information concerning a beautiful Frenchwoman who years ago had, it was supposed, left England with another English "mildred."

NO MORE BUTTONS.

A clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys when one of her lady neighbours called in to have a friendly chat. It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half-filled with buttons. The lady could not help remarking that there seemed a very good supply of buttons. Thereupon she began to turn them over, and suddenly exclaimed: "Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere."

Indeed, said the clergyman's wife, quietly, "I am surprised to hear it. And these buttons were found in the collection-bag. I thought I might as well put them to some use."

Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose and said she must be going.

The story soon got about, and since then no buttons have been found in the collection-bag.

DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD.

A witness at a recent trial who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question put to him, was interrogated by a blustering counsel as follows:—

"You drive a wagon?"

"No, sir. I do not."

"Why, did you not tell my learned friend so just this moment?"

"No, sir. I put it to you on your oath. No prevarication, mind. Do you drive a wagon?"

"No, sir."

"Then, for goodness' sake, what is your occupation?"

"I drive a horse."

ON THE FARM.

THE HOE IN FARMING.

Few who have had experience in growing crops will be disposed to question the utility of the hoe, however much they may differ in their estimate of its usefulness. Unlike some other implements, the use of the hoe is not limited to any particular purpose; it is able to render services of a varied character, and some of these services would appear to be not fully appreciated. By action so far. Let us advertise in the French and English papers that any one who can give proof of the death of Mademoiselle Lola de Ferras shall receive one hundred pounds reward.

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To be Continued.

Dr. Curry believes in the kindergarten for young colts, and said that he liked to begin the education of the colt when he was a foal, and that he was a horse and hand laborer, taking care in so doing neither to batter the soil by working it when too wet nor to dissipate moisture, by hoeing too deep in drying weather.

HOW TO HANDLE COLTS.

Dr. Curry believes in the kindergarten for young colts, and said that he liked to begin the education of the colt when he was a foal, and that he was a horse and hand laborer, taking care in so doing neither to batter the soil by working it when too wet nor to dissipate moisture, by hoeing too deep in drying weather.

When you are able to handle the colt well with the halter, give him some lessons in driving. Let the old horse teach the colts their first lesson, and to do this I take a pair of old carriage wheels on an axle, and have them clipped two wooden bars, fourteen feet long about two feet from the ends; the longest ends

extending in front, make the thills for the old horse. A crossbar is placed just in front of the wheels, extending out far enough to catch the colts on the ends of the old horse. The colts are hitched to light bars placed in front of the horse, with ropes arranged at the sides to keep the colts in place. They soon learn from the old horse what to do, and they get used to carrying the wheels roll behind them, so that they are not afraid when attached to a wagon.

POTATO SCAB.

Potato scab may be prevented by very simple means. The seed should not be planted in soils where scab has been prevalent in former years. Changing to a new field is an excellent preventive. The seed purchased should always be disinfected as the disease is often carried in the seed. Disinfection is accomplished by soaking in corrosive sublimate or formalin. Dissolve one ounce of corrosive sublimate in five gallons of water and soak the seed in the solution for one and a half hours. It is best to put the potatoes in a gunny sack and let them lie down into the solution. The corrosive sublimate mixture is very poisonous, and must be handled with the greatest care. To treat with formalin, or formaldehyde, as a pint of the substance (which is a liquid) into 15 gallons of water, and soak the seed in the mixture for two hours. Take the potatoes out of the solution and let them dry before planting. Cut the seed before soaking. Do not use lime on soil subject to scab, as an alkaline condition is favorable to its spread.

PREPARING BUTTER FOR SALE.

Whether sales are made to stores or to regular customers it pays to send butter away in as nice shape as possible. Some prefer butter in 1-lb rolls. A deft and experienced butter maker will readily appreciate and shape the necessary amount and affix the stamp, which should be simple in design. If the butter maker is inexperienced, or has no scales, then a butter cutter will be required, which cuts the butter into rolls or brick-shaped blocks, each containing 1 lb, and also affixes a stamp. These cutters can now be procured at dairy supply houses or through the mail order trade.

While the tact of most women will discern what is proper, and so supply dainty and nice wrappings for butter when sending to customers yet I have known some who were careless in this respect and sent a really fine article of their manufacture wrapped in any odds and ends of muslin that came to hand. In these days of cheapness, there is no excuse for any one not being provided with two or three sets of butter towels of linen which should be set apart for butter uses alone, and not be made to do duty as a bib for baby, or to wash table ware. If no better can be really afforded rather than depend upon fragments of apparel, save the ends of an old pair of salt is sold in, zip apron, hem, wash and iron nicely, and use for wrappings. Paper should never be used for wrapping butter, unless it be the specially prepared parchment.

WEATHER-SHOOTING.

There are 1,400 of Them in Austria-Hungary.

Dr. J. M. Fernter, Director of the Austrian Meteorological Service, has recently drawn up an interesting account of the present state of "weather-shooting" as practised in Austria-Hungary and Italy. The apparatus for these modern experiments consists of a mortar provided with a long funnel.

The device upon which the practice is based is that by firing large charges of gunpowder, a series of atmospheric whirls or vortex-rings are formed, which penetrate the clouds with sufficient force to prevent the formation of hail, or to dissipate it. At present, the number of stations is 400 of these shooting-stations in Hungary, and many more in Italy.

Dr. Fernter was appointed by the Austrian Ministry of Agriculture to examine into the results of the experiments, and to report on the efficiency of the system. He found that both horizontal and vertical shooting was practiced. When the mortar was shot horizontally, it was determined that the vortex-rings, leaving the mortar with a velocity of, say, 170 miles an hour, had this velocity reduced to less than 100 miles an hour at a distance of from 80 to 100 metres; while, when the gun was shot vertically, an initial muzzle-velocity of 200 miles an hour at a height of about 110 metres. It was estimated by Dr. Fernter that in no case could the atmospheric whirls or vortex-rings reach a height greater than 400 metres. It is impossible to say any definite conclusion concerning the efficacy of the system.

CONSUMPTIVES ARE HAIRIED.

Immigrants with tuberculosis of the lungs hereafter will be debared from all ports of the United States regardless of boards of special inquiry, which heretofore have used their discretion in the matter.

The order, issued by Superintendent of Immigration Powderly, is mandatory. The Board of Special Inquiry, at Ellis Island, after receiving the report on a case of tuberculosis from Dr. G. W. Stoner, chief of the medical division of the immigration service at New York, will immediately have to debar the immigrant. The Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, at Washington has declared that "tuberculosis of the lungs" was considered a dangerous contagious disease.

BURNS REVISED.

O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as ithers see us, That wad it not be bett' far, To see ourselves just as we are?

CHANGING HIS NAME

Deborah Hancock was busily engaged in decorating her birthday cake, when she suddenly placed the last year. How fast those little waxen milestones seemed to multiply!

Several years before, when the whole surface of the cake was so thickly studded that she could find no place for the new taper, Miss Hancock paused to ponder.

Was not 35 a good age at which to lose count?

The temptation was great. But all false pretenses were abhorrent to the sturdy Hancock nature. Prevarication even to one's self was not to be tolerated. And what folly could equal in silliness that of attempting to conceal one's age?

The tapers were red, white and blue.

A light tap sounded at the door. Deborah carefully looked her pantry door before admitting her visitor.

"Mother wants to know if you won't go over to the picnic with us to-morrow?"

"Me go to the picnic! Why, Ellen Ann, I ain't been to a picnic for 20 years! Thank you, ma, but—"

"Oh, do come, Miss Deb. You know, we're going to celebrate the incorporation of the town."

"Come in and think it over."

With a blush and a giggle the girl cast a backward glance over her shoulder. "I can't come to-night. But you be ready and we will stop for you in the morning."

Miss Deborah followed the girl's glance and smiled as she caught sight of a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the lilacs by the fence.

"Oh, it's Joel," she said.

Ellen Ann giggled.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own unfinished romance which made her heart so particularly tender toward all lovers. Be that as it may she was the village confidante. Many awkward youths and shy maids blessed her for the kindly way in which she sped their wooing.

The next morning, when Ellen Ann's brother, with a flourish brought his hay wagon to a stand before Miss Deborah's door, he found her waiting, lunch basket beside her.

The exercises were opened by a long and fervent prayer by Parson Elbow. Griffin, then the Squire Cooper rose, and made some remarks, but detecting signs of restlessness among the younger people, he brought his remarks down to the pith of his address.

"Fellow Townspeople: I have a surprise in store for you. Hearing of this day was to be of special interest to the inhabitants of his birthplace, one of our sons who has made a name for himself in the political world, yet has still retained

HEART TROUBLE

BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE AND WORRY.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay, Tells How He Secured Release From This Dangerous Malady.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the St. Lawrence. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now 73 years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered most pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a more advertised remedy but this also failed to help me. I had always been poor of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was. I have no more pain and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to the greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keynote to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and trusted of medicines because from first dose to last they make new, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sinners. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all druggists or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA, GREEN OR BLACK.

Its Virtues are Many; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth or falsity of the above statement.

SALADA

Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

In his heart a warm regard for his old name, has come down to join in our festivities, and has consented to make a few remarks. Friends, I ask you to join me in welcoming the Hon. John Smith."

The cheering mercifully drowned Miss Deborah's painful little groan of consternation. No one noted her pale face, all eyes were upon their illustrious townsman.

The Hon. John Smith did not detain his hearers long. He referred to the fact that they were all more eager to attend to the contents of the eagerly waited hampers than to anything he might have to say. He also said that he was anxious to leave the platform and come down among them and seek out and shake hands with his old friends.

Deborah felt that she must go away by herself and recover her lost equanimity. Seizing upon two pails she insisted on going to the spring for water. She started off briskly, but behind the first clump of bushes she cast aside the pails and sat down to give her thoughts full sway.

Miss Deborah smiled as she contemplated the mental pictures of her youthful self. There she stood in her girlish pride her head saucily a-tilt, and a mischievous light in her eyes. But the smile quickly followed by a sigh, as ever faithful memory drew the outline of a tall, awkward country boy who stood beside the maid.

Ah, now the girl's lips parted, and bending her head, Miss Deborah heard the sound of a light laugh. At the sound, the youth frowns, then speaks.

"Dan Quincey is a common feller, and the girl I've kept steady company with shan't dance with him."

Again, the girl laughs, and then in mocking tones replied:

"A common feller is he? Well, his name isn't as common as some I know of, John Smith."

"If yer ashamed of my name now what'll ye be when it's yer own?"

"Who says I'll ever bear any such common name as John Smith? If I was you I'd ask the legislature to help me to a finer name."

"Do you mean that, Deb?"

"Yes, I do."

Thus, Deborah declared her independence. She supposed John would come around that evening and "make up," as he had done so often before, but no, he had gone away from Hilton without a word.

At this point her reverie was broken in upon by the voice Deborah had listened to so long.

"Why, Miss Hancock, what are you doing here all alone?"

"I was going for water," Deborah faltered, pointing to the forgotten pails.

Down to the old spring? "I'll go and help you. I haven't forgotten the way. I believe I remember every incident of my life here. Do you remember the picnic just before I went away?"

Deborah nodded. "I've often thought of that day. You see I took your advice and went to the legislature. It took time, but I finally reached there. But I decided that if I could obtain a handle to my name it would answer just as well as if I changed it."

"I'm afraid I was rude," Deborah stammered.

"It was the best rudeness I ever encountered. It made me leave here, otherwise I suppose, I should have lived right along in the groove made by my ancestors. I have always been grateful for your scorn. It hurt dreadfully at first, but I came to see the other side of the question."

John talked of this and that, but suddenly he seemed to become aware of his companion's silence. He glanced at her and in a whimsical tone said:

"Deborah, doesn't the honorable modify the Smith a little?"

"What does a name matter, anyway?" Deborah asked, impatiently, "but here we are at the spring."

"If the name doesn't matter, Deb, perhaps you'll scorn to share it with me now. Will you, dear?" and he bent low to look under Deborah's hat.

"John, there's Ellen Ann staring at us, and with a blush Miss Deborah withdrew her hand, but not until she had returned the pressure of the one which held it.

FROM THE PLAINS OF THE WEST.

NEWS OF ANOTHER SUCCESS ON THE PART OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

An Alberta Man Reports His Entire Satisfaction with the World Famous Remedy—Blood Disorder the Cause of His Trouble—Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Removed it and he is Thankful.

Blainmore, Alberta, July 1st—(Special.) Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as well thought of in the great Northwest as they are anywhere else in the world. The people have confidence in them. They do as they are claimed to do.

Nor is the claim a small one. Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure some of the most dangerous and deadly maladies that flesh is heir to, and what is more, they do it. The proof is positive. Thousands and thousands of reputable people attest it.

For instance, everyone knows Bright's Disease at one time meant the sentence of death. Does it now? Ask Arthur Coley, of Somerset, Man. He was cured of Bright's Disease, the latest stages of it, by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the blood disorder of the human system arising from Kidney Disease with just as much certainty and an even greater promptness. Of these, Skin Eruptions, such as Boils and Pimples, arising from an impure state of the blood, are not the least common or the least distressing. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by improving the action of the kidneys purify the blood, and Boils and Pimples immediately disappear.

Walter H. A. Noble of Blainmore, Alberta, writes in this connection: "I had been troubled with Pimples all over my face, and Backache. I tried everything to cure it, all kinds of medicine, but failed."

"I was told to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and did so at once. I got three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and took one after every meal. They cured me. They are the only things that ever did me any good. I will always use Dodd's Kidney Pills in case of sickness and advise all other sufferers to do so."

"Rabbit, rabbit, who's got the rabbit?"

"Feel the rabbit?" queried the expert.

"Right here," responded the woman snake-charmer.

After a minute's pause: "Where is it now?"

"I've got it," from a policeman farther down the line.

Cautiously, the rod was pushed further. The python writhed, and threw a man off his feet. "Look out for a kink!" cried the woman; and the scaly coil was pulled taut again. Presently, as the slowly advancing lump, marked by a rippling and swelling of the elastic skin, seemed to have progressed far enough, she skillfully seized hold of the body just above it, and maintained a firm grasp while the rod was withdrawn, leaving bumpy indentations established in the serpentine interior.

LONG TOM'S BREAKFAST.

Feeding a Huge Python Against His Will.

The python, huge and formidable as he is, is of an aggressive disposition. Neither is he amiable. He is a sluggish, sullen, obstinate creature, and is more difficult than dangerous to manage in captivity. The true snake-watcher is not content with endeavors to kill his keepers, but that, if he objects to his quarters, he makes no fuss at all for anybody but quietly commits suicide by starvation. As he is as valuable as he is repulsive his possessors have good reason for anxiety when he shows signs of homesickness.

The Boston newspapers recently reported the interesting manner in which the ingenious owners of "Long Tom," a big snake on exhibi-

INSIDE OF CIRCUS LIFE.

PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE MOVING CITY.

Troubles of the Routine Life—Something About the Table Service.

Few understand or can realize the routine life of circus riders—their troubles on the road, or the trials and tribulations during the performance seasons in some large city. Whenever they stop there is a parade every day at 9 o'clock, a show at two o'clock and another at eight in the evening. Everyone must go in the parade and sometimes it means a slow ride under the broiling sun over eight or ten miles of streets. The average out-of-the-circus woman would faint and fall from her horse before she had ridden a mile.

As soon as the tumbler reaches the show grounds, after having made its tour of the streets, there is a rush for the dressing rooms, for perhaps it is past noon. Parade dresses are doffed, street clothes are donned and then the dinner. The women in the circus live well. They have a cool airy dining tent with well set tables and competent waiters, and the food is of the best. The table service corresponds with that of the average city hotel, where a rate of say, \$3 a day is charged. There are several kinds of meat, three or four kinds of dessert, with coffee, tea or milk. Fruits are added in season and no one ever goes to a country hotel

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

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New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c. SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c. Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c. At all Stores, or by Mail for the price. HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

when the dinner tent is up and running, for it is better by far than any of them. Dinner over, there is another RUSH FOR DRESSING ROOMS.

The crowd is going in and the grand entry is about to begin. All are expected to appear in this pageant, as in the out of door parade in the morning. This means another entire change of dress to the resplendent costumes worn in the grand entry. That finished there is a scurry for the trunks and make-up boxes, dresses disappear and tights are donned; every article of the wardrobe must be neat and clean and of the very best, therefore cannot be thrown here and there carelessly. The performance has commenced and there is a continuation of ceaseless hurry that would distract any ordinary woman. Circus women, however, are used to it, and work with the precision that perfect system demands. Some of the women perform in two or three acts, each necessitating a change of costume, tights and all.

JUST LIKE OTHER WOMEN.

At 4.30 the afternoon show is over and then comes supper, which is really a substantial meal. Now comes an hour and a half of rest. Gathered about in groups in shady corners, the women of the circus come together, bring out their embroidery and fancy work, chat, gossip, and talk of everything except their business, which is rigidly tabooed. Seven o'clock sees them again in the dressing rooms and for the balance of the evening the rush goes on never seeming to end.

At 10.30 o'clock the show is over and the performers go to the sleeping cars, and it is there that the women of the circus are at home. The sleepers are arranged in Pullman cars, with swinging upper berths, and are clean, well ventilated and attractive. As a rule each married couple has another married couple for chums. Their sections usually are opposite, and their natural desire for companionship, from force of habit, if from no other cause, enables them to decorate their berth with little articles of fancy work, slippers, cases, a tiny pair of silken curtains at the windows, a little cabinet with a lock upon the door, toilet articles in their cases upon the bulkheads, snowy counterpanes—everything, in fact, found in a well appointed sleeping apartment in a house.

OVER THEIR HEADS.

She—I suppose your French helped you a great deal when you were in Paris?

He—Er—no; you see, all those I had occasion to speak to were tradespeople and all that, you know. They don't understand elegant French.

Mrs. Faddy—I suffer dreadfully from noises in the head, doctor. Doctor (who lives next door, irritably)—So do I. You have too many children; and you might go rid of your children, and have that howling dog poisoned.

"O Wouau; in our hours of rest, Unwouau, coy, & hard to please— There is certainly one thing that will please you if you get it, & that is Monsoon Ceylon Tea. Lead packets All grocers—"

LUDELLA

never varies from the high standard and still maintains life as a leader. Always the people's choice. Lead Packages, 25, 50, 60 and 60 cts.

if You Want The Dawson Commission Co. Limited, 101 West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

A TIE IN OPINION. What did you and Joe fall out about? He thought I ought to be friendly enough to give him that dog; and I thought he ought to be friendly enough to buy it of me.

HAY FEVER CAN BE PREVENTED.

Don't seek other climes at "Hay Fever Season," don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there, but Catarrhazone. Catarrhazone is sure death to germs. Start now and use Catarrhazone. Inhale it into the throat, nasal passages and bronchial tubes; it goes wherever the air you breathe goes, and it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to any address for \$1.00 forwarded to Polson Chemical Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., or Kingston, Ont.

Was he a famous man? Famous! Why, my dear sir, they're even talking of naming a new bicycle after him.

Ask for Migard's and take no other

Was it a quiet wedding? Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel right before the clergyman, did you?

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

For Canadian delegates and all others going to the Epworth League Convention, via Chicago and Northwestern Railway, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11.59 p. m. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Order berths early, as party will be limited in number. Fare only \$50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco to B. H. Bennett, Gen'l Agent, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

No, beggar, says a philanthropist, will go away empty-handed from a good man's door. Not if he can reach an overcoat from the good man's hall-rack.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is far too great to be good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN INTERESTING STANDARD.

What is your idea of a man of honor?

A man of honor, said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, is one who will pay his wine bill and card debts, even if he has to marry in order to get the money.

St. Martin, Que., May 6, 1895. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee using inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days the child was all right, and I feel so grateful that all right, and I feel so grateful that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

FORGETTING TIME.

I've had to learn so much this year, The schoolboy says, you bet I'm glad vacation time is near So I can just forget.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

THE MAIN THING.

Ascum—Now that your new house is finished, is it entirely satisfactory? Richman—I believe it is. Ascum—I was told you didn't like it. Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.

ROOFING and Sheet Metal Works.

ROOFING SLATE, in Black and Red, Slate, Blended, and Weathers. Also, Sheet Metal, Roofing, Galvanized, and Tin. ROOFING, in Black, Galvanized, and Tin. Metal Cladding, etc. Estimates furnished for work complete or for materials shipped to any part of the country. Phone 383. D. DUTMIE & SONS, Adelaide & Wilmers, Toronto.

Dominion Line Steamships.

Montreal to Liverpool, via Queenstown, Portland to Liverpool, via Queenstown. Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloon and Cabin rates. Special attention has been given to the second and third class accommodations. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the company or D. DUTMIE & SONS, Montreal and Portland.

CHEVILE CURTAINS.

LAKE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW. Write about your business to J. JONES & CO., 101 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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L. D. Oldens, Washington

HOUSEHOLD.

HOT SHORTCAKES.

If members of the family come to their meals at irregular times, make individual shortcakes for them. Instead of large cakes. Make the cakes and set in the ice chest. Have the berries mashed and sweetened. Bake at intervals and the last one served will have a fresh hot shortcake instead of a soggy square on the end of a juice-stained platter. Cut the individual shortcakes to suit the appetites but a small pail lid is about right; do not make them too thick. To save the table cloth serve shortcake to little children in a soup plate, which is much better than a plate or saucer.

Where rugs are used all over one story of a house paint or stain all the borders or floor and the thresholds with one color. The rug is a better way than to try to match the borders with the rugs and gives a less "patchy" effect when all the rooms are open. Match the color of a wall-oiled yellow pine floor as near as possible. Some kinds of pine are labeled light brown or light yellow, while others need a little yellow to warm the color. Avoid the common yellow floor paint. The color of a well oiled floor harmonizes with all rugs and furnishings. For rooms not in constant use, such as a bathroom, get in improvement but for dining rooms or common sitting room washing the floor with skim milk or cold water will keep the floor bright. Never use hot suds or "washing water" on a painted floor. To keep pair worn places keep a little paint covered with cold water and a brush also in cold water. Put on a little at night where the paint is off and it will be dry in the morning.

Just now the housekeeper's life is a warfare against bugs—buffalo bugs, currant worms, caterpillars, rose bugs, slugs and lice, green fly, etc., and she must go armed with a powder gun, sprayer or like implement most of the time.

THE BABY IN SUMMER.

Nursing babies should be weighed every week. If they do not gain an average of about four ounces a week during the first six months, and slightly less during the second six months, it may be inferred that they are not receiving sufficient nourishment of the proper quality. If an investigation is made, it will be found that the nourishment is insufficient, it will be easy to provide supplementary feeding, writes Dr. S. M. Howard.

I have known many a crying and restless baby to be perfectly quiet and easy to take care of when to the insufficient nourishment was added a feeding or two daily of properly prepared cow's milk from the bottle. The poor child was undergoing slow starvation, and its chronic condition of hunger made it irritable and peevish.

No mother should nurse her child if she is suffering from any acute disease, like influenza, or from any chronic disease, like consumption, scrofula, malaria, or marked debility.

If weaning becomes necessary, no matter at what age, it is usually well to do the work gradually. In place of one of the nursings give the bottle containing the proper substitute for a child of the given age. The feedings of the milk mixture can be increased gradually until all the nursings are replaced by artificial feeding.

As the child grows older the baby's diet should be varied by giving it a soft boiled egg, an occasional cracker, a little beef broth, and when the child is a year old, a bit of orange juice, or baked apple, or stewed prunes strained through a sieve, will often help to overcome the too frequent condition of constipation.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

How many of our readers know that pieplant makes splendid shortcakes? Make just like any other, only use stewed pieplant for filling and for the top instead of fruit and milk, as so many do.

This is the time to guard against permanent injury to the table linen from fruit stains. Boiling water poured through the fabric will almost invariably remove such discolorations if done before they are put in the wash. Cream of tartar, moistened and rubbed in, will remove grass stains.

A southern housekeeper declares that to put oxalic acid in the water with which you prepare to scrub your kitchen table, shelves, bread-board, or anything you desire to have nice and white, will make the scrubbing easy and the boards very white. But don't use the solution on the bread-board. The acid is poison.

Wash silk waists are among the woman's most comfortable summer wear. White ones are however apt to turn yellow after washing. To prevent this, wash them in cold water, using some good white soap—which should never be rubbed directly on the fabric—and press while still damp with a cool iron.

A very hot flat-iron will fade some delicate tints. Therefore iron your pretty shirtwaists with a moderately cool one. Of course you must have a hot one for the cuffs and collar.

KEEP THE HOUSE COOL.

Often one finds country houses closer and hotter than city homes. The trouble is, folks don't know when to let the air in and keep it out. Nearly every country family that goes upon a summer sojourn, the cool air you can coax into the house until the sun grows hot, then close every shutter and window. You may be nearly in darkness. You don't let the cool night air get out and the hot day air get in. The kitchen of course has to be an exception. After the early breakfast is eaten, hurry

through all the cooking which has to be done, leaving dishwashing and other work to be finished while the fire is dying. Keep all the doors which lead from the kitchen into the house tightly closed and open those that lead outdoors. Every kitchen ought to have a piazza which is cool and shady during the forenoon hours. Do all the work there which can possibly be carried away from the sink or the table. Never aggravate the misery of summer heat by eating in a hot kitchen. Have a dining room if you can't have a parlor, or still better, if yours is an old-fashioned house where the wide hall runs from front door to the back, eat there and let every breeze that blows through the house make pleasant the meal hour. At sundown, open the windows, throw wide the shutters, loop up curtains and let the cool night air. Open the beds for the breezes to cool. You will sleep well and dream happily. Save your eyesight. Don't use up your eyes in the summertime. More hot weather headaches are due to tired, sun-burnt eyes than to anything else. Rest them a score of times a day. You would be surprised how many bits of work you can do with your eyes shut as well as open. When you rest your body, rest your eyes. Lie down with your head under the cold water, in which a little witch hazel has been poured. Afterward lie down flat on your back in a cool, darkened room and over your eyes spread a rag wet in hot water and sprinkled with rosewater. You will get up as fresh as a daisy.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Coffee Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar; one-half cup of butter; three eggs, well beaten; one cup of strong coffee; two teaspoonsful cinnamon and one of ginger, one grated nutmeg, two teaspoonsful cream of tartar, one of soda, and three and one-half cups of flour.

Strawberry Charlotte.—Line a dish with sponge cake or lady finger, then put in a layer of sliced strawberries, another layer of cake and more berries. Cover with whipped cream flavored with vanilla and serve very cold. Delicious.

SECOND MARRIAGES.

Husbands Who Re-Marry Their Wives After Separation.

Among the records of St. Mary's church, Bermondsey, England, is a singular document anent the remarriage of one Ralph Goodchild and his wife Elizabeth. The couple after their first union seem to have drifted apart and each to have formed other nuptial relations. Years went by, and once again the two met. The old love was renewed, and before the altar of St. Mary's church, after having professed ample contrition for the laxity of their past conduct, they swore fidelity for the future. The entry in the register concludes with this announcement:—"Ralph Goodchild of the parish of Barking, and Elizabeth his wife were agreed to live together and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vow to do to in presence of us William Store, parson; Edward Coker and Richard Eyles, clerks."

A gentleman well known in the diplomatic world was many years ago married to an American lady. Their married life, however, did not run altogether smoothly, and relations at last became so strained that the lady obtained a divorce, and with her three children returned to her father's house. Fifteen years later she met her former husband in Germany, with the result that the old love was awakened, and a few months later the couple renewed their vows.

AT THE ALTAR.

Mr. Ernest Annesley, of Chicago, has been thrice married to, and divorced from the same wife. He married her in 1884, and six years later was divorced by Judge Henney. Not long afterwards the couple came together again, and differences having been adjusted, a second marriage was celebrated at Milwaukee. But their hymeneal bliss proved to be of short duration, and in 1893 Mr. Annesley's fiery temper once again drove his wife to obtain a divorce. Yet with singular persistency this strange pair resolved for the third time to essay life together. Their marriage, which took place a few months after the second divorce, has, however, culminated in the usual result, and the couple are again free.

A St. Louis man divorced his wife and married again. In a short while however, he divorced his second spouse and remarried his first. In her turn, his first wife divorced him, whereupon her predecessor, whom he had already divorced, took compassion upon his forlorn state, and for the second time accompanied him to the altar.

Some years back a wealthy Lancashire merchant obtained a divorce. The respondent subsequently married an American gentleman, while the petitioner himself espoused a New York lady, from whom two years afterwards he was freed by law. Not long after he met his first wife, who in the meantime had divorced her second partner, and made her an offer of marriage. He was accepted, and the couple were again made one.

DOLLS AS HEIRLOOMS.

Japanese dolls are usually most elaborate and gorgeously attired, for the princely families keep these toys and pass them down to their descendants. The brocade silks, or the robes are especially woven in miniature patterns on small looms. The wooden dolls are often beautifully carved and enamelled. Besides the dolls themselves, the Japanese toys include the most wonderful array of doll furniture, trinkets, and musical instruments, houses, and gardens.

A Difficult Signature...

It almost seemed as if the criminal had given up the grudge against Lord Beausarris; within four years of his accession to the barony and the immense wealth of his house nearly twenty attempts to rob him in some way or other had been made, though in all cases but one unsuccessfully. The explanation may have been that certain rogues believed that his lordship's huge fortune, his youth, and easy-going ways would make him careless of his treasures. Whether or not he believed in the soundness of it is hard to say, but certainly the repeated attempts made to rob Lord Beausarris caused that gentleman to be very careful.

He was a man who would rather be given £1,000 away for no consideration than have been cheated or robbed of a tin sapphire. Consequently, no sooner was a vain attempt made by some burglars to rob his lordship of his famous collection of jewels than he had the burglar sent to his baker for safe custody; and immediately after a man had succeeded in cashing a cheque purporting to have been signed by the wealthy baron his lordship set himself the task of inventing a signature which would defy the burglar's best efforts to imitate. He made it a rule never to sign a cheque for less than £100, which considerably reduced the number of his cheques circulated, and hence the facilities for evil-doers to acquaint themselves of the nature of his signature.

It was due to these precautions that more than seven men found their way into prison for divers attempts to forge Lord Beausarris's name to cheques and bills, and that a gang of expert jewel thieves who broke into his lordship's town residence, after weeks of careful searching, found nothing more valuable than some plain diamonds, got off with nothing more valuable than some plain diamonds.

It thus became a point of honor with scientific thieves that Beausarris should be shown that, despite his precautions, he was no match for the ingenuity of men who had devoted themselves to the study of criminal science; he was to be beaten on the very ground where he had entrenched himself, or the higher classes of criminals would have their confidence in themselves very rudely shaken.

Beausarris was taking a quiet, lonely lunch one April noon, peacefully paying a round of duty calls, when the postman brought him a letter from a lady with whom rumour said his lordship contemplated matrimony; at least, the letter implied that it emanated from the Hon. Clarice Marshon, and the lady, who had accepted it as such, signed it in her name and written in her calligraphy.

"Dearest," it ran, "we have postponed our departure until tomorrow. I should be so pleased to see you this afternoon.—Your Clarice."

Beausarris was annoyed by finding that his lady-love was still in town, and he was paying a round of duty calls, when the postman brought him a letter from a lady with whom rumour said his lordship contemplated matrimony; at least, the letter implied that it emanated from the Hon. Clarice Marshon, and the lady, who had accepted it as such, signed it in her name and written in her calligraphy.

"Dearest," it ran, "we have postponed our departure until tomorrow. I should be so pleased to see you this afternoon.—Your Clarice."

An hour after lunch his lordship stepped into a smart hansom and set out for Lord Marshon's house in South Kensington.

He found the lady waiting for him in front of his lordship's mansion. He paid the cabman, mounted the steps, and knocked at the door. "Miss Marshon at home?" he inquired of the footman who answered his knock.

The man bowed as he opened the door wider. Beausarris glanced casually at the man, and it did strike him as strange that the footman should have engaged a new man-servant within a few days of their leaving for abroad. But he did not attach any suspicion to the matter. He followed the man to the small drawing-room at the back of the house, where the shadow of an idea that anything unusual was in the air.

Without a word the man ushered Beausarris into the unoccupied drawing-room and withdrew. The door had hardly closed before it opened again and two men entered. Beausarris bowed in his cold, stiff fashion in acknowledgment of their profound obeisances, but before he had time to wonder who they were, only one of them, who looked the elder of the two, inquired with some servility:—"You desire to see Miss Marshon?"

"That is the object of my visit," Beausarris replied, easily. "May—"

"I regret to have to inform you that she is at Monte Carlo," said the dark man, with another bow.

"What? Pray pardon my surprise, but it was only this morning I received from her a note asking me to call here this afternoon. Am I to understand that she has left town?"

"I am intruding upon the gentleman to whom Lord Marshon has let this house," said the dark man, who was the butler of the house, "replied the dark man. 'To that extent your presumption is correct. But the letter was written by my friend here, Monsieur Paul Panier, who is indeed the fair man, who drew his heels together and bowed.'

Beausarris realized immediately that he had been trapped for the purpose of some elaborate fraud.

"And may I inquire the reason for which you have drawn me here by means of a forged letter?" he asked, sternly, looking the men up and down angrily.

"The object we have in view," said the baron, "I mean to say, the object is one which—now that you are safely here—cannot fail to prove to you that all your elaborate precautions to guard your jewels and treasures were inadequate to protect you against man's ingenuity. It has long been the desire of my friends and myself that you should have a nasty fall; you have declared a kind of war between yourself and those who desire to acquire parts of that fortune you can never spend, and—I flatter myself I may regard your fall as having taken place."

The insolence of this speech quite staggered Beausarris. He stared at the men in amazement.

"And, now I am here, what do you intend to do with me—assuming you can do what you like?" he asked, after a pause.

"Do you really wish to know?" inquired the fair man, speaking for the first time.

"Paul, Paul!" exclaimed the baron. "The knowledge will cause his lordship sufficient pain when he hears of his fall. Spare him until then."

Beausarris, who had only asked the question to gain time in which to consider his situation, took two long strides up to them and, with the skill for which he had been famed at college, knocked the baron's head against the wall and sent Mr. Panier sprawling over the back of an armchair. He rushed to the door, and found it locked on the outside, and he could not break the lock, the baron and Panier collected themselves and grappled him.

It was a brief struggle, and ended in Beausarris's being rendered insensible by a heavy fall.

"Here's a pickle!" murmured his lordship, as he awoke to consciousness some time later. "Good—!" He glanced round in astonishment at finding himself in a whitewashed cellar. "This comes of falling in love with the daughter of a man who has to let his house to help defray the cost of an expensive visit to Monte Carlo." He laughed lightly to himself. "Marshon's wine-cellar, of all unholy places! They are pretty silly, upon my word; but if daring will do what they want, they'll succeed without a doubt. Wonder what on earth they're up to?"

He rose and examined every nook and corner of the cellar by the light of the lamp hanging upon one of the walls. In one corner stood a small camp, and beside it a washstand.

"I'm evidently invited for the night," he said, reflectively. "Hang it, they might have given me a jug with a handle. I wonder how the excellent baron got the references of old Marshon would, of course, expect. Probably in the same way he obtained the letter I had from him. Beausarris scolded! It just shows the risk of letting a man in this way. What on earth is there to prevent these people going off with—with that water-jug, for instance? I've got a racking headache." He looked at his watch. "Six o'clock. I must have been here, then, over two hours."

He was a pretty slight sound in the direction of the door he turned and beheld a woman, who was softly closing the door, the key of which she held in her hand. She was tall, young, elegantly dressed, and unquestionably beautiful.

"Hush," she whispered, "they are gone out."

"Really?" thought Beausarris, who was not prejudiced by being in love. "This is the most interesting feature of the affair. The Baroness Steinheiser, I presume?" he said, aloud.

"Ah, no," she replied, sadly. "Madame Panier. Don't speak above a whisper, or we may be heard. No one knows I have come here. I want to help you."

"Of course you can, if you will," he said, eagerly. "You have the key of the cellar! But tell me first why your gang has played this trick upon me."

"I dare not—dare not tell you," she whispered, wildly. "I am running vast dangers, day would kill me—in being here. But I saw your beautiful face when day carried you, and—oh! I want to save you from death!"

"Nothing is more easy," he replied. "Give me the key."

"Ah, no," she replied, sadly. "I am Charles's—"

"Dere is Charles's—"

"Let me out of this! I'll undertake to settle with Charles if he's the only one between me and the street."

"You do not understand. But—"

She stopped, and an expression of relief lit up her beautiful face, "we might as well get it over now. I only in this wickedness for money."

"What would he want? I haven't ten—no, five pounds on me," she looked disappointed.

"Would he take any watch—it's worth fifty pounds?"

"No, it might betray him. Can you no make money—make a cheque—so much?"

"Of course I could, if I had paper and ink. But would he accept that?"

"I'll dry him, and if he will—oh, he must, he shall. Oh, my beautiful gentleman, I will save you!"

She seized his hand and pressed it tenderly between hers.

"Women of my race love quickly," she said, with flashing eyes, "but they love longer."

Swiftly she left the cellar, closing and locking the door after her. Beausarris heard the key grate in the lock as she withdrew it.

He stared at the door in silence, pondering. He was trying to get some tangible idea out of the extraordinary affair to conceive the object for which he had been tricked and trapped. He was not altogether satisfied that the passion he had inspired in Madame Panier's heart was as genuine as it was sudden, although he was conscious that he possessed an unusually attractive personality.

In a few minutes Madame Panier returned. She brought pen, ink, and a single sheet of paper.

"Out!" she exclaimed, darting into the cellar. "He is willing. Be quick, for we may have some small but supposing your husband and the baron return before I get away, what then?"

"Don't waste time!" she replied. "Write Charles on our side, we can succeed."

"How much does he want?" he asked, trying the point of the pen upon his thumb-nail. It was a broad nib, such as he generally used. I dare not be caught here."

Beausarris sat down on the end of the bed and, laying the sheet of paper upon the washstand, carefully wrote out a cheque upon his bank for £500. He signed it, and with the most apparent indifference dotted the "s" in "Beausarris."

Madame Panier sat up at the moment it was complete and flew out of the cellar. But she was met at the door by the baron and her husband. The latter took from her a cheque and went up the stairs, laughing lightly. The baron, leaning and bowed to Beausarris, who had started up from the bed and stood gazing after Madame Panier.

"My lord," said the baron, with a mocking chuckle, "Charles is deeply indebted to you, generally. Five hundred pounds to a man in his position is a fortune, and with the aid of my talented friend, Panier, we shall be able to make it more than £10,000. When you make your signature so peculiar that even a man like Panier dared not attempt to copy it, did it strike you that you would ever be induced to give a genuine signature to anyone who could make a large fortune by it?"

"We have gone to all this expense and trouble to get an actual signature from you, my lord." The baron laughed. "By the way, your wonderful signature, will have been obliterated by chemicals, and a demand for your beautiful jewels will have taken its place. There will be no difficulty; it is only your signature in the disguise of a secretary, Mr. Dix-Hayes, will deliver that demand at the bank, and the manager's eng is signed by you, will hand your jewels over to him. At the same hour two key-saws will be pushed under this door by Charles. There is a handle for them; and while you are engaged in cutting the locks and bolts to get out of here we, your grateful and obedient servants, will be shaking the dust of England off our heels."

"So—," began Beausarris, rising wrathfully.

"Two saws will be supplied," the baron continued, "lest you break open. We do not wish you to remain a prisoner here until Lord Marshon's return. And I warn you not to put too great a strain upon the saws, lest they both break. Go slowly, my lord. You ought to get through the job in about three hours."

With a short laugh he swung round, hurried out of the cellar, and banged the door to. Beausarris listened and heard him lock the door and shoot five bolts. Those bolts occupied his lordship from twelve noon next day until past three, when Beausarris was able, though weak from want of food and his unusual labor, to leave the house and hurry to Scotland Yard.

About the same time that Beausarris began his task of sawing through the locks and bolts of Lord Marshon's cellar-door a clerk in a Piccadilly bank entered the bank-manager's office.

"Lord Beausarris's secretary has called with this, sir," said the clerk. "He is waiting."

"Show him in," returned the manager, tearing open the letter.

"Good morning," he said, as the secretary entered. "Lord Beausarris wants his large jewel-case, I see."

"Yes."

"But there's a slight error in the demand," the manager continued, "and I hardly know that I am justified in handing the jewel-case over, as it's really contrary to his lordship's instructions. Of course, I see the demand is genuine—but—perhaps it would be as well to send a clerk round."

"His lordship is out—," said the secretary, with some uneasiness. "Well, I really can't accept this demand. Lord Beausarris expressly instructed me never to accept his signature when the 's' was dotted as this. The mistake may be his—or else he is laying a trap for me."

The manager laughed at his idea. "Give me the demand," said the secretary. "I'll see his lordship about it. I think I fear he'll be extremely annoyed."

"Mr. Boxham!" called the manager. "Accompany this gentleman to Lord Beausarris's and ask him about this demand. Good-morning, Mr. Hayes. I'm sorry this should have arisen—but—"

The secretary had gone. Followed by Mr. Boxham, he left the bank and got into a hansom. He said to the clerk, "and see if his lordship is there."

He stopped at the Piccadilly end of the restaurant and walked through to the Regent Street exit, where he got into a cab.

Mr. Boxham waited in his hansom for nearly half an hour, and then returned to the bank. He was told that Albeit, none of the gang were caught, there is reason to believe they have written down Lord Beausarris as "quite hopeless."—London Tit-Bits.

HAVE WEAK EYES.

Soldiers Cannot See Well Enough to Shoot Straight.

Dr. W. D. Black, fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, has created quite a sensation by the plain statement that civilized peoples among improve their eyesight if they would meet successfully uncivilized peoples in the wars of the future.

He foresees the possibility of grave conflicts between the civilization and barbarism before the former flies its standard the world over. He urges that "soldiers of light" be given every advantage in preparation for the fray. Dr. Black served in two Kaffir wars at the Cape and during both campaigns he gave special attention to the visual handicaps of the British troops as compared with their enemies.

He says:—"Something ought to be done to enable civilized armies to see, as well as uncivilized armies. So long as they cannot do so, they are bound to operate under great disadvantages when fighting barbarians. The main difference between the culture of war among savage and among civilized races is that the latter in the use of book learning. To this school method may be mostly attributed the defective sight of civilized children."

"Some means should be found to do away with a large part of our book study. We should substitute for it blackboard demonstrations, models of objects, pictures of scenery or of actions, and events in history and common life. Uncivilized races acquire all their knowledge by actual seeing and hearing. They encounter phenomena in person. They see things at long range instead of immediately in front of their eyes. Thus they not only cultivate a penetrating and far reaching sight, but they get more vivid impressions from what they see and therefore retain them more perfectly for future use."

MARY SCORES AGAIN.

Mary, said a worthy mistress to her servant, recently, I am sorry to have to complain again—the more so as it is the only fault I have found in you—but the frequent visits of that follower of the quack are unbearable. You must put a stop to them.

"I'm sure I'll do my best, ma'am," responded Mary. "I know I've promised to do so before, but I will really try to do better this week."

In the middle of the week, Mary had her afternoon out, and her mistress suggested that she would have an opportunity of speaking her mind once for all to the young man.

"Mary came back radiant. I've settled him this time, ma'am she remarked. I hope you did it gently. You did not insult him?"

Insult him, gasped Mary. No, ma'am, that I didn't. I just married him this afternoon, and I'm to leave here at this month's end!"

THE REASON WHY.

Servant Maid—Please ma'am, a lady to see you.

Mistress—Unds her visitor, to her surprise, in the dining-room, and on the latter's departure, asked her domestic why she had not shown the lady into the drawing-room. The reply was:—"Why, ma'am, I only cleaned the drawing-room out yesterday."

Edith—They say a man's character is divulged by the manner in which he proposes. I suppose your fiancé didn't go on his knees when he popped the question to you? Mabel—No, didn't he couldn't—I was sitting on them!"

WOULD SWEEP HER UP.

Jennie, aged four, had been poking at the fire and burnt a hole in her dress. You must not do that, Jennie, said her mother, or you'll catch fire and burn up and there will be nothing left of you but a little pile of ashes. Then what would mamma do?

"Oh, replied Jennie, I suppose you would call Jennie and tell her to sweep up the ashes."

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

Miss Betty—Why is it that men never go fishing without taking along a bottle or two of whisky? Mr. Smartly—That increases the count of their string.

Miss Betty—How is that? Mr. Smartly—Why, by their fish they are ready to eat when the time they are seeing—double.

A BIG SALARY.

It is announced that Pietro Mascagni, the popular composer of the melodious and delightful "Cavalleria Rusticana," has just signed a contract for an eight weeks' concert tour in America, for which he is to be remunerated at the princely rate of \$10,000 a week.

COST OF AN EPIDEMIC.

The cost of stamping out an epidemic is something serious for a great city. It was announced in Glasgow that the cost of the epidemic connected with fighting the recent smallpox outbreak, which created so much alarm, was something like \$200,000.

ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Well, and what have you learned at college, Clarice? We asked, and you to know how our niece has profited by her residence at a distant institution of learning. I learned to do up my hair in nine teen different ways, replied she proudly.

ALWAYS SOMETHING GOING ON.

Any June news out in your suburb? Yes, oh yes; three new kinds of bugs on our rose-bushes.

The average depth of the Pacific 2,600 fathoms; of the Atlantic 2,000 fathoms.

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 16.—Wheat—The market is dull and easy. Local exporters quote 60c for red and white middling freights, and holders are asking 62c. No. 2 good white sold at 60c east. Manitoba wheat is lower at 78c for No. 1 hard, 76c for No. 2 hard and 74c to 72c for No. 3 hard grinding in transit.

Flour—Is lower. The best bid by cable to-day would not permit local exporters to offer \$2.50 for ordinary 40 lb. cent patents in their bags middle freights, and that was all they were bidding. Holders asked 2c more and some higher. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is quiet at \$4 for Hungarian. Bagas and \$3.70 for strong bakers' in car lots on the track Toronto, bags included.

Milled—Is in better demand and the market is steadier at \$13 for shorts and \$11 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is dull and lower. No. 2 is quoted at 41c east and 40c middle freights, and No. 3 extra is quoted at 38c middle freights.

Corn—The market is firmer at 40c for Canada yellow and 40c to 40 1/2c for mixed west. Canada yellow is nominal at 40c on the track Toronto.

Oats—Are steady at 31c for No. 1 white east. No. 2 white are 30c east and west, and sold at 30 1/2c middle freights.

Outmeal—Is steady at \$3.75 for cars of barrels and \$3.65 for bags in car lots on the track here, and 20c more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are scarce and firm at 60c to 70c middle freights.

PROVISIONS.

The market is firm and active, with no change in quotations. All lines of hog product are moving well, and the present range of prices is inducing some buyers to make rather heavy purchases in anticipation of advance.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$21; heavy mess, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats.—Long clear, ribs and cases, 11c, and small lots at 11 1/2c; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; hams, for small and medium, 13 1/2c; hams, 11c to 12c; shoulders, 11c; backs, 14c to 15c; green meats out of hams are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tiers 10 1/2c, tubs 11c and pails 11 1/2c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Hot weather butter has been very liberally mixed in with the shipments of dairy tubs, pails and crocks which are now reaching this market. A great many tubs are soft and strong, and dealers here are unable to handle it at a profit to the shipper. Choice lots of that grade is small. Poorer lots are quoted from 15c down to 12c. Some choice butter which came in during the cool part of last month, and which was sent to cold storage, is now being sold and brings 16 1/2c to 17c.

It is in excellent condition and finds eager buyers. Creamery prints are steady at 20c to 21c and Eggs—Offerings are large and the solids are selling at 19c to 20c.

Market is steady. Selected stock is sold at 1c to 1 1/2c and 1 1/2c and scarce and sells at 12c. Fresh gatherings are slow at 8c to 9c.

Potatoes—Old are practically out of the market and there is no inquiry for them. Quotations are nominal at 25c per bag for car lots on track here and 30c to 35c out of store.

New potatoes are scarce. Canadian stock has not come forward as freely as was expected, and it is reported that frosts have done some damage to the crop. There are no car lots offering and potatoes out of store are selling at \$1.20 to \$1.25 per bushel.

Baled Hay—The market is quiet, with small offerings, and an indifferent demand. Quotations are steady at \$9.50 to \$10 per ton for car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Quiet and steady. Car lots on track here are quoted at \$4.75 to \$5 per ton.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Toronto, July 16.—The street market here to-day was very quiet, with small receipts and little or no demand. The abundance of buyers was very light, and the business was confined almost entirely to hay and grain. One hundred bushels of red wheat sold unchanged at 67c, and 300 bushels of oats 1 1/2c lower at 36c. Hay was firmer, and loads selling \$1 higher at \$1.10 to \$1.15 per ton. New hay or straw was offered. Other produce was nominally steady.

Wheat, white, per bushel, 67c 00
do red, per bushel, 67c 00
do goose, per bushel, 61c 00
do spring, per bushel, 67c 00
Barley, per bushel, 43c 44
Rye, per bushel, 36c 00
Oats, per bushel, 36c 00
Hay, old, per ton, 11.00 13.00
do new, per ton, 8.50 9.00
Straw, per ton, 9.00 9.50
Butter, pound, 14c 15c
do crocks, per dozen, 12c 15c
Eggs, old, per dozen, 12c 15c
Chickens, old, per pair, 1.00 1.25
do spring, per pair, 1.00 1.25
Ducks, per pair, 1.00 1.25
Turkeys, per pair, 1.10 1.12
Asparagus, per dozen, .60 .00
Beets, per dozen, .30 .30
Beans, butter, basket, 1.25 1.50
Cabbages, new, dozen, .50 .75
Carrots, per dozen, .20 .00
Cauliflower, dozen, 1.00 1.50
Cucumbers, per dozen, 1.00 1.25
do small, dozen, .25 .35
Lettuce, dozen, .15 .25
Onions, green, dozen, .15 .15
Parsley, dozen, .15 .20
Peas, green, peck, .25 .30
Potatoes, per bushel, .30 .40
do new, per bushel, 3.25 3.50
do do per bushel, 3.25 3.40
Radishes, dozen, .15 .20
Rhubarb, per dozen, .25 .00
Tomatoes, per basket, .50 .00
Watermelon, dozen, .20 .00
Dressed Hogs, 9.25 9.75

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Something of Interest From All Parts of the Globe.

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Two Italians were killed and one was wounded at Ervin, Miss., while asleep, because they were objectionable to their neighbors.

On account of the proposed strike of the engineers and firemen of the Italian railways, Italy may put the railways under martial law.

A Brazilian aeronaut, M. Santos Dumont, exhibited an airship at Paris on Saturday which he was able to operate against the wind.

Prof. Saunders, professor of classics and Sanscrit at McGill, has resigned to accept a similar position at Binmore College, Fimmora, Illinois.

A commission of American physicians will likely be appointed to enquire into the feasibility of Dr. Caldas' plan of subduing yellow fever by bacillus and serum.

The Chinese Government has filed a claim for indemnity to the amount of half a million dollars on account of alleged outrageous treatment of Chinese at Butte, Montana.

Mistaking for candy a torpedo made of dynamite and wrapped in pink paper, four-year-old Esther Oliver bit into it, and her head was entirely blown off at Denver Col.

Prince Chun, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Su, who has been selected formally to apologize at Berlin for the murder of Baron von Kotteler, has started from Peking.

Two Italians have been arrested at Marseilles on the charge of having stolen the \$12,000 worth of jewelry from the residence of Mr. John Munro, the well-known American banker there.

A national convention of negro bankers of the United States has been called to meet at Buffalo, September 28. It is proposed to organize a National Association of colored bankers.

At Osmond, Neb., by flagging a passenger train after she had extinguished a fire upon a bridge which it had to cross, Mrs. Frank Zuercher, a farmer's wife, probably saved the lives of 50 persons.

In the belief that the crop of peas would be ruined by heavy rains, clergymen of all churches at Cheboygan, Wis., endorsed the plea of a large company that the pickers work on Sunday.

Empress William has blossomed out as a builder of electric railways, being a partner of the Siemens Halske firm in the construction of a Hamburg-Berlin fast line, from the seaboard to the capital.

GRAHAM MAKES FIFTH TRIP.

Went Through the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, N.Y., says—Carlisle D. Graham is the only man who has five trips through the whirlpool Rapids of Niagara to his credit. The fifth trip through the rapids was made on Sunday afternoon in the presence of thousands of spectators, who occupied every vantage point along the river.

Graham has the reputation of keeping his word, and the crowd turned out for him. He started from a point a few hundred feet above the lower bridges. It was 3.25 o'clock when he entered the barrel, and five minutes later he was being towed out to midstream.

At 3.30 o'clock he was cast adrift, but for 24 minutes floated in an eddy on the American side. Finally he was caught by the suction of the rapids, and was soon being hurled and tossed about by them. In three minutes he was in the whirlpool, flung across which the barrel floated, drifting gradually towards the Canadian shore. A number of men swam out. They captured the barrel and dragged it ashore. Graham was in a partially suffocated condition, but soon revived. This length of time the barrel had been held in the eddy. Fifteen minutes was the extreme limit of time he should have been in the barrel, but he was there three-quarters of an hour. He was uninjured. He intimates that this is his last barrel trip, but in a few weeks he will go through again in a more spectacular way. He states this will be the greatest feat ever performed at Niagara. Graham is 51 years old, and not in as good condition as on his previous trips. He weighs 190 pounds, while his barrel weighs but 165. Sunday it floated on its side, except when straightened up by the waves.

MAY WITHDRAW INFANTRY.

General Kitchener's Suggestion to the War Office.

A despatch from London says—The Daily News says it understands that Gen. Kitchener has advised the Government that it is now possible to withdraw the greater part of the infantry from South Africa, requesting, however, a large number of mounted troops to replace them. The Government, it adds, is considering the matter. The News says it further learns that if it is decided to withdraw the infantry British forces will probably be concentrated on the railway line, between Durban and Pretoria, which will be used for conveying provisions and supplies to the garrisons in the Transvaal, and for the export of gold, while the hold on the railway between Cape Town and Pretoria will cease to be kept as close as it is at present. Thus the immense force of troops who are now stationary on the latter railway might be withdrawn and replaced by mounted troops, who would practically form the police force of the whole country.

BOERS CAPTURED A 7-POUNDER

But Lord Methuen Sees Still Another Success.

A despatch from London says—A despatch from Lord Kitchener's states that a post of the South African Constabulary at Houtkop, north-west of Vereeniging, was attacked by the Boers on Thursday. The enemy succeeded in capturing an old seven-pounder, but were finally repulsed. The British loss was three killed and seven wounded.

Lord Methuen was engaged east of Zeerust on July 5. He captured forty-three Boers, a quantity of ammunition, cattle, and wagons. The British lost two wounded and the Boers three killed.

GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.

One Million Dollars Damage to the West India Docks.

A despatch from London says—A fire at the West India dock on Friday destroyed a number of huge sheds and their contents. The amount of damage done is estimated at from \$100,000 to \$250,000. Sugar and timber warehouses were involved in the conflagration. The Customs house was damaged but the vessels in the docks were removed in safety.

BOER PRISONERS ESCAPE.

They Were Speedily Recaptured and put in Irons.

A despatch from Hamilton, Bermuda, says—Three Boer prisoners of war escaped on Tuesday night from the island in the sound on which they had been confined. They were recaptured and put in iron.

Labor is worse in iron than any other part of Europe. In the Southern United States a day is a man's average wage.

BURGLAR'S QUEER DEATH.

Killed by Explosion of Nitro Glycerine in His Hip Pocket.

A despatch from Dubuque, Iowa, says—An unknown burglar was overtaken by retributive justice at Benton, Wis., on Monday night. He was forcing an entrance to a grocery office when a trap door fell, striking and exploding a quantity of nitro-glycerine he was carrying in his hip pocket. He was instantly killed and the mangled body was found in the morning.

SEVERE FIGHTING.

The Boers Lose Heavily in the Western Transvaal.

A despatch from London says—Severe fighting, according to a despatch to the Daily Express from Lorenzo Marques, has taken place between Machodorp and Lydenburg. The Boers being defeated with at least 50 killed.

PILCHER'S 3 DAYS' FIGHT.

Field Cornet Captured and Total Loss Over Fifty.

A despatch from Cape Town says—The following details concerning Colonel Pilcher's operations in the West of the Orange Colony are now to hand. As the horses and mules were watering at Orange Pan, to the north-west of Bloemfontein, four hundred Boers attacked, having the advantage of the higher ground, while a violent fire was ranging between the forces. The Boers advanced under cover of the smoke, and attacked the rear guard, which retired in good order, firing by sections the whole time.

Meantime the mounted infantry saddled up and relieved the rear guard. The guns were brought into action with a pom-pom on the right flank, whereupon the Boers retired. The attack lasted an hour, the Boers advancing in a semi-circle.

The Boer losses were seven killed and a considerable number wounded. Field Cornet Bruin was found by our ambulances.

The next day the Boers were again in contact with our right front, 70 of them holding a small kopje. A detachment of yeomen, covered by a strong reserve, galloped straight to the top of the kopje, the Boers retreating precipitately. Badenhorst was in command of the yeomen.

The following day the Boers occupied a position near Badenhorst's farm, with a strong kopje in the rear. Col. Pilcher ordered the East Yorks Mounted Infantry to charge the position precipitately. The Boers mounted and fled. The enemy's losses during three days' operations were:—11 killed, 4 missing, 30 wounded, and 5 prisoners.

SANITARY REGULATIONS.

Instructions Issued for the Unorganized Districts.

A despatch from Toronto says—The Provincial Health Officer, acting under instructions from the Provincial Secretary, has issued in pamphlet form the regulations adopted by the Provincial Board of Health, under the authority of the act passed last session, respecting sanitary regulations in

THE WHITE ROSE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued)

Lola Fielden's own idea was that she had taken refuge in France; it was most probable for many reasons, and he spent some weeks in Paris. The Paris officials began to grow interested in the search; even the Russian detective service had been drawn into the business; and no news that the telegraphic wires could have flashed from one end of the world to the other would have given greater satisfaction than the intelligence that, living or dead, something was known of Lola de Ferras.

Then Lord Fielden had another idea, he believed that it was very probable she would be found in some religious house, where the heart-finds rest. So in England and France the strong arm of the law was brought into force; but the search in this direction was equally futile. The dark beautiful face which had brought ruin and desolation to Scarsdale remained undiscovered.

It was almost pitiful to see how Gertrude and Lord Fielden watched the post—the sickness of hope deferred indeed made the young girl's heart sink. One morning a whole bundle of letters came from them, but they were not of particular interest, but they occupied considerable time in the reading and answering.

"I wonder," Lord Fielden said, "Gertrude, when the last envelope was directed, 'If ever there will be an end to this quest of mine?'"

"There is an end to everything," Gertrude replied, thinking to himself that the one exception was his own great love for her. There could never be any end to that—it was impossible.

"I wonder," she continued, "what I shall have to fill my life and to be quite lost. Now every day brings its own work, and that work occupies my whole time. I do not think I could ever live without some real employment again."

"You need not do so," said Lord Fielden, with a quick throbbing at his heart. "I know work that will just suit you."

"What is it?" she asked, her blue eyes fixed on the spreading beeches. "Women's rights?"

"Women's rights?" he replied, "decidedly not in the other. You ought to have a husband who loves you, not with a commonplace affection, but with an unfathomable love."

"He has to be found," interrupted Gertrude, with a shy, sweet smile.

"No, indeed, he has not, he is found."

But Gertrude would not listen. "I can think of nothing yet, but finding my father," she said gently.

"Gertrude," he cried, "suppose that some man—we will presume that he would be in every way eligible—should, through his own exertions and skill, bring to you plain proofs of your father's innocence, the sure solving of the mystery that surrounds his name and that of Lola de Ferras, would you, as a reward, marry him?"

His heart beat so violently as he asked the question that he was afraid she would hear it. His suspense was so great that he could hardly draw his breath. But she did not look at him. She seemed to forget all about him in the thought of answering his question.

"Yes," she replied; "I think I would."

He turned away with a deep sigh, and without seeing the furtive glance from Gertrude's blue eyes.

"I wonder," said Harry, with an impatient stride across the room, "if it would have been better for me if I had never been born?"

"I should," said Gertrude, "that it is many years too late to answer the question," observed Gertrude.

And so their conversation ended; but he did not forget it. Lord Fielden felt convinced that the only way to win the prize of Gertrude's love was by clearing up the mystery of her father's disappearance; and that was the task he set himself to perform.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the pretty town of St. Remy in a remote corner of France, stands a chateau quite shut in from the world by the forest that surrounds it. To an imaginative person it seemed as though an evil influence had passed over the place, a breath of tainted air, something morbid and terrible that made this forest unlike any other.

There was a path cut straight through it that led from the town of St. Remy to Hilaire-sur-Rhone; and it changed at times to some man or woman hastening home was caught by the fast-falling rain, and belated in the forest. All such persons had terrible tales to tell. They spoke of strange unearthly sounds that resounded through the trees, and of sights that froze the blood in their veins, and their statements were most devoutly believed.

A brook which should have been a laughing sunlit rivulet ran through one part, but the waters were dark and brackish; they gave forth a sullen murmur rather than a musical ripple. If the surroundings were congenial, the interior of the chateau was not more so, and strange stories connected with it were circulated in the neighborhood—stories of blood-stains on the floor of one of the upper rooms which nothing could wash out, of mysterious noises in corridors and passages, of cries by night and queer rustlings by day.

How long the old house had stood empty no one knew; people hardly knew indeed when it had been inhabited. The blue smoke had curled upward from the chimneys of the chateau many long months before it was noticed, and then there was little or no intercourse between the occupants and the villagers.

Once every week a cart was driven from the chateau to St. Remy by a

surly-looking man—a Belgian evidently, from his accent. He made purchases without more comment than the occasion demanded; and if any one presumed to question him as to the number of the household—it was madame or monsieur whom they had the honor of serving—his reply was a gloomy suggestion that the inquirer should mind his own affairs.

Persons drew their own conclusions. Articles of every kind were purchased—books, papers, cigars, wines, old cognac. There must certainly be a gentleman living at the chateau, and a lady too; there was no mistake about that. Gradually, however, all curiosity ceased, for the simple reason that it was never gratified, and son that it was never gratified, and the Chateau Fleuris remained as great a mystery as ever. But, after a time, one of the inhabitants of the old house issued from her seclusion.

She was a tall, dark, stately woman, with a strange, cold, bitter expression on her face. The dark eyes burned with almost lurid light, a grand but distorted, darkened soul looked out of them with proud, painful defiance.

She went frequently to St. Remy, no one knew whether she was wife or widow. She never spoke of husband or children; but she wore a wedding-ring, and called herself Madame St. Ange. She always wore black, loose, gracefully-hanging garments that fell in stately folds about her; her walk was with a proud stately grace that was peculiar to herself. Once, as she was passing down the Rue d'Espagne, a pretty little girl fell down a few yards in advance of her, and hurt herself badly.

The child's cries were pitiful, yet Madame St. Ange did not go to her, as every kind-hearted woman would have done, and raise her from the ground; she had no words of sweet womanly compassion for her, but stepped aside so that even her dress should not touch the little one.

With a cry on her lips, the mother came rushing out of her house, and saved Madame St. Ange from being with raised hands, as though she neither saw nor heard the child.

"Who are you?" she cried, "that you treat my pretty child as though she were the dust under your feet?"

She had placed herself so completely before the mother's step forward, that she could not take another step forward. "Your child is nothing to me; let me pass," Madame St. Ange said haughtily; and the mother almost forgot the injured little one in her anger.

"Who are you?" she repeated, in a shrill angry voice, "who have a woman's shape and not a woman's heart?"

The dark face, lowered slightly now, flashed defiance at her. "A woman's heart!" she replied, with bitter scorn. "A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

The fierce words and fierce look so completely startled the woman that she stepped aside and picked up the injured child without saying another word; but all day long she could not forget what Madame St. Ange had said—"A woman's heart should always be made of stone! Mine is, thank Heaven!"

"Pain!" laughed Madame St. Ange to herself. She calls that pain—a broken limb, a wounded arm, a few bruises. Ah, Heaven, what do they know of pain! I would endure the most terrible physical suffering if it would but raise me from my living death."

After that, the people hated her; they had heard the story of how she had passed the injured child without even deigning to look at it.

So the years rolled on, and the old reputation of the Chateau Fleuris remained. During all that time Madame St. Ange had never made one call, had never admitted one visitor, had never, so the postman said, received one letter, had never been seen inside a church, had none apparently single thing that any benevolent Christian love should do. No man or woman ever asked her for charity, and in the whole of St. Remy there was not a living soul to whom she had shown the least kindness.

A large fair was held yearly at St. Remy, at which it was the custom for all the country-people to assemble. Madame St. Ange detested this fair, and denounced it in very vigorous language, forbidding any of her household to attend it. When, from the pealing of all the bells of St. Remy and the distant music of the bands, she found that the country-people were enjoying themselves, she would walk over to Hilaire-sur-Rhone, where no vulgar sounds of pleasure came; for Hilaire was essentially an aristocratic place, with pretty scenery. A great source of attraction was a mineral spring that had been discovered some years before, and a fine building had been erected in connection with it. There were baths, a large assembly-room—where dancing took place and grand balls were given—and, last but not least, there was a well-managed library, which was a boon to all the inhabitants. It consisted of two large rooms, one filled with well-selected books, the other furnished with reading-tables and easy-chairs. Here newspapers of all kinds, especially English, could be found. The Times, the Graphic, the Illustrated London News, and several of the society journals were among the number, probably because many of the villas were occupied by English people.

No creature in Hilaire troubled her or her head about the Chateau Fleuris. That such a place existed on the other side of the forest they all knew, but no one ever asked who lived there. The librarian could have given any one the address of Madame St. Ange, for he very often supplied her with boxes of books; but he knew nothing of her, he did not know her by sight; the surly Belgian transacted all the necessary business. Madame St. Ange went occasionally to Hilaire-sur-Rhone, paid the entrance fee to the library, and read the papers; the society journals especially she read with eager avidity, but generally laid them down with a deep-drawn sigh. So many visitors came and went that she attracted no attention; certainly she seldom entered the reading-rooms when any one was there; she chose purposely the early hours of the day and rainy days, when the English invalids seldom ventured out.

Yet she took up the Times; it was lying there in piles, every number for some weeks past. The first thing she saw was the advertisement alluding to herself. One hundred pounds reward was offered to any one who could give certain information as to Lola de Ferras' death; or, if it could be proved that she was still living, the amount would be doubled. The color of her face changed as she read.

"Living or dead—what can they want with me in either case?" she said to herself. "It is, it must be Dolores!" she cried.

Then she looked eagerly at the address—"Lord Fielden, or Mr. Shaw, Waterloo Road, London."

"What can it mean? What can have happened?" she asked herself. "What can Lord Fielden have to do with me? And who is Mr. Shaw?" She looked through the file of the Times and saw that every copy contained the same advertisement; then she examined the other English newspapers, and found to her surprise that there was a similar announcement in each. She put her hand to her head with a bewildered air. It's useless, it's useless, Dolores! she thought. And yet she knew that Lady Allammore had left England long years before.

The first idea that occurred to her was that some one who had known her in the olden days had died and left her some money.

"I do not want it," she murmured, "I will let the money in the world could not be the least use to me."

Yet, she reflected, it could hardly be that. "Living or dead." What could it mean? If Dolores had had anything to say to her she would have sought her long since. Perhaps she was dead. Dolores dead! Her face flushed hotly and her eyes gleamed fiercely.

"But the dead," she said to herself, "suffer no longer." She looked carefully through the list of "Deaths," but she did not find Dolores' name there.

"I must have learned it in some way had she died," she thought. Why was search being made for her after more than sixteen years had elapsed? Night came, but she could not sleep; the succeeding day brought no rest. Through the long wakeful hours the question haunted her, "Why do they want me?" The days grew into weeks, and her very life seemed to be in danger from the mere thought of the search that had happened. She would not write, she would never voluntarily let any of her old friends know where she was living. The only course therefore which remained for her was to go over to England and ascertain for herself what was the meaning of these mysterious advertisements.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mme. St. Ange decided rapidly, and she lost no time carrying out her plan. It was six years since she had left England, and one would have imagined there would be but little danger of her being recognized. Yet, when she stood before a glass that more than sixteen years before had reflected the superb beauty, it seemed to her that she was a little changed. It was true that the bloom of her youth was dimmed, and that sorrow had left its traces on her face and somewhat marred its loveliness. The light, too, of the dark eyes had grown feebler, and the lines round the lips were cold and cruel; indeed the whole expression was one of bitterness, defiance, pride, and sullen gloom. But nothing could rob her of her distinguished bearing, of the proud graceful carriage of the head, the beautiful curves of the neck, shoulders, and figure; and her magnificent hair had lost none of its dusky beauty. Those who had known her in her youth would know her now.

There was nothing for it but disguise. She could see that, although her proud heart revolted against it, she hated the very thought of going back to her old home, the place over which she had reigned as queen, in an assumed character.

"I shall have to sacrifice my beauty," she thought; "but that need not alarm me. It has not done much harm."

Having come to this decision, Madame St. Ange made the necessary purchases to effect a disguise; and when, after two hours' seclusion, she emerged from her room the transformation was complete. In her place stood a white-haired old woman, whose face was lined and pale. It had been no small sacrifice to her to cut off some of her luxuriant shining locks, but in no other way could she conceal her dark tresses beneath the white wig that she now wore.

She had been somewhat scared and bewildered at her own reflection in the glass. Of what use was beauty after all? There was no trace of it left with her white hair and eyebrows. The shape of the forehead was hidden by the low white front, the expression of her face totally altered by the pallid gray coloring with which lines were now it.

"I shall ever look like that, really, I wonder?" she said. "Shall I grow ugly, white and withered as I appear to be now? What will it matter? I have lived but for one object, and that object I have gained."

It was a bright, beautiful morning when Mme. St. Ange left the chateau. She would not look at the beautiful country through which she was passing—the vineyards, the hills crowned with myrtles, the laughing streams, the quaint old towns with gray church-towers. No beauty of land or sky should touch her heart. She hardened herself against it. What if the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, and the golden sunlight flashed upon green meadows and silver streams? It was all less than nothing to her, a woman whose heart was hardened.

Presently a sound roused her and sent the color in a hot flush to her face. It was the noise of the waves on the shore. She opened her eyes then, and in their depths there was a look of keen interest.

A few minutes later she was on board the "Queen of the Seas." An elderly lady, plainly dressed, she passed unnoticed. How vividly she remembered the time when, from the moment she had stepped on board until she had left the steamer, had been the one great attraction. All that was ended now. She had, as it were, been dead and buried all these long years.

The white cliffs rose before her at last. She alone knew why it was that she trembled and faltered when her feet touched English ground.

On landing she took a ticket to London, intending, after resting one night there, to go to Deeping on the morrow. Arrived in the metropolis, she went to an hotel that long years before Mme. de Ferras had made her home. It had changed since those days, and the proprietor had little time to spare for the elderly-dressed elderly woman who asked for a bedroom and wanted nothing more.

By the earliest train in the morning Mme. St. Ange went on to Deeping. There was no closing of the eyes now. She sat quite upright, watching the familiar scenes. She knew every field, every clump of trees; she saw in the distance the gray woods, the gray towers of Scarsdale, and the forest near Deeping Hurst. She stopped at the station, on the platform of which, with her kindly loving mother, she had been hundreds of times, always happy, triumphant, blithe and gay. Now she saw it all alone, unloved, the weeds of death and a life-long hate in her heart.

There was an omnibus waiting to take passengers to Deeping. The conductor looked at her as she entered. "Where to, ma'am?" he said, with a touch of his hat.

She remembered the name of only one place.

"The Rhysworth Arms Hotel," she answered; and her blood grew cold as she uttered the words.

At the Rhysworth Arms Hotel there were no names she recognized here. She wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom—she could not tell for how long. She was on her way to the North of England, but wanted a rest. She might remain two or three days, or a week—it was unimportant.

These who were unknown to Mme. St. Ange noticed her curious manner, her bewildered looks, her strange face and wild burning eyes. Still she seemed to have plenty of money, and that was the chief consideration.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTIVES ARE BARRED.

Immigrants with tuberculosis of the lungs hereafter will be debarred from all ports of the United States regardless of boards of special inquiry, which heretofore have used their discretion in the matter.

The order, issued by Superintendent of Immigration Powderly, is mandatory. The Board of Special Inquiry, at Ellis Island, after receiving the report on a case of tuberculosis from Dr. G. W. Stoner, chief of the medical division of the immigration service at New York, will merely have to debar the immigrant.

The Supervising Surgeon-General of the Marine Hospital Service, at Washington, has declared that "tuberculosis of the lungs is now considered a dangerous contagious disease."

A young gentleman the other day asked a young lady what she thought of the married state in general. Not knowing, I can't tell, was the reply; but if you and I were to put our heads together I could give you a definite answer.

He Owns a Million Sheep

A Visit to the Sheep King of Australia.

I had a chat the other day with the sheep king of Australia, the biggest sheep owner of this great sheep continent, says Frank G. Carpenter, from Sydney, Australia. Australia has more than 100,000,000 sheep and it cuts enough wool from their backs to bring in \$100,000,000 a year. It has some of the largest flocks of sheep ever gathered together. Job's cattle upon a thousand hills cannot compare with them. There are a hundred men in New South Wales alone who each own 50,000 head; there are hundreds more who have 20,000, four hundred who each have 10,000 and many who own flocks of a thousand and upward.

There are twenty-one men in this state who own 10,000 sheep, and McCaughey, the king of them all, has more than

ONE MILLION SHEEP.

All these sheep are owned by Samuel McCaughey, an Irishman, who came to Australia in 1856 with practically nothing. He failed at first and started again with a small flock, and from year to year has added to his holdings until he has now more sheep than any other man in the world. He has more acres of land than sheep, and his possessions are in the best parts of Australia. I am told that one of his farms on the Darling Downs is thirty-six miles long and forty miles wide. He has other stations in New South Wales, and altogether he owns more than a million acres and leases about a million or so more. His estates are fenced off with wire into great paddocks, in which the sheep are kept. He has sunk artesian wells to supply them with water, and he imports the finest of Vermont rams to improve his stock. At one shearing he sold a million and a quarter pounds of wool, and at another the product amounted to 12,000 bales. Some of his ordinary sheep have cut as much as twenty-two pounds of wool, and at a recent shearing twenty-five averaged over sixteen pounds. One of his rams, which took a premium at a recent sheep show, had a fleece upon it which, he told me, would cut forty-five pounds, and although he was offered \$5,000 for the sheep he refused it.

BIG PRICES FOR SHEEP.

It will surprise our farmers to know that it is not an uncommon thing in Australia for a blooded ram to sell for \$2,000 and upwards. There are sheep sales here every year at which the best stock is sold at auction, and a number of instances have occurred in which rams have sold for a thousand guineas, or more than \$5,000 each. I have before me the highest prices of the sheep sales during the past ten years. In 1900 eight sheep were sold from \$1,500 to \$5,000 each. In 1901 the highest price paid was \$3,500, but in 1896 the ram "President," owned by James Gibson, sold for \$8,000, while one of Mr. McCaughey's sheep brought \$2,500. In 1897 W. H. Gibson sold the ram "Royalist" for \$5,000, and in 1889 Thomas Gibson sold "Admiral" for 1,500 guineas, or \$7,500. At these sales hundreds of sheep sold from \$100 to \$1,000, and many sold for between \$1,000 and \$5,000. In 1896 Mr. Gibson got on the average \$830 for the sheep he brought to the sale, and in 1890 his average was \$1,680, while in 1889 he received on the average \$1,200. This will show you that it pays to breed fine sheep in Australia, and you get your share of the enormous value of Mr. McCaughey's holdings, many of the sheep being very fine.

In my chat with Mr. McCaughey he told me that he had been importing Vermont rams for almost twenty years. Said he:

"I went to Vermont first in 1886 and picked out 120 ewes and 40 rams. I sent them to Australia and used them for breeding. The following spring I went back and bought 102 more sheep, and since then I have bought quite a lot of Vermont stock. My pure Vermont sheep number about two thousand, and I have sold many during the last ten years."

"But is it not expensive to get the sheep here from Vermont?" I asked.

"Yes. My first importation, not including the cost of the sheep, footed up to \$45,000, but I think that the results have fully justified the expenditures. I value my Vermont flock at 50 guineas a head. I have sold some of them at 500 guineas or \$2,500. I sold a ram today for \$2,000, and I have sold ewes as high as \$750."

HOW A \$5,000 SHEEP LOOKS.

I wish I could show you some of the sheep exhibited at the Sydney sheep show. There were in all 700, representing every part of Australia. Four hundred of these were Merinos, being in the fine wool class, and 300 were fat sheep entered in the mutton class. The class for frozen mutton, which was the show was worth several hundred dollars, and some several thousand dollars. Among the latter was Mr. McCaughey's \$5,000 ram, which took first prize. It was a grand old fellow, with a bundle of wool on his back as big as a man's head at one end and a tail as big as a man's head at the other. The wool lay on it in folds and rolls, the skin apparently wrinkled and shaggy. Its ears were entirely hidden by the wool. The wool came out three inches over its eyes and there were small holes in it through which the eyes looked out. I stuck my finger into the fleece and could not touch the skin without putting my whole fist into it. The wool was down in great bunches on the belly and the legs were covered clear to the hoofs. On the outside the wool was of a dirty color, but when

I pulled it aside and looked in, it was of a rich creamy white. The strands of wool were spiral and springy and very fine.

The sheep owners, or squatters, as they are called, were all well-dressed and well-educated men. There were hundreds of them at the show. They looked more like a crowd of sharp business men than anything else, and at the dinner which was given they made speeches in response to toasts which were as good as you would hear anywhere. They were all landholders and many had farms which would be considered principalities in America, but which are looked upon as quite small here. For instance, I asked as to whether the vice-president of a large station. The reply was that he had not, and that his possessions all told comprised only about 65,000 acres of land. Another man was pointed out who owned 20,000 acres, and another who had half a million acres, all under fence.

IN THE WOOL WAREHOUSES.

Sydney is the chief wool market of Australia. It ships hundreds of millions of pounds of wool to Europe every year and it has some of the largest wool warehouses in the world. Let us take a walk through one of them. We are in a great room covering many acres. It is roofed with glass and upon its floors are thousands of bales of wool. Each bale is as high as your shoulder. It is wrapped in yellow bagging, but the top is open and the wool seems to have burst forth and to be pouring out upon the floor. It is marked from the station from where it comes. In other parts of the warehouse are mountains of wool which have been taken out of the bales, and in other places there is the repacking the wool for reshipment.

One of the curious features of Sydney is its wool sales. Everything is sold at auction. The sales take place in November, December and January, when buyers from England and the continent, and from the United States and Japan come here to bid. The buyers wear long overalls and linen coats while examining the wool. They go from bale to bale, taking notes of each man's stock, in order that they may know how much to offer for it in the auction rooms. As many as 10,000 bales are sometimes sold in a day, and single sales will foot up as much as three-quarters of a million dollars.

The prices of wool vary according to quality. The coarse wool will often bring only 13 or 14 cents, while the fine brings as much as 30 and 35 cents. There are certain brands of wool, known by the names of their owners, which always bring high prices. I have before me some of the prices of the wool sales of last year, showing that certain owners got as much as five cents a pound more than the ordinary market rates. There is also a difference in the price according to what part of the sheep the wool comes from. Every sheep is divided up into sections, and after the fleece is taken off the wool from the legs goes into one place, and that from the bellies into another, and so on, a dozen classifications being made from the same sheep.

Sydney has its wool exchange, where all the wool auctions are held. The exchange is situated near the wharves in a long narrow room, much like a long hall, with an auctioneer's desk like a pulpit in one end of it. The various wholesale dealers or commission merchants are allotted different days on which they may dispose of their stock, and the cable reports are received as to the prices in the great wool markets over the world, and the excitement rises and falls with the quotations. The commission merchants are only interested in getting as much as they can for their customers. The wool often brings more than it is worth. After the sale the commission man delivers it to the steamer packed ready for shipment.

COLLECTORS FOR WOOL MEN.

Here in Australia the government has a leg for wool students. A branch of the technical schools is devoted to night classes for sheep breeders and wool dealers. In these schools the students are taught the various breeds of sheep, their qualities are exhibited, and their qualities are graded and classified wool and hundreds of bales from the station are supplied to the school by the dealers for this purpose.

One of the wool students, a young man, wears an apron over his long trousers, while he goes through the bales picking out the good and bad wool and sorting it according to quality. He is taught how to shear sheep and how to scour wool. He is taken by the teachers into the wool stores and is given the best of practical instruction as to feeding, shipping and marketing.

There is a regular profession of wool sorters in Australia, and the man who knows all about wool and sheep can get a high salary as a manager or expert. Suppose a squatter has 100,000 sheep and can add one pound per sheep to his crop of wool, the difference is 100,000 pounds per annum, which means a fortune. It is so with the men owning smaller flocks, and hence the wool and sheep experts are sure of good wages.

Men from the woolen mills of England are brought out here for this purpose, and every effort is made to produce the highest priced wool.

L. D. STAMENO, WASHINGTON, D. C.

We Hauled Them In 60 PAIRS

Regular 75c.

OVERALLS.

You Can Haul Them Out on SATURDAY for

50c. A PAIR.

Dress up now.

P. S.—Look out for our Great Shirt *Sail* later on at

FRED. T. WARD'S,
YOUR TAILOR HATTER & FURNISHER.

= FOR GROCERIES = GO WHERE YOU GET

25 lbs. Brown Sugar for \$1.00. 2 bottles Pickles for 25c.
20 lbs. Redpath Granulated, \$1.00. 4 boxes Laundry Starch, 25c.
9 lbs. Oatmeal - 25c. Oranges and Lemons, 20c. doz.
3 lbs. Mixed Cakes, - 25c. Lard, pure - 12½c. lb.

Our 25c. JAPAN TEA, try it, you will always buy the same.
We are paying 20c. for Butter and 10c. doz. for Eggs.

DRY GOODS.

Flannelette Sheets, 75c. and 90c. pair. Prints, fast colors, 6c. yd.
Dress Sateens, 38 in. wide, very fine, 12½c. yd.
Mercerized Sateens, some remnants, to be cleared at 15c., regular 25c. yd.
A job lot of Dress Muslins, prices from 8c. to 15c. yard.
Ladies' Vests, 5c. to 25c. each. Children's Vests, half-sleeve, 6c. each.
Ladies, come here to buy light Tweed Skirts, from 20c. yd.
Men's Cotton Socks, 4 pairs for 25c. Men's Colored Shirts, 50c. each.
A job lot Ladies' Sailors must be cleared out at half-price.

C. F. STICKLE.

Seasonable Goods.

**Belt Buckles, Belting, Stick Pins,
Enamelled Brooches, Hair Ornaments.**

See our 25c. BELT BUCKLES, best value in town.
A few PULLEY BELTS left—yours at 25c. each.

W. H. CALDER,
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.

Visit the West.

The Harvest Excursions TO MANITOBA

are a great inducement. The crops are good and work should
be plentiful. Write or call on

S. BURROWS,

C. P. R. and General Ticket Agent, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

UNEQUAL EYES. OPPOSITION

Do you see equally well with both eyes? If not both may become defective. We frequently have persons consult us, who were ignorant of the fact that they had only been able to see with one eye to any advantage and the strain frequently causes trouble in this one also. We test one eye at a time and give different glasses for each when necessary. We have the most up-to-date outfit for testing and fitting eyes between Toronto and Montreal, and equal to any in those cities. Consultation free.

ALEX. RAY,
334 Front St., Belleville.

TREES! TREES!

—AT THE—
Belleville Nurseries

I wish to notify my patrons and all others wanting Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Hedge Plants, Roses, Evergreens, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Vines, etc., that I have a good stock of the best hardy varieties, guaranteed true to name, and there has never been any San Jose scale in my nursery. Stock is right, prices right. It will pay you to come and see stock and get prices at the Nursery, before placing your orders.

W. C. REID,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Hundreds have testified to the good Petty's Pills have done them.

Dr. Petty's Pills never fail to give relief, and they cure if given an honest trial.

Life of Trade

COME AND SEE THE
**NEW DRUG STORE
CRAIG BLOCK.**

Try DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
ENGLISH TEETHING SYRUP
for Children. Guaranteed to contain no opiates.

DR. HAMMOND HALL'S
Baby Laxative Tablets.

TAIT'S WORM CANDY.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

N.B.—This is quite independent of any other house in the village.

J. PARKER,
DRUGGIST.

Petty's Pills are small — mere mites — but one is a dose, and every dose counts. There are no blanks.

Success of a Former Stirling Boy.

For Some Years at the Head of a Leading Business College.

We have received a copy of the prospectus of the Union Business College of Quincy, Ill., of which institution our former townsman, L. B. McKenna, M. A., LL.D., is President. This College is now recognized as one of the leading commercial colleges of the United States. The following sketch of Mr. McKenna is from a book entitled "Representative Men and Homes," by David F. Wilcox, Postmaster of Quincy, Ill.: "Prof. McKenna, teacher and author, occupies a position peculiarly his own in the higher educational circles in Quincy. It is a position made honorable by twenty-five years of faithful, successful teaching; prominent by reason of the thousands of prosperous and successful business men and women whom he has graduated. Few educators in the country have so wide an acquaintance, his graduates being located in every state and territory and in countries beyond the seas. The influence of his teaching in starting young men and women in successful business careers cannot be measured. Prof. McKenna was born in Prince Edward County, Ontario, April 18, 1844. He attended the Grammar School at Stirling, Ontario, and afterwards the Illinois Normal University at Normal, and then graduated from the German and English College in this city in June, 1871, receiving the degree of Master of Arts from Johnson College, an outgrowth of the German and English College, in June, 1877. The degree of Doctor of Laws, was conferred on him by Chaddock College, in June, 1891. The text books which he has written include Practical Business Arithmetic, first published in 1889, since reprinted in several editions, and in general use in business colleges and high schools; Principles of Commercial Law, published in 1893, and used extensively in commercial colleges and normal schools; Manual for Business Letter Writing, a standard authority found everywhere on business men's desks, and used in normal schools; Ideal Arithmetic, now in use in Union Business College and sold extensively from Maine to California. His latest text book, Correct English and Its Essentials, is now in manuscript and will be published during the present year. In his long and notable experience he has graduated upwards of 12,000 students."

In a letter to the editor Mr. McKenna writes: "I never lose an opportunity of giving Canada and her educational institutions a good word. The Doctor L. B. Ashton mentioned on page twenty-six of the prospectus is a nephew of mine, and also of Mrs. Valentine Green of Sine. He is a graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, and a physician and surgeon of considerable practice here. Canadians in this city are not obliged to make apology for coming from the grand old Dominion of Canada. My sister, Mrs. Ashton, reads the NEWS-ARGUS every week with a great deal of pleasure. She lived with her son about ten years in Toronto before coming to this city. We have an old Scotchman, a resident of this city, who recently returned from Bowmanville and vicinity, where he had been visiting friends. He speaks very enthusiastically of the advancement of Canada in the last few years. He often tells me some very pleasant things of Stirling, Scotland, where he spent his boyhood days. Your Stirling was named by Edward Fidler, an old Scotchman. He was an uncle, if I remember rightly, of Edward Fidler Parker, a merchant of your town. The village being formerly called Rawdon Mills. The western states have suffered very much of late from protracted dry weather, and I am afraid that the crops will be somewhat injured."

Samuel N. Salisbury Dead.

A Prominent Farmer and Highly Respected Citizen of Huntingdon Passes Away.

Huntingdon has just lost one of its most valued citizens by the death of Samuel N. Salisbury. His demise occurred on Monday morning of last week, and was caused by a prolonged attack of pleuro-pneumonia. Mr. Salisbury at the time of his death was fifty-six years of age. His wife and a family of three sons and two daughters survive him. He was prominent in religious and political circles, being a well-known member of the Methodist church and of the Liberal party. He was also a member of the A.O.U.W., and took great interest in all affairs pertaining to education. The funeral services were conducted at his late residence, near Moira, by Rev. N. Harris, on Tuesday afternoon, and the interment afterwards took place in the cemetery near by. Notwithstanding the busy season of the year the funeral was about the largest ever seen in that locality, many having come from a distance to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed, and to show their sympathy for those who have been called upon to mourn for the loss of a dear friend, a kind father and an affectionate husband.—Com.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Twelfth at Springbrook.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

The 12th is past, and with it one of the grandest celebrations ever held in the county of Hastings. It was a red-letter day in the history of Springbrook, for in this little village were assembled Orangemen and their friends from all parts of the county for the double purpose of doing honor to the memory of William, Prince of Orange, and also of assisting the church of his faith, to which he devoted his life's work. As early as six o'clock teams loaded with provisions began to pour in, and by ten, when the excursion trains had arrived from north and south, the place was literally packed with a good-natured crowd.

At ten o'clock dinner was served, and from that until one o'clock the ladies of the Church of England parish were kept busy waiting on their guests.

At one o'clock, under the direction of Bro. H. Wallace, C.D., the different lodges were formed in procession in the following order:

No. Lodge.	No. in procession
Campbellford Band.	
T. B., No. 35, . . . Campbellford . . . 28	
" " 75, . . . Ivanhoe . . . 30	
Marmora Band.	
L.O.L. No. 319, Marmora . . . 24	
" " 300, W. Huntingdon . . . 42	
" " 251, Halloway . . . 34	
" " 425, White Lake . . . 30	
" " 435, Ivanhoe . . . 28	
" " 509, Harold . . . 62	
" " 110, Stirling . . . 56	
" " 1389, St. Ola . . . 38	
" " 1388, Stanwood . . . 26	
" " 1255, Blairton . . . 28	
" " 172, Wellman's Cor's . . . 44	
" " 442, Springbrook . . . 52	
" " 1094, Coe Hill . . . 48	
" " 102, Ormsby . . . 32	
" " 3, Foxboro . . . 34	
" " 36, Campbellford . . . 30	
" " 526, " . . . 28	
Frankford Band	
" " 240, Frankford . . . 50	

In all there were twenty lodges and 744 members in procession. It is no idle boast to say that no other order in existence could form a finer procession than this, as seen by the writer that day.

After marching to the grove, Bro. T. H. McKee, Stirling, C.M., called the vast assemblage of over 3000 people to order, and the following gentlemen delivered addresses: Rev. Mr. Saunders, St. Ola; Bro. J. H. Hewitt, P. C. M., Toronto; Bro. W. J. Allen, M.P.P., Madoc; Bro. J. E. Halliwell, B.A., Stirling; and Rev. Dr. Nimmo. It is simply beyond the ability of your correspondent to depict the scene as presented in the grove. I have read sketches of events so vividly descriptive of the scenes enacted that one could almost imagine himself a spectator, but as I watched that sea of faces turned to the speaker's stand I could not help wondering if the speakers chosen to address the Brethren were men so imbued with the principles of the order as to show it in its true light, or were they there simply for the honor it conferred on themselves of addressing such a vast and intelligent audience as was assembled before them.

All doubt on that score was soon set at rest, each speaker in turn proving himself a true Orangeman at heart, by presenting to the people in his own way the grand truths which the Orange Order seeks to propagate.

It has been more than whispered that the Order has been used for political purposes. I dispute the assertion. It is non-political, non-sectarian as regards Protestant churches, defensive, but not aggressive. The sole aim of the Orange Order to-day is to assist in spreading the Protestant faith and in maintaining the integrity of the British Empire. This last clause in itself is a guarantee that the Order does not seek to coerce any individual to a certain faith, as in no other country to-day is there such liberty of conscience as is found in the British Empire. Whether it be Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew, Buddhist, Brahmin, or Hindu, worshipping in the churches of Canada or the kiosks of India, all are assured of liberty and protection.

That this has not always been so we know full well, and that is why we cling to a Society whose aim it is to maintain an Empire governed by a Sovereign liberal-minded enough to allow all creeds to worship in their own way, and powerful enough to protect the same. Such in brief is a sketch of the ideas representing the Order as explained by the different speakers. Dr. Nimmo, in a few well chosen words, thanked the audience for the splendid assistance they had given the parish, and we all trust the Rev. Dr. may long be among us, as he is a genial, whole-souled man, and a true Christian.

The gathering broke up about five o'clock, in order for visitors to catch the trains, and the strains of "God save the King" from all the bands, brought to an end one of the most successful celebrations ever held in this vicinity. The proceeds of the day were \$1,200. The expenses will be large, as no expense was spared to give the visitors a right royal welcome; but the net proceeds will be about \$800.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your space, I remain, yours, etc.,

HAROLD.

Burglars visited the post-office at Norham and secured \$80, and robbed the residence of N. Fice at Warkworth.

Breeze Bringers.

WOMEN'S WARM WEATHER WANTS AT THIN PRICES.

28 inch Sateen Prints, Blues and Blacks, at 10c.
28 " Bicycle Tweed Suitings at - - 10c.
28 " Fancy Piques at - - 10c.
39 " Victoria Lawn, good quality, for 10c.
30 " Indigo Dress Ducks, stripes and spots, the third shipment just to hand—great sellers at 10c.

THE PRUNING KNIFE

has been used unsparingly on the prices of all Summer Skirts and Blouses. The new prices will effect a speedy clearance.

Blouses for 25c. were 50c.
" " 50c. " 75c.
" " 75c. " \$1.00.
Skirts for 75c. were 1.00.
" " \$1.50 " 2.00.
" " 3.25 " 4.50.

CLUTE & MATHER.

Hot Shoe Bargains.

Now for a Drop in Prices. Shoes are cheaper this month at our store. July is our regular month for clearing out our surplus Summer Footwear. The earlier you come the better choice you get. We will just mention a few:—

Ladies' \$2.10 Shoes, sizes 3 to 6, for	\$1.50
" " " " " " " " " "	\$1.40
" " " " " " " " " "	\$1.25
" " " " " " " " " "	\$1.10
" " " " " " " " " "	.80
" " " " " " " " " "	.50
Fine Chocolate \$2.25 Shoes, sizes 3 to 4, for	\$1.50
The same Discounts on Ladies' Strap Shoes.	
Men's Lacrosse Shoes	.50

We have just mentioned a few lines. Remember you can save from 20 to 25 per cent. by buying your shoes here. We will do just as we advertise.

Come to us for your SHOE DRESSING. BLACK CAT and IDEAL are all right.

BROWN & McCUTCHEON,
RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Having returned from Rochester, intending to make Stirling my home, and assumed the business of my father, J. V. Hough, at the old stand, I would respectfully ask from my father's old customers a continuance of the liberal patronage extended to him, and from all others who may give me a call.

For SALE—Two new first class home-made Top Buggies, and two new Lumber Wagons, which will be sold very cheap. Give me a call.

J. W. HOUGH.

Civic Holiday.

By virtue of my office as Reeve of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, I hereby proclaim Thursday, the 1st day of August, A.D. 1901, a Civic Holiday in the Village of Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER, Reeve.

Spring Brook Bakery.

One door north of the Church. Fresh Bread, Buns, Cakes and Confectionery. Lemons and Oranges all ways on hand. Ice Cream Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

N. MASON, BAKER.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, will be received until Thursday, the 1st day of August, 1901, for the rebuilding of the Roman Catholic Church at Frankford, Ont.

Plans and specifications of the work may be seen at my residence, Frankford. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

JNO. MACCARTHY, Pastor.

Frankford, 8th July, 1901.

AUCTION SALE.

The Farm of the late W. J. Kingston, consisting of the West Half of Lot No. 1 and the East Half of Lot No. 2 in the 4th Concession of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on

Wednesday, the 7th day of August, 1901, at one o'clock, p.m. on the premises. There will also be a quantity of Furniture and Chattels sold at the same time and place.

G. A. KINGSTON, } Executors.
JENNIE E. BLAIR, }
J. EARL HALLIWELL, }
Wm. RODGERS, Auctioneer.
Dated the 5th day of July, A.D. 1901.

JAMES COULTS.

Lot No. 14, Con. 4, Rawdon, Sine P.O.

Does your head ache? Take a Petty.

Does your back ache? Take a Petty.

Does your side ache? Take a Petty.

And do not take any other.

August 5th.

On complying with conditions of certificates which will be given purchasers of one-way \$10 tickets, passengers will be returned to starting point by same route on or before Nov. 10th, 1901, on payment of \$18.

TICKETS ARE SECOND CLASS.

Apply for pamphlet giving full particulars to your nearest Agent or to

A. H. NOTMAN.

Assistant General Passenger Agent, 1 King St. East Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

20,000 In Manitoba and
Harvesters Wanted Canadian North-West

FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS

Will Be Run —To— For

From Stations in Ontario East of Toronto to

Shant Lake and Kingston and Midland Division North of Toronto and Cardwell.

WINNIPEG And all stations Northwest, West and Southwest to

YORKTON, MOOSEJAW, ESTEVAN

August 5th.

Apply for pamphlet giving full particulars to your nearest Agent or to

The largest opal in the world weighs 17 oz., worth \$300,000 and belongs to the Emperor of Austria.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901.

Heat and Drought.

The greater part of the Mississippi valley has been suffering from heat and drought for many weeks past. The States of Missouri and Kansas have suffered most, and in some sections no rain has fallen since April. The crops of wheat and other grains are a complete failure, while the corn crop will be very light. For several weeks the heat has been excessive, and in many places on Sunday last temperatures of over 100° in the shade, and even up to 113° were registered. A great many deaths from heat prostration have taken place.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on Wednesday 695 boxes of cheese were boarded, as follows:—

1 Bell	40
3 Central	100
4 Enterprise	100
5 Evergreen	60
6 Harold	50
7 Kingston	100
8 Maple Leaf	50
11 River Side	50
12 Shamrock	50
15 Stirling	50
17 Glen	50

Buyers present—Bird, Bailey, Cook, Kerr, Rollins, Russell, Souve and Whitton.

Sales—Bird got 8, 7, 9, 17 at 9½c. Bailey, 15 at 9-10c. Rollins, 1 at 9-10c. Whitton, 1 at 9-10c. Board adjourned till 4 o'clock p.m. on Wednesday next.

Harold News.

Urbane Heath has nearly completed a barn and stables which will not be surpassed in this township.

Dr. Wales, assisted by Dr. Sprague, on the 18th inst. performed a surgical operation on Mr. Jas. Knox, with the best results.

Foxboro Notes.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Vanallen started for Buffalo on Wednesday. They intend visiting the Pan-American before returning home.

Miss L. Potter, of Frankford, is visiting friends in our village.

Mrs. Russell Pitman is seriously ill of heart trouble. The public will be interested in knowing that the Willing Workers are prepared to furnish ice cream to all who wish for it, on the lawn of the church, during the coming summer, every Saturday evening. Over 150 enjoyed a social hour last Saturday evening.

Anson News.

From Our Correspondent.

Mrs. Jeffrey and children, of Belleville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. S. Chard.

Master Beecher and Miss Hazel, McMillen are spending their holidays with their uncle, Mr. L. J. Burke, of Fuller.

Miss Emma Hagerman who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. Jeffs, of Havelock, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Mrs. W. Kincaid, of Ottawa, returned to their home last week, after spending a few weeks at Mrs. N. McConnell's.

Miss Minnie Wilson, of Canifiton, is the guest of Miss Grace Weaver.

Miss Lillie Rodgers is spending a few days at her sister's, Mrs. W. Kincaid.

Master Egbert Eggleston met with a serious accident last week. He was caught in the hay slings and sprained his arm. We are glad to see he is around again.

Absent Treatment.

The Woman Had Faith In It and Was Cured.

"My wife solemnly affirms that she will get a divorce if I say anything about it," said Jones with a smile. "But it is too good to keep, so here goes. Mrs. Jones had been ailing for some time, and, falling into the hands of one of the neighbors who is a faith curist, she became imbued with that peculiar belief. I laughed at her, but she remained firm and said she was convinced that she could be cured only through faith. As her illness was nothing serious I said nothing more, congratulating myself that I was ahead of what a doctor would have charged her. "It ran along for some time while my wife continued to gain, and at last she announced that she was fully cured. "Now, then, John Henry," said she, "I never again wish to hear you say anything about mind cure being all imaginable. I am sure that I would have been a dead woman if I had not taken the treatment that I did. And to think he never set eyes on me!" "He never what?" I gasped. "Set eyes on me! I took the absent treatment. I sent Professor Fake \$5 to treat me by his famous absent treatment."

"Do you mean to say," said I, "that you sent a fake \$5 to treat you?" "That's just what I did! And to think the most wonderful thing about it was that I was aware the moment that he received my letter and opened it, although he was a thousand miles from me! Why, I commenced gaining right from that moment! It is simply wonderful! You can't deny that I am a well woman, and all through the wonderful absent treatment that I received." "I should have said something right then and there had I not heard the postman's whistle and gone to the door to get my mail. There was a letter for my wife from the dead letter office, and when she opened it out dropped her letter to Professor Fake. She had his directed it, and he had never received it. She says—but on second thought I hadn't better tell you what she says."

Some Hints and Helps.

A teaspoonful of turpentine put into the tub in which clothes are soaking, will greatly aid in making them brilliantly white, and will be a great help when clothes have become very yellow for want of use.

If people would only remember that every pot, pan, or any utensil that has been used for cooking should be washed immediately, while it is hot, what a lot of unnecessary labor and time would be saved.

An easy way to clean a white straw hat that has become discolored, is to rub it over with half a lemon dipped in flour of sulphur, and then leave it to dry in a shaded place.

A tumbler of cold water (not iced) is an excellent thing before breakfast in the morning. It washes out the stomach, prepares it for the food, and tends to regulate the bowels.

A small bag of charcoal hung in impure water will purify it, and it is well to keep such a bag in the cistern; water filtered through charcoal may also be rendered perfectly pure.

A teaspoonful of vinegar boiling on the stove will counteract the smell of strong food; a teaspoonful of ground cloves on a few hot coals will produce the same result.

To clean the silver spoons and forks in everyday use, rub them with a damp cloth dipped in baking soda, then polish with a little piece of chamois skin.

Salt and vinegar will be found the best for scouring the copper preserving-kettle; a lemon cut in half and dipped in salt will remove all stains.

It is never extravagant to buy good, expensive table linen, as every dollar added to the cost adds to the length of time it will give service.

You can make your kitchen a model of cleanliness and beauty if you adopt up-to-date methods in its arrangements.

A little finely-grated horseradish added to milk will keep it fresh for several days.

Filth, anywhere, may become the resting-place for germs which threaten life. The skin and clothing ought to be as nearly antiseptic as possible.

Chew your food thoroughly and leisurely; it is not wasted time. Bolting the food is one of the most common causes of indigestion.

The secret of household economy lies in giving careful supervision to all household supplies, and in the judicious use of the left-overs.

There is no doubt that an action takes place when coffee is cooked and stands in a metal receptacle, which detracts from its fine flavor.

Irons should not be allowed to become red-hot, as it makes them rough, and they do not retain the heat so well afterwards.

Try wrapping a baked potato in a napkin as soon as it is done, and press slightly until it bursts, and it will be sure to be mealy.

The baby should sleep on a hair mattress, not a feather bed, at any season, and a hair pillow should also be used.

Silver can be kept clean without a weekly cleaning, if carefully washed with hot soapsuds each time it is used.

If the oven should be too hot at any time, place a pan of water in it, and the heat will be lessened.

Sweet oil, with a little vinegar added will restore the lustre to the leather backs and seats of chairs.

It is far more difficult to guard the health of small children in the summer than in the winter.

Boiled starch is improved by the adding of a little sperm salt or gum arabic dissolved.

A lump of camphor placed in the silver drawer will prevent the silver from rusting.

The best way to keep lemons fresh is to pack them in moist sand.

To remove blood stains use cold water first, then soap and water.

Lampwicks should be pinched and rubbed smooth, not cut.

Out of the Shadow.

The discouragement, the despair of ill-health, out into the noon-day glory of health, vigor and strength. Are you seeking this way? Are you wishing to replace weakness by strength, despondency by hope and expectation, pale cheeks and listless eyes, by the roses bloom and sparkling eyes. If you but use Ferrozene, you will make rich, red blood, your nerves will grow strong. Old time vigor will return and with it endurance that will enable you to live an active, energetic and successful life. Remember the name, Ferrozene. Sold by C. E. Parker.

Sine Happenings.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Isa Breakell of Queensboro, is renewing old acquaintances in this neighborhood.

Quite a few are contemplating a trip to Manitoba this harvest.

Mr. Leslie Fox, who has been engaged with Gilmour and Co., returned home last week.

Miss Ethel Badgley of Sidney, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Mat Sine.

The Grand Lodge of the Orange order in British America opened its sessions in Toronto on Tuesday.

A London paper estimates that \$100,000 a year is necessary now to live in society, whereas fifty years ago a man with half that amount could get along nicely.

PARAFFINE WAX

Don't tie the top of your jelly and preserve jars in the old fashioned way. Seal them by the new, quick, absolutely sure way—by a thin coating of refined Paraffine Wax. Has no taste or odor. Is at once tight and self-proof. Easily applied. Useful in a dozen other ways about the house. Full directions with each pound can. Sold everywhere. Made by IMPERIAL OIL CO.

Reports received by the Department of Agriculture show that anthrax has broken out at three points in eastern Ontario among the cattle and horses.

Missionaries representing the Church of England, Baptist, Episcopal, and Methodist, will visit the United States to preach opposition to pomp in funeral ceremonies.

The Minister of Education has granted \$1,100 out of the Poor School Fund to the poor schools of North Hastings for 1901. The amount granted by the County Council for the same purpose was \$858.

It is proposed to have ten thousand volunteers reviewed by the Duke of Cornwall and York during his visit to Toronto in October next. There is difficulty in finding suitable ground for the purpose.

About midnight of Monday day destroyed the model cheese factory situated five miles west of Campbellford, and owned by C. Aggett; 120 cheese were also burned; insurance, \$800 on cheese, and \$850 on building and contents.

Here are evidences of advancement: The Legislature of Wisconsin has lately passed a very stringent law against the docking of horses' tails; and the Legislature of Florida has passed a stringent law for the protection of birds. In the State of Wyoming, the Legislature passed a law requiring every teacher in the public schools to spend ten minutes of each week in the instruction of pupils for the humane treatment of animals.

The grand aggregate trade of the Dominion for the fiscal year 1901, ending June 30, last, will be \$394,000,000, which is over twelve million dollars in excess of last year; by far the largest in the history of the country. The grand aggregate of trade for 1900 was \$381,517,236. On the basis of imports entered for consumption and Canadian produce exported the total trade last year was \$358,864,581 as compared with \$345,985,174 for the previous year.

A pre-historic city of immense proportions is said to have just been unearthed on the Navajo Indian reservation, between Durango, Col., and Farmington, N.M., the particulars of the find having been reported to the land department of the Santa Fe system in this city. A palace has been found containing, it is said, about 1,000 separate apartments; some of them in an excellent state of preservation. Another stone castle contained 100 separate apartments. In some of the rooms inspected were found the finest of wood and other relics of a valuable character, specimens of which have been gathered and sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

A Knock Out for Asthma.

You have had many disappointments, filled your stomach with nasty drugs, tried lots of things, but they all failed. Not being a stomach complaint, of course Asthma can't be cured by stomach medicine. But Catarrhazone cures Asthma. It gives you a tired feeling in about fifteen minutes. Inhale Catarrhazone; it makes breathing easy, cures the cough, makes you well. Doctors say there is nothing like Catarrhazone for Asthma. 25c. and \$1.

The Way the Boy Put It.

Different sermons may be preached from the same text, and there may be more or less of truth in each. Mr. Morse, "Here is an account," said Mr. Morse, pointing to a paragraph in the evening paper, "of the way in which a boy was saved from drowning by a mastiff which belonged to his cousin. The boy ventured too near the edge of a treacherous bank, lost his footing and fell into the lake. The dog dashed in after him and succeeded in pulling him out." "There," said Mrs. Morse, turning an accusing glance upon her 10-year-old son, "that shows how dangerous it is for a boy to go too near the water!" "Why, mother," said the boy in sorrowful astonishment, "I thought father read it because it showed how perfectly safe I'd be wherever I went if you'd only let him buy me a big dog!" Mr. Morse coughed and became discreetly absorbed in the quotations of mining stories.

Too Much.

"You say you think your boy has too great an appetite?" said the physician to an anxious mother. "Do you realize how much a growing boy can eat?" "I should think I ought to if anybody does," returned the boy's parent. "I'll just put the case to you, doctor. "Where we were, up in the mountains, the waitress would come in and say to my boy, 'We have fried fish, steak, liver and bacon, baked and fried potatoes, rye biscuit, muffins and dry toast.' "And that boy Ned would say, 'I'll take all, please—and some eggs.'—Exchange.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and pucker—crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. A way back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grandmother.

Awful Affliction.

Junior Partner—I received a note from our bookkeeper this morning saying that he couldn't be able to come to work for several days.

Senior Partner—What's the matter with the man?

Junior Partner—His wife has been cutting his hair.

The Case.

"Gentlemen of the jury," cried the counsel for the defendant, "if there ever was a case which in any case must be carefully compared with other cases this case is that case."

"Which case?" asked the puzzled judge.

Domestic Economy.

Madam—Poor Fido, he was such a nice dog! I am so sorry he died.

Bridget—So am I, mom.

The plate he saved me washing—Baltimore World.

RITCHIE'S Annual Remnant Sale.

Our Summer Sale of Remnants of last season's stock is now on in every department. Hundreds of ends of PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, SHIRTINGS, LINENS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, etc., are being offered at greatly reduced prices.

We specify a few of the many bargains:—

TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF-PRICE. All of our handsome Colored Trimmed Millinery reduced HALF-PRICE.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

25 per cent. off all Mantles and Costumes. 75c. Colored Blouses for 49c.

1700 yds. Fancy Dress Muslins.

A late shipment of Muslins. We bought them at far below their actual value. This is just the season a Muslin Dress is most appreciated.

SPECIAL OFFER.—10 yd. Dress Length for \$1.25. This is one of our many Special Bargains in the Wash Goods Department.

Mail Orders receive our special attention.

This store will be closed Wednesday afternoons during July and August.

Telephone No. 164.

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Bob McCready.

Above is a splendid portrait of Bob McCready, one of the best football players in Canada. He is a member of the Ottawa University team, and has been in all of its championship matches. He is a splendid specimen of robust Canadian manhood, but, as he is, he has known what it is to suffer from dyspepsia. So seriously afflicted was he at the opening of the past (1899) season, that he was not able to go out with his team. Pains in the back and sides, intermittent headache, and the awful pangs he suffered after eating, the result of an impaired digestion, warned him that he was in no condition to play football, the hardest of all games. Besides, he lacked the energy to carry him through a campaign. He consulted his physician, but that gentleman gave him no relief. "At this stage," he wrote, "I was advised to try Dr. Petty's Pills, the new remedy that one of my friends assured me was wonderful in its effects. I was skeptical, but he sounded their praises so persistently that I was at length induced to try them. The very first dose drove the pain away, and at the end of a week I rejoined my team, and I have come through one of our hardest seasons in the best form that I have ever been in. Dr. Petty's Pills are alone to thank for my fine condition. They are the best medicine I have ever taken. They make one so strong and so full of energy. I, for one, shall never take any others when I feel in need of a strengthening." Such is the recommendation of this well-known athlete, and such will be the experience of everyone who tries this wonderful remedy. If your druggist does not supply you, write to us, enclosing price 50 cents a bottle, six bottles for \$2.50. Address The Dr. Petty Medicine Co., Ottawa, Canada.

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Farmers, Attention!

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Farmers and breeders do well to see this horse, as he has never been defeated in the prize ring, and his stock are also noted prize winners.

For further particulars and terms see bills.

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Thousands of ladies swear by them.

We are spending thousands to make Petty's Pills known. Our money proves our faith. A trial will secure yours.

If you are a dyspeptic, take Petty's. If your back aches, take Petty's.

If your head aches, take Petty's. If you are nervous, take Petty's.

If you are weak, take Petty's. Petty's Pills make the sick well.

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THE CYNIC.
In every married couple one has the other bluffed.
What the world really needs is an elevator commandment—thou shalt not gossip.

When a man and woman begin to tell each other the truth, their love affair is coming to an end.
When a man sees a sign on a door reading, "Keep out—this means you," he thinks it refers to other people who are bores.

While you are wondering why your neighbor doesn't get along better on his income, he is wondering what you do with your money.
Death is a great wit. In going around making his selections he takes care not to disturb those who are a heavy burden on the backs of others.

BRAKES AND COUPLINGS.
The city of Pittsburgh has assumed control of three of its street car lines and expects soon to take possession of the remaining lines, when it is intended to advertise for proposals to convert them to the electrical system.

The Lancet pronounces the present underground steam trains in London "extremely dirty." All attempts at ventilation have failed, and the proposed substitution of electric traction seems the only remedy.

The Prussian minister for railways has expressed his great surprise at the restricted employment of women in the railway service, especially as booking clerks, for the sale of tickets, etc., and has ordered that they are to be engaged more extensively.

Curious Vienna Law.
They have curious laws in Vienna and enforce them too. Recently Marie Friedl and Felix Kopstein, aged 15 and 13 years respectively, were walking along a street in the Austrian capital when they came across an old woman staggering along under the weight of a heavy package. Moved by pity, they offered to carry it for the old woman, a proposition to which she readily acceded. The kind-hearted children had not gone far before they were arrested by a policeman for carrying parcels without a license. The children were taken to a police station, where the officer in charge lectured them upon the enormity of their offense. They were kept under arrest for six hours and then released with a warning.

It seems that there is a corps of "messengers" in Vienna to which a municipal statute grants the exclusive right of "carrying" inside the city. The boy and girl had violated the law by carrying the old woman's burden, and under such an interpretation of the statute a man who carries a package for a woman with whom he is walking may be "run in" by the first policeman who sees him.

Ask your druggist for Petty's Pills. If he hasn't got them write us, enclosing the price, 50 cents, and we will supply you.

As an all-around family remedy, one that always should be in the house for an emergency, Dr. Petty's Pills discount anything in the market. They are so small a child can take them with ease; yet one's a dose.

OUR FATHER CARETH.

The arrow falls, a brief life quickly ended.
Some wanton hand has blotted out the sun.
The throbbing pulse of life for aye suspended.
Unheeded and unmourned, except by One,
"Our Father careth" for a sparrow falling.
His eye hath marked the dying angel,
Which rent the veil of life in threes appealing.
And choked for ever its sweet symphony.

Poor fluttering heart! at rest, at rest for ever.
Life's stifled fever ended soon for thee,
So speedily for thee its cords must sever:
Was it to set thy timeliness at liberty?
We know not, little bird. Thy Maker knoweth:
We only understand he loves and cares;
His brooding spirit like the wild bird's,
Interpreting all dumb, beseeching prayers.

If He so care for these weak, tiny creatures,
O, soul distressed! dost he not care for thee?
Can He not read in all thy anguished features
Thy mute appeal against the things that be?
"Our Father careth," ceases thy vain repinings;
All that thou needest He will send to thee—
Mercy and love through all the interwavings
Of the mysterious working out of His decree.

—Mary E. Kendrew.
EARLY DAYS OF TELEPHONES.
Prof. A. Graham Bell Tells About Putting in His First at Brantford.

The following is from the pen of Prof. A. Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone:
It is exactly 26 years since I put up my first telephone.

At that time I was visiting at my father's house in Brantford, a small town in Ontario, Canada. We obtained the permission of the Canadian Government to use a telegraph line four miles long that extended from Brantford to a neighboring village.

We put up our apparatus in a friend's house, kindly loaned for the purpose, and as it was over half a mile from the telegraph line, we were obliged to lengthen the wire.

No additional telegraph wire was available, so what do you think we used? You would never guess. We could find nothing in the hardware stores but stovepipe wire, and we had to buy up all the stovepipe wire in Brantford to make our line long enough.

We did not trouble to put up posts, but tacked the wire to the fence. The communication that took place over this first telephone wire was not a conversation, but a monologue, as we had the transmitter only at one end, and the receiver at the other.

In this way the first message was sent over the telephone, and I have been told that Brantford calls itself the "Telephone City" ever since. That was in 1875.

A short time afterwards Mr. Chas. Williams of Boston strung a telephone wire from his office in Boston to his house in Cambridgeport, a distance of two miles. This was the first telephone wire to be permanently erected.

Since these small beginnings, what amazing progress has been made! The next step in the improvement of the telephone will be wireless telephony. This is not an inventor's dream. It has already been done across short distances.

In the immediate future it will be made practical for social and commercial purposes.

Elements of National Strength.
There are two products of the earth upon which, to an extent that is almost startling, under modern conditions, the fortunes of nations turn. These are coal and iron. Coal turns the wheels of industry and commerce, and furnishes the motive force of the great naval engines of modern warfare. Iron is its various parts enter into every material form of life. To cut off the supply of these would paralyze the world until science had found substitutes for them. The possession of them in large quantities and power to make them available constitute important elements of national strength.

Echoes From Australia.
Victoria, Australia, has 1,051,246 acres of gold-bearing land.

Western Australia's coast line in many parts abounds with turtles.

Western Australia is the only colony under the commonwealth that does not pay its members of the legislative assembly.

Western Australia's aborigines, notwithstanding many years of missionary work, are, with the exception of 51, returned as pagans.

The value of house property in London is put at £153 per inhabitant. This is a record for European capitals, but is beaten by Sydney, Australia, with £245 per head.

Lieut.-Col. Drury.
Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, C.B., went to South Africa in command of the Canadian Artillery, under Lieut.-Col. Lessard. He was born July 18, 1856, in New Brunswick, entered the New Brunswick Garrison Artillery in 1874, and joined "A" Battery, Lieutenants in 1877. He gained his majority in May, 1889, after having seen service in the Northwest Rebellion, and secured his brevet Lieutenant-colonelcy in 1892. He was appointed commander of the Royal School of Artillery, at Kingston, in 1893.

Bees Swarmed on Him.
Mr. Neesam, a Thirsk hawdresser, has had a remarkable experience, which proves him to have a wonderful presence of mind. While crossing the street he saw a swarm of bees. The queen settled on him, and her subjects followed suit. He stood calm and still, and was soon covered with the creatures. An expert apiarist was fetched, and he transferred the queen into a hive, where she was followed by the rest. The disgraced Mr. Neesam went his way unharmed.

Longfellow's Tribute to Burns.
I see amid the fields of Ayr,
A plowman, who is fond and fair,
Sings at his desk
So clear, we know not if it is
The living tongue I hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

WHERE WOMEN SHIRK.

Mon. David Mills, Canadian Minister of Justice, on Modern Characteristics of the New England Women.

Some statements regarding the livelihood of the New England people, with particular reference to an apparent wrong on the part of the women, are made in a letter to a friend by David Mills, Minister of Justice, as a result of his observations while going to Boston to take passage for England. In part he says:

"I saw some sections covered with forest. I am sure must have been cleared land a century ago, so that I feel sure that there is far less land in New England cultivated now than there was fifty years ago. I noticed that the towns were through had very neat-looking dwelling houses. They were all kept well painted and all looked new. The people are living mostly by some kind of handicraft of a mechanical kind. But the people don't like farming; they take no interest in it, and derive no enjoyment from it. The New England people are upon the soil, but are not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigner who has taken up residence among them, there would be neither children born nor lives cultivated. If left to themselves, the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers will be as rare as a great auk, and the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo. This must be a very serious problem for the United States statesman. Stop the foreign immigration, and the United States would not increase the population, and after a few years the numbers would begin to diminish. This is obviously something very wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families. The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and so thinks much more of her own pleasures than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

FIT FOR FRUIT GROWING.
Prof. Macoun's Prophecy Regarding the Province of Ontario.

"When I stated many years ago that the Northwest was suitable for the producing of grain, many people, and some prominent ones, too, poolpoohed the statement. It is the same thing to-day when I say that all the area from Niagara to Cape Herd is suitable for fruit growing," said Prof. Macoun, chief of the botanical branch of the Geological Survey.

Macoun was in Toronto, on his way to that district, in order to make a philosophical statement of the climatic conditions of the country along Lakes Erie and Ontario, chiefly with reference to fruit growing, when he made that statement.

"The forest growth of a country," he said, "is the chief basis of calculation as to what the country is best adapted to produce. It is a far surer and more reliable way than by topographic or climatic data. I am convinced from what I already know of the products of the lake shores, and from what I will learn on my journey, that I will be able to issue a report stating confidently that the country in question is favorable for fruit growing. It is just on the same basis that I calculated the usefulness of the Northwest for wheat growing."

Prof. Macoun is glad to see an increased interest in forestry everywhere. In Ottawa a party of men have applied to the Government of Quebec for a large tract of land upon which it is intended to re-forest with a variety of woods. Hard wood would be a valuable product in a short time, and it would not be very long before good spruce was in sharp demand. Manufacturers of paper today say that they put genuine spruce into their pulp, but he would state positively that the pulp was nothing more nor less than a soup de bouillon from the different woods of the forest.

Our New Postage Stamps.
The issue of a new set of postage stamps to replace those which bear the head of Queen Victoria, the Queen Victoria, will shortly engage the attention of the postal department. The government of the United Kingdom will probably get out its new issue before any steps are taken by the colonies, but there, as here, there is probably a large quantity of stamps on hand, which it is well to use up before the new dies are prepared. There is no precedent to go by in the matter, as at the accession of Queen Victoria there was no such thing as postage stamps, as we understand the term, in use. There are about fifteen stamps in use in Canada, on which the head of Queen Victoria appears. When the new issue is being prepared it is practically certain that the present eight-cent stamp, which was designed principally for use in registering letters, will be replaced by one of seven cents to correspond with the rate for registered letters since the reduction to two cents of the letter rate.

Colonel Otter's Career.
Colonel William Dillon Otter, C.B., was born near Clinton, Ont., December 3, 1843, and joined the militia in 1861. He served through the Fenian Raid of 1866, including the battle of Ridgeway; went to England as second in command of the Wilmshurst team in 1873; succeeded to the command of the Queen's Own Rifles in 1874; was commandant of the Wilmshurst team in 1883; was made commandant of the School of Infantry, Toronto, December, 1883; commanded the Battleford column during the Northwest Rebellion of 1885, and was chosen to command the first Canadian contingent to South Africa in October, 1899.

Longfellow's Tribute to Burns.
I see amid the fields of Ayr,
A plowman, who is fond and fair,
Sings at his desk
So clear, we know not if it is
The living tongue I hear or his,
Nor care to ask.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SKULL.

It's "Gallop and go!" and "Show, now, show!" But the things of this world are a fleeting show.

The postchaise Time that all must take Is old with clay and dust;
Two horses strain its rusty brake
Narrowly "treasure and disgust."

Our luggage litters on its roof
Of vanity and care,
As hope, the postboy, spins each knot
Or heavy-eyed Dostoy.

And now a comrade with us rides,
Love, loyalty, or Honor,
And the dim traveler besides,
Gauguin memory on a horse.

And he we king or he we harn
Who ride the roads of Sin,
No matter how the roads may turn
They lead us to that inn.

Into that inn within that land
Of silence and of gloom,
Whose ghastly inmates are our hand
And leads us to our doom.

It's "Gallop and go!" and "Show, now, show!" With every man in this life below,
But the things of this world are a fleeting show.
—Madison Cawein in Saturday Evening Post.

IN GRANADA
The Story
of a Soulless Child.
BY MADELENE YALE WYNNE.

"Peppita," said I, "do tell me a story."
"Senora Maria Madalena, would you like to hear about Seraphita? She was born in Granada. That was 100 years ago. She was born in a high place. Her mother was of a great family, and her father was great, too, but he was very wild, and Seraphita was the prettiest thing that ever was born in Granada. Everybody said so, and her mother used to think that the sun rose on the east side of her little bed and set on the west."

"The days ran merrily till Seraphita was four years old. Then she died. Her mother had so much heart grief that she lost her wits. For one whole year she sat, cold and still, without a tear, and then she cried aloud and began to turn out handfuls of her smooth black hair, and it was a great pity, for her hair was black and long and glistened like satin. But she forgot how beautiful she was, and she would not eat anything or even sleep."

"Two nights after Seraphita died and was lying as white and beautiful as an angel, with wax candles at her head and feet and with a white flower in her hand, her mother went quietly into the room and sent the old nurse who was watching over Seraphita away. Then she closed the door and threw herself on her knees and prayed so hard that her prayers could not get up to heaven, for they were more like curses than prayers, and, Senora Maria Madalena, it is not good to pray like that. One must not send up prayers that are not fit to go to heaven, for then St. Peter shuts the gates of heaven, and the prayers go wandering up and down in the great spaces of air, where there is no one to answer them."

"The devil, who is everywhere but in heaven, came to her and asked, with a very sweet voice, for he can use any voice he likes, 'What is it that Seraphita's mother is praying for?'

"I want my child back. I want her in my arms that are so empty and my heart that aches so."

"And then the devil told her. I do not know exactly how he told her, but he made her know that he could give Seraphita back to her just as she had been, with her rosy cheeks and her black eyes and her pretty black hair, which was going to be like her mother's. He could do this, only he could not give her soul back. She must be always without a soul."

"And Seraphita's mother talked with the devil, for her wits were gone, and she did not know right from wrong, and she promised anything if he would only give her baby back to her again, even without any soul. And the devil very politely said he did not want anything to be given to him. He was glad to give the child back so long as she did not ask for the soul."

"And then while the mother looked at Seraphita the pink came into the baby's cheeks, and she smiled, and then, because her joy was so great, the mother cried out loud, and her voice could be heard way down in the street. Then everybody came running in to see what was the matter, and the father was so happy he carried Seraphita again to the church, and they had another ceremony, and this time he paid even more gold, and there was a great festa in Granada."

"You see, nobody but the mother knew that only Seraphita's body was there, that she hadn't any soul and never could have one; only the mother knew, and she could not be happy."

"She grew very thin, and her smooth satin hair turned white on top just where the devil had laid his hand, so she wore a veil, even in the house, and she hid her eyes as if she was afraid, and she prayed day and night. Nobody knew what she prayed, because she did not dare to tell even her husband."

"By and by she grew so afraid and sad because Seraphita somehow didn't seem to her any more like her own child. She was like a beautiful wax doll, but she was not wax, and she looked just like herself to everybody else, only to her mother she seemed strange, and she could not get the warm love back into her heart, even though she pressed Seraphita to her bosom night and day."

"The little baby grew in spite of that, and she grew prettier and prettier all the time. Everybody loved her except her mother, and that was just what the devil wanted."

"The day Seraphita was a year old her mother could not bear it any longer, and she went to her priest and confessed to him all about it, and then

very soon she died, because she had kept her secret so long it had just burned her heart out.

"After that, no one knew how it happened, but pretty soon everybody began to whisper and look queerly at Seraphita when the nurse carried her into the street, and her father seemed troubled, and he talked with the priest and wanted to pay some more money to the more ceremonious for Seraphita, and the priests tried to make the people stop talking. What they said was 'nonsense.' But it was not nonsense, and so they went on talking among themselves, and they would take their own children out of the way when Seraphita was old enough to play about."

"So she grew up all alone except for her father and her nurse and the priest who went to live in the house, which showed that the church thought there was something in it, else why should a priest go and live in the house?"

"One day when Seraphita was out walking she came across some little boys who were stealing a black kitten to kill it, for everybody knows that black cats belong to the devil. And Seraphita ran right in among the flying stones, and not one of them hit her, for the devil held his hand between her and the stones, and she caught up the devil's kitten and hugged it tight, while the stones fell at her feet, and the boys cried out: 'Devil's brat! Devil's cat!'

"Peppita," said I, "she seemed to me to have been a very nice, soft hearted little girl."

"Oh, no, Senora Maria Madalena! You see, black cats belong to the devil, and if she had had any soul she couldn't have taken one in her arms."

"She carried it home, and she used to feed it, and she had to hide it away, because, of course, nobody wanted to have a devil's cat around, and the cat would run and jump into Seraphita's arms whenever she came near, but it would fly like mad and its hair would all stand on end when any one else came around, which shows, does it not, that something was wrong? And another thing showed that all was not right with Seraphita; the priest began to teach, and she learned faster than any child should. There was an evil spirit that whispered the words into her ear, so that she did not have to study."

"She had power over horses, too, and if she just put her lips to a horse's ear he would turn and rub his nose on her face. You see, horses have no soul, and they knew that Seraphita hadn't any."

"And, besides that, she always looked very old and grave when anybody was near, but when she was alone in the fields or in the woods she would laugh out loud, and they could hear her talk with the birds, for she knew bird language, and she would lean over the water and talk to herself or to the fishes. Oh, it was true, she had no soul."

"Well, what became of her? I asked as Peppita paused to emphasize her statement."

"She grew up so beautiful that strangers would stop in the street and look at her as she passed, but of course everybody soon found out all about her, and then they would not look at her—at least they would not look her in the eye—unless they had a charm on."

"Do you mean that she had the 'evil eye'?"

"Oh, yes! Why, she could make any one have bad luck just by looking at them, and she could make flowers grow and blossom and be more colors than any other flowers. She knew she had the 'evil eye,' for she never went anywhere or visited the sick or the poor, though she had plenty of money. She used to send the priest with food or clothes. You see, she knew."

"And what became of poor little Seraphita?"

"Why, you see, when she was about 20 years old she was very ill again, and she lay in a trance for three days. The doctors wouldn't go near her, and her own old nurse had died, and they couldn't get any one to take care of her till finally the priest sent to the convent for one of the sisters. She was a very good woman, and she went to the house, and, creeping on her hands and knees so that the devil could not get the hold of her, she went right into the room and prayed all night. Her prayers went straight up to heaven, and she prayed that Seraphita might die and that before she died her soul should be given back to her."

"And, Senora Maria Madalena, just as the sky began to grow pink in the east and the white mist blew across the vega and the birds began to call what do you think happened?"

"A beautiful white dove flew into the window and alighted on Seraphita's breast, and laying its bill close to her mouth, it breathed a soul into her, and then the dove just vanished, and Seraphita was dead."

"Then, because God had been good to him, and had given Seraphita a soul again, her father built an orphan asylum and called it after her, 'The Seraphita,' and you can see it over there, with the sun shining on it. It looks like gold."

"It is a pretty story, Peppita, but do you believe she had no soul?"

"The senora knows I am English on my father's side, but my mother was Spanish."

"So you are half Spanish and half believe it. Is that so, Peppita?"

"Yes, senora."

The Nightingales.
The father of Florence Nightingale was William Shore, who assumed by letters patent the surname of Nightingale in 1815. The name, together with the family property, came from old Peter Nightingale, against whom Arkwright, inventor of the spinning jenny, brought in 1776 one of his actions for infringement of patent rights. Lea Hurst, the home of the Nightingales in Derbyshire, is only two miles from Cromford, where Arkwright set up his mill, and the ancient name house of which he purchased from Nightingale.

Agoraphobia.

Builders, with their stone and mortar, brick and lime, water and sand, have left little puddles on a stretch of upper Broadway. An irregular string of pedestrians flung itself past the place, ignoring for the most part the slight inconvenience of stepping over the miniature lakes. But one man, when he was confronted with the situation, started back with an exclamation of vexation and passed around the pools.

"That chap has agoraphobia," said one of two men who had noted the movement.

"Has what?" asked the other.

"Agoraphobia. It means simply an abhorrence of open spaces, and it has a great many victims. Specialists in this sort of nervousness say it takes various forms, some of its subjects having an insurmountable dread of crossing from one side of the street to the other, while others have a disinclination to go more than a few blocks from their home."

"Some dread to step across a puddle of water, like the man we just saw. Others dread descending into a well beyond a certain depth, and still others have a fear of getting too high in a building or an elevator. As a rule, these persons are acutely intellectual, so it is no mental disgrace to be a victim of agoraphobia, simply a misfortune that is commoner than most persons suppose."

A Celebrated Roman Eater.
Touching the matter of eating, the stories told by the old chroniclers and historians of the abnormal appetites of certain Roman and oriental men of note fairly stagger belief. Gibbon tells of Soliman, a caliph in the eighth century, who died of indigestion in his camp near Chalchis, in Syria, just as he was about to lead an army of Arabs against Constantinople. He had emptied two baskets of eggs and figs, which he swallowed alternately, and the repast was finished with marrow and sugar. In a pilgrimage to Mecca the same caliph had eaten with impunity at a single meal 70 pomegranates, a kid, 6 fowls and a huge quantity of the grapes of Tarent.

Such a statement would defy belief were not others of a similar character well vouchered. Louis XIV could hardly boast of an appetite as ravenous as Soliman's, but he would eat at a sitting four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry and finish with fruit and sweetmeats.

Fulfilling the Wishes of the Dead.
Old Lord Forglan, the Scotch judge, died in 1727. Dr. Clerk, who attended his lordship to the last, calling on his patient the day he died, was admitted by the judge's old servant and clerk, David Reed. "How does my lord do?" inquired the doctor. "I hope he's well," responded the old man, whose voice and manner at once explained his meaning. With tears streaming down his face he conducted Dr. Clerk into a room where there were two dozen bottles of wine underneath the table.

Other gentlemen presently arrived, and, having partaken of a glass or two of wine while they listened to David's account of his master's last hours, they all rose to depart. "No, no, gentlemen; not so," said the old factotum. "It was the expressed wish of the deceased that I should fill ye a foun, and I mean fulfill the will o' the dead." Dr. Clerk used to add when relating the story, "And indeed he did fulfill the will o' the dead, for before the end o' there was na ane of us able to bite his ain thumb!"

Jupiter and Ten.
A very ingenious and wealthy woman who was fond of talking about her "art gallery" one day met at the house of an acquaintance a lady who had not called on her, although they lived in the same town.

"Come and see me, do," said Mrs. B., the patron of art, as the other lady was taking her leave.

"Thank you very much," was the noncommittal reply.

"We've got a new picture too. That ought to tempt you to come, if I can't."

"I should be very glad indeed to see it."

"Such a lovely picture! Sometimes it seems to me I could look at it all day long."

"What is the subject of your picture, Mrs. B.?" inquired the hostess.

"Jupiter and Ten," was the reply.

It was "Jupiter and Ten."

Poison in Finger Nails.
Putting the nails is an exceedingly dangerous practice, as the bitter never knows when to stop and at any moment is liable to bite into the pulp and cause blood poisoning. Even when the utmost care is taken of the teeth a poisonous secretion is apt to collect on them, and the entrance of a minute portion of this into the circulation may prove as certainly fatal as the pus on a surgeon's scalpel.

His Choice.
Kind Lady—Do you like flowers, little boy—Yes'm.
Kind Lady—I am glad to hear it. Your love of flowers indicates a refined nature. What kind of flowers do you like most?
Little Boy—Boiled cabbage.

The biggest pumps ever used were made to pump out Lake Haarlem, in Holland. They pumped 400,000 tons daily for 11 years.

When some people cast their bread upon the waters, they expect it to return spread with butter and jam.

Chicago News.

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, July 23.—Wheat—There is not much inquiry and the market is dull. Local exporters quote red and white at 61c middle, 59c for No. 1, and 58c for No. 2. Spring wheat sold at 58c east today. Goose wheat is dull at 61c for No. 1 east and 60c for No. 2 middle. Manitoba wheat is firm at 70c to 80c for No. 1 hard, 77c to 78c for No. 2 hard, and 75c to 76c for No. 3 hard, grinding in transit, and 2c less for local delivery Toronto and west.

Flour—Is quiet. Some 90 per cent. patents sold today at \$2.50 in bulk. Choice brands are held at 11c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is quoted at \$4 for Hungarian patents and \$3.70 for strong bakers in car lots, bags included, Toronto.

Millfeed—Is steady at \$13 to \$14 for shorts and \$11 to \$11.50 for bran in car lots west.

Barley—Is nominal at 41c for No. 2 east, 40c for No. 2 middle and 39c for No. 3 extra middle.

Corn—Is firm on small offerings at 44c to 45c for yellow and 43c to 44c for mixed.

Oats—Are firm at 38c for No. 1 white east and 37c for No. 2 white middle. New crop for future delivery are quoted by local dealers at about 3c less than these prices.

Outfeed—Is firm at \$3.75 for cars of barrels and \$3.65 for bags in car lots Toronto, and 20c more for smaller lots.

Peas—Are firm at 70c middle.

PROVISIONS.

The market is very strong and prices are firm for all classes of hog product. There is an excellent demand and stocks are moving well. Quotations are unchanged.

Pork—Canada short cut, \$21; heavy mess, \$19 to \$19.50.

Smoked and Dry Salted Meats—Long clear, tons and cases, 11c and small lots at 11c; breakfast bacon, 14c to 15c; hams, for small and medium, 13c; rolls, 11c to 12c; shoulders 11c to 11c; backs, 14c to 15c; green meats out of pickle are quoted at 1c less than smoked.

Lard—Tierces 10c, tubs 11c and 11c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—The hot weather has caused a depreciation in the quality of the dairy butter now offering, and dealers report that it is difficult to secure choice stock. Only a small percentage of shipments of tubs, pails and crocks can be rated as first-class; these lots sell at 10c. The keepest demand is for pound rolls, which are selling at 11c and 10c. No selling have been held in cold storage for a month or more. They bring 17c readily. The bulk of the offerings is of medium grade and sells at 14c to 15c, while some lots bring only 12c. Creamery is active and both pails and boxes are selling at 20c to 21c.

Eggs—Offerings are large and market is active. Hot weather causes heavy shrinkage in shipment, and it is not easy to make up a case of selected stock. The best eggs are quoted firm at 12c, and fresh gathered are selling at 11c to 10c. Second are dull and in poor demand at 8c to 9c.

Potatoes—Market for old shows a little more life, as the holdings have been almost entirely cleaned up. On the track here are quoted at 25c to 30c per bag, and potatoes out of store are 35c to 40c. New potatoes are in good demand, and the offerings are still comparatively light. Jobbers are paying \$1.10 per bushel for large lots and potatoes out of store sell at \$1.20 to \$1.25.

Baled Hay—Market is quiet with a fair demand and moderately large receipts. Prices are unchanged at \$9.50 to \$10 per ton for car lots on track here.

Baled Straw—Steady and unchanged at \$4.75 to \$5 per ton for car lots on track here.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Wheat, white, per bushel, \$1.67 5.00
do red, per bushel, 67.00
do goose, per bushel, 61.00
do spring, per bushel, 67.00
Barley, per bushel, 43.44
Rye, per bushel, 50.00
Oats, per bushel, 34.37
Hay, old, per ton, 13.00 9.00
do new, per ton, 8.00 9.00
Straw, per ton, 9.00 10.00
Butter, pound rolls, 14.18
do crocks, 14.16
Eggs, per dozen, 12.15
Chickens, old, pair, 50.75
do spring, pair, 40.10
Ducks, per pair, 75.125
Turkeys, per lb., 10.12
Asparagus, per doz., 80.00
Beets, per doz., 20.00
Beans, butter, bushel, 75.100
Cabbages, new, doz., 40.50
Carrots, per doz., 20.00
Cauliflower, per doz., 1.00 1.50
Clematis, per doz., 1.00 1.25
do small, per doz., 25.00
Lettuce, per doz., 15.25
Onions, green, doz., 10.15
Parsley, per doz., 15.20
Peas, green, per peck, 25.80
Potatoes, per bag, 35.45
do new per bbl., 3.25 3.50
do per bushel, 1.10 1.15
Radishes, per doz., 15.20
Rhubarb, per doz., 25.00
Tomatoes, per basket, 20.00
Watercress, per doz., 20.00
Dressed Hogs, per cwt., 9.25 9.75
Beef, hindquarters, 8.00 8.75
do forequarters, 4.50 5.50
do carcasses, choice, 7.25
do common, 5.50 6.00
Lamb, yearling, lb., 05.07
do spring, per lb., 11.12
Mutton, per cwt., 6.00 7.00
Veal calves, light, lb., 05.08
do common, 07.08

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, July 23.—Wheat quiet; No. 2, 72c; do new offered at 71c; No. 3 mixed, 71c. Flour quiet but

steadily. Corn fairly steady; trade light No. 2 yellow, 53c; No. 3 yellow, 52c; No. 2 corn, 52c; No. 3 corn, 52c. Oats quiet; No. 2 white, 30c; No. 3 white, 30c; No. 2 mixed, 30c; No. 3 mixed, 30c. Rye dull; No. 1 offered at 55c. Canal freight steady; wheat 34c, corn 24c, oats 21c, rye 3c.

EUROPEAN GRAIN MARKETS.

London, July 23.—Opening—Wheat on passage quiet and steady. Corn on passage quiet and steady. Weather in England fine, in France line. English country markets dull.

London—Close—Mark Lane—Wheat, foreign quiet but steady, English quiet; flour steady; American corn quiet at a decline of 3d.

Liverpool, July 23.—Spot wheat firm. No. 1 standard California, 5s 9d; No. 2, 5s 9d; No. 3, 5s 9d; No. 4, 5s 9d; No. 5, 5s 9d; No. 6, 5s 9d; No. 7, 5s 9d; No. 8, 5s 9d; No. 9, 5s 9d; No. 10, 5s 9d; No. 11, 5s 9d; No. 12, 5s 9d; No. 13, 5s 9d; No. 14, 5s 9d; No. 15, 5s 9d; No. 16, 5s 9d; No. 17, 5s 9d; No. 18, 5s 9d; No. 19, 5s 9d; No. 20, 5s 9d; No. 21, 5s 9d; No. 22, 5s 9d; No. 23, 5s 9d; No. 24, 5s 9d; No. 25, 5s 9d; No. 26, 5s 9d; No. 27, 5s 9d; No. 28, 5s 9d; No. 29, 5s 9d; No. 30, 5s 9d; No. 31, 5s 9d; No. 32, 5s 9d; No. 33, 5s 9d; No. 34, 5s 9d; No. 35, 5s 9d; No. 36, 5s 9d; No. 37, 5s 9d; No. 38, 5s 9d; No. 39, 5s 9d; No. 40, 5s 9d; No. 41, 5s 9d; No. 42, 5s 9d; No. 43, 5s 9d; No. 44, 5s 9d; No. 45, 5s 9d; No. 46, 5s 9d; No. 47, 5s 9d; No. 48, 5s 9d; No. 49, 5s 9d; No. 50, 5s 9d; No. 51, 5s 9d; No. 52, 5s 9d; No. 53, 5s 9d; No. 54, 5s 9d; No. 55, 5s 9d; No. 56, 5s 9d; No. 57, 5s 9d; No. 58, 5s 9d; No. 59, 5s 9d; No. 60, 5s 9d; No. 61, 5s 9d; No. 62, 5s 9d; No. 63, 5s 9d; No. 64, 5s 9d; No. 65, 5s 9d; No. 66, 5s 9d; No. 67, 5s 9d; No. 68, 5s 9d; No. 69, 5s 9d; No. 70, 5s 9d; No. 71, 5s 9d; No. 72, 5s 9d; No. 73, 5s 9d; No. 74, 5s 9d; No. 75, 5s 9d; No. 76, 5s 9d; No. 77, 5s 9d; No. 78, 5s 9d; No. 79, 5s 9d; No. 80, 5s 9d; No. 81, 5s 9d; No. 82, 5s 9d; No. 83, 5s 9d; No. 84, 5s 9d; No. 85, 5s 9d; No. 86, 5s 9d; No. 87, 5s 9d; No. 88, 5s 9d; No. 89, 5s 9d; No. 90, 5s 9d; No. 91, 5s 9d; No. 92, 5s 9d; No. 93, 5s 9d; No. 94, 5s 9d; No. 95, 5s 9d; No. 96, 5s 9d; No. 97, 5s 9d; No. 98, 5s 9d; No. 99, 5s 9d; No. 100, 5s 9d; No. 101, 5s 9d; No. 102, 5s 9d; No. 103, 5s 9d; No. 104, 5s 9d; No. 105, 5s 9d; No. 106, 5s 9d; No. 107, 5s 9d; No. 108, 5s 9d; No. 109, 5s 9d; No. 110, 5s 9d; No. 111, 5s 9d; No. 112, 5s 9d; No. 113, 5s 9d; No. 114, 5s 9d; No. 115, 5s 9d; No. 116, 5s 9d; No. 117, 5s 9d; No. 118, 5s 9d; No. 119, 5s 9d; No. 120, 5s 9d; No. 121, 5s 9d; No. 122, 5s 9d; No. 123, 5s 9d; No. 124, 5s 9d; No. 125, 5s 9d; No. 126, 5s 9d; No. 127, 5s 9d; No. 128, 5s 9d; No. 129, 5s 9d; No. 130, 5s 9d; No. 131, 5s 9d; 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ILL WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

DISEASES THAT CREEP INTO THE SYSTEM.

When it is Time to Consult a Doctor or go to a Hospital.

We all know the man who thinks he is ill when he is in perfectly sound health. But there is also the less-known person who prides himself on being the pink of health when a doctor will detect the signs of insidious disease.

If you think you are a consumptive, the chances are that you are not, while the real sufferer from the fatal malady is usually the gayest of mortals, and, whether from ignorance of it, or out of bravado, appears unconscious of his danger. He will be cheerful even when the doctor's last, and will laugh at the doctor's suggestion that he should make his will.

Another disease which creeps on without the victim being conscious of it is hydrophobia. The earliest symptom of it is a slight fixed smile which in time develops into a laugh, then settles down into a grin. He would at once be ordered to a hospital, but would probably scoff at the idea. Then the grin assumes a sardonic expression, the muscles of the neck and throat and the man becomes seriously ill.

Locomotor ataxy is a complaint that has a sneaky, underhand way of asserting itself. You find some difficulty in going downstairs; but on turning round and ascending, find everything is all smooth. The next day, however, the same trouble is going down, and the next day, the same trouble is going up. You attribute it to stiffness from walking, or to some unnatural position of lying in bed, and think no more about it.

If you close your eyes and can stand still and straight for one minute.

YOU ARE ALL RIGHT.

But if you sway, it may be locomotor ataxy, and it is time you consulted a doctor. But don't let all those who cannot stand steady for a minute think they have locomotor ataxy. Their conscience may suggest a much simpler explanation.

Typical creeps on in a very stealthy, unobtrusive fashion. If when you awake with a headache your palms have a sunken, cold, clammy, and a glance at the soles of your feet shows them to be of a corresponding tint, you are probably entering on the stages of typhoid. If your face has a dull expression, intensified by a bulging of the pupils of the eyes, there is also a possibility that this disease is imminent.

Sometimes you will complain of a touch of rheumatism in the shoulder, but will go on with his work as if nothing was the matter. He may be in for pleurisy, as this is one of its earliest symptoms. A hardened liver, too, also shows itself first in a slight pain in the shoulder blade.

A man once went to a physician complaining that he could not walk without keeping his head bent towards the ground. The doctor said that he was suffering from a creeping disease.

A Child's Suffering.

HER MOTHER FEARED SHE WOULD NOT REGAIN HER HEALTH.

She Was First Attacked With Rheumatism and Then With St. Vitus' Dance—She Was Unable to Help Herself and Had to be Cared for Almost Like an Infant.

(From the Orangeville Sun.)

Among the most respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. Marshall, who lives in a pretty little cottage on First street. For some years her twelve-year-old daughter, Mamie, has been a sufferer from rheumatism combined with that other terrible affliction—St. Vitus' dance. In conversation recently with a reporter of the Sun Mrs. Marshall told the following story of her daughter's suffering and subsequent restoration to health:—"At the age of eight," says Mrs. Marshall, "Mamie was attacked with rheumatism from which she suffered very much, and although she was treated by a clever doctor her health did not improve. To make her condition worse she was attacked with St. Vitus' dance, and I really gave up hope of ever seeing her enjoy good health again. Her arms and limbs would twitch and jerk spasmodically and she could scarcely hold a dish in her hand, and had to be looked after almost like an infant. While Mamie was in this condition a neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with beneficial results in her own family advised me to try them in Mamie's case. I had myself often heard these pills highly spoken of, but it had not occurred to me before that I might give my little girl, but now I decided to give them to her. Before she had completed the second box I could see a marked change for the better, and by the time she had taken five boxes all trace of both the rheumatism and St. Vitus' dance had vanished, and she is now as bright, active and healthy as any child of her age. Some time has elapsed since she discontinued the use of the pills, but not the slightest trace of the trouble has since made itself manifest. I think therefore, that I am safe in saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only restored my child to health, but have worked a permanent cure."

Rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance and all kindred diseases of the blood and nerves, speedily yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the cures thus effected are permanent, because this medicine makes rich, red blood, strengthens the nerves, and thus reaches the seat of the trouble. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine or will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CEYLON AND INDIA NATURAL LEAF GREEN TEA.

Is Free from Any Particle of Coloring Matter; is Dainty and Invigorating; is the only tea that suits fastidious palates and is wholesome for the most delicate digestions.

IT IS ALSO A BRITISH PRODUCT

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

ing form of paralysis but the man scorned the doctor to be right.

Another form of this complaint shows itself in a hand-dog expression of the face which the bearer believes to be due to fatigue. If, in addition to this, he cannot easily raise the upper lip or bring the eyelids together, he is certainly suffering from a growing form of paralysis, though he feels as though he could perform any prescribed athletic feat.

An outward and visible sign of shaking palsy is a slow movement of the lips while eating—a trifling and perhaps unnoticed habit. It is generally accompanied by a tendency to walk fast, and finally.

BREAK INTO A RUN.

If you find yourself running down a crowded thoroughfare, when you intended to take a stroll, drop into a hospital.

That much affected pose, the far-away look, may arise from less beautiful causes than a poetic train of thought. It may be an early stage of meningitis. A look of self-satisfaction coupled with a tremendous increase of vanity does not necessarily mean insufferable conceit. It may arise from an approaching paralysis of the brain.

Disease often disguises its approach by deceptive strategy. Insanity is in many cases preceded by a wonderful increase of bodily fitness and mental power, by which latter the possessor feels capable of squaring the circle or discovering the fourth dimension.

All sorts of things may mean danger signals to health. Wrinkles on the forehead and a difficulty in opening the eyes may mean a "large white kidney." Heart or liver diseases often show themselves in enlarged ankles. Beware also of excessive appetite, which does not always signify robust health. It is a regular sign of diabetes or a form of nervous dyspepsia.

Still, don't get scared. The surest way to get any disease is to imagine you've got it, and worry about it. The object of this article is to warn people, should they feel queer, not to postpone seeing the doctor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

Places in England Where You Can Live for Nothing a Day.

In Norwich, England, there are three days in the year when anyone may claim a very substantial meal for nothing. The only qualification for it is that the applicant shall repeat aloud, in St. Giles' Church, a prayer for the sovereign's health. Afterwards they partake of a meal of broth, beef and bread, topped off with a liberal allowance of beer.

The little village of Godstone, in Surrey, is, however, ahead of Norwich in generosity. There, from the first Thursday in November to the last in April, free broth is given to all who wish to ask for it. And on any Sunday throughout the year you can get a cut of fresh roast beef.

There are places in which you can not only be fed but a night's lodging will be given you. At Rochester, in Kent, there is a hotel where you can get a night's lodging, and fourpence on your departure next morning. At no other place in the world do they pay you for the honor of making yourself their guest.

Bucks is a rare place for hospitality. If you happen to be wandering in the neighborhood of Waddesdon any day in the year, you can in the morning or evening demand a drink of new milk, and it will be supplied to you free. A cow is kept specially for this purpose by the parish.

At Drayton Beauchamp on Boxing Day, if you wish to apply at the door of the vicarage, you will be supplied with all the bread and cheese you can eat and as much ale as you can drink.

Still, the sameness of diet might become trying, although during Lent you could vary it by going to Farnham Royal, where you would be given herrings and bread. And at Christmas, in Burnham, you would get a most elaborate meal, with plenty of good ale, tobacco, or snuff to finish with.

Perhaps in anticipation of some evil effects of such gratuitous living, Slopston long ago made provision for free funerals. If death should overtake you there you will be buried free, and the mourners, if any, will be provided with a good loaf, a pound of cheese and four quarts of beer.

WINGS SERUTED.

"Mamma," asked little Nellie, "what is an angel?" "Well, an angel is a beautiful young girl that dies." "But, mamma, why does papa always call my nurse an angel?" "Hum," responded the mother after a moment of thought. "Your nurse is going to fly immediately."

"After all, a mother-in-law is a pretty good thing to have sometimes." "What?" "Well, your experience have you been having lately?" "My wife was afraid to discharge our cook, and she wouldn't go for me, so we sent for Birdie's mother and turned her loose in the kitchen. They smothered some of the furniture, but the cook's gone."

ALWAYS READY FOR WAR

Reasons Why Germany is Ever Up in Arms.

It must be very horrid, from one point of view, to be a German, says the London Spectator. We English constantly forget it, because we at once admire and slightly dread the action of the German emperor, but no people are anything like so generously situated as the Germans who at three days' notice may all be fighting for their lives. We English get panics occasionally, but we have always a secret confidence in the sea. The Austrians have many troubles, but they have only one foreign enemy, and a friend whom they regard as almost irresistibly strong. The French are nervous, but they can be invaded only from one side, and besides their frequent historic success against that enemy they trust in an ally, who they think will make the invaders always dread an attack in the rear.

But the Germans are liable to invasion at once from the east, and from the west, in each case by the mightiest armies of Europe, separated from them only by frontiers which in history have always been successfully passed. * * * The rock upon which the German military system rests is black necessity. No German's home can be made safe without a prodigious army, an army unprocured by wages; and even that army, vast as it is, would not be sufficient security but for a professional perfection which makes it superior to enemies far beyond itself in the numbers who can be drawn together for battle. Taking the fighting class as 6 per cent. of the nation, Germany has only 8,000,000 warriors, against 9,500,000 who must be ordered, but be ready to give up his horse if the cavalry requires the beast, or to obey with a certain willingness any other requisition.

A good story is told of one of the dignitaries of the Scottish Church. Before he became known to fame he was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion extensive alterations were made in the transept of his church, and these had the effect of sweeping away considerable seating accommodation. One day, after the alterations had been effected, he visited the church to see how it looked.

"What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked of the beadle. "Improvements!" exclaimed John, in disdain; "they're no improvements at all." "Whaur are ye goin' to put the folk?"

"O!" said the minister, "we have abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation." "That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle; "but what will we do when we get a popular moonster?"

THE biggest incubator in the world is at Batory, near Sydney, in Australia. It accommodates 11,440 ducks' or 14,050 hens' eggs.

The Duke of Cornwall presented in Sydney war medals to one thousand men and two nurses for service in South Africa.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

What do you mean by saying the defendant's words carried weight with them? Plaintiff—I mean, your worship, that he swore at me and then hit me with a brick.

MEDICAL WORLD STARTLED.

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